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TRADE AND PROFESSION.

"In nomine Domini, stude artes parcas et lucrosas: non est mundus pro artibus liberalibus, jam."—IGNORAMUS.

THE distinction between trade and profession is one purely technical. The former indicates the sale of wares, and the latter of wits; but they are both alike a pure matter of barter and exchange. Money-getting is the end of both; and this community of end very naturally induces a considerable sameness in the means. Strictly, the term profession relates to a professor; *i. e.* to one who professes or pretends to the possession of some intellectual acquirements, of which the world cannot satisfactorily judge for itself. The tradesman, on the contrary, exhibits his wares for public inspection; and, if they be not good, his chances of a profitable sale are not very great. "Which is the pleasantest," as Moore has sung on another occasion, "no one need doubt." Excepting in this slight difference, the terms are evidently convertible. The physician, who paints **DR.** in sesquiquincial letters on his street door, for those who run to read, and who sells prescriptions at a guinea a-piece, whenever he is not obliged, by an overstocked market, to take less, is as intrinsically a "dealer and chapman," as if he were entitled to the honours of the gazette, and sold the paper on which he scrawls: while the man, who posts himself on the rubrick of his shop as grocer, or linen-draper, may in some sense be styled a professor of figs, or of sheeting. Professions are commonly designated liberal, in allusion, I suppose, to the liberal arts, which were once deemed essential to the attainment of an academical degree: for I can see no other reason. Certainly there is nothing more liberal in passing off bad law, physic, or divinity, for good, and retailing the commodities at the highest prices, than in measuring out yards of tape, or selling beef and pudding in a cook's shop. Custom, however, has declared otherwise; and the man whose highest contemplation never, perhaps, extended beyond the difference between a pound and a guinea fee, ranks as a gentleman, on this score of *liberality*; while he who has once kept a shop, is for ever confined to the society of the *Dii minorum gentium*, who cannot call themselves

ever esquire. Distinctions thus arbitrary, it may be concluded, have been difficultly and imperfectly maintained. Every tradesman strives hard to establish his claims to gentility, and endeavours to raise himself to an equality with his professional neighbours, whenever he escapes from the counter. There are two descriptions of persons, more especially, which hang, like Mahomet's coffin, between the two classes, the apothecary and the attorney (I beg his pardon—the solicitor), and whose claims to professional rank have been urged with a pertinacity that has ensured partial success. Of these, the attorney, however, has the advantage, inasmuch as his ware-room is called an office, and not a shop. To avoid the disagreeable *sortes*, which follows from this term, shop, the apothecary, now-a-days, christens his repository of poisons and pump-water (*aqua pumpaginis*) by the heathen name of a medical hall. But it won't do; any one who goes in for a pennyworth of liquorice feels the truth of the matter. An apothecary is a tradesman by — : and, maugre his customary suit of sables and his *demi-fortune*—maugre the superiority he maintains over the physician by his domestic influence over patient, nurse, and lady's-maid—a triumvirate (if that be not a blunder) which Æsculapius himself dare not resist—he is not so good a gentleman as the attorney, who has a legal possession of that honorific distinction. These connecting links, which stand between the two classes, as a mushroom stands between the vegetable and the animal kingdom, serve, like it, to prove that natural things will not submit to the artificial distinctions of our scientific methods; and they shew that the dispute is altogether *de lana caprina*. If a tradesman is not a gentleman, the gentleman—if he means to cut a slice off the professional loaf, and live by his wits—must, in action and spirit, be a tradesman. Notwithstanding his lofty pretensions to gentility, the professional man, who knows *only* his *profession*, is as unfit for his business as a cobbler who can only sing psalms; whereas, if he understand his *trade*, it is no great matter whether he knows his profession or not. Take, for example, the clergy; to whom I give not any invidious pre-eminence, but put forward simply because their practice is the most *genteel* of the three learned professions. The clergy are, indeed, a sort of bastard landed-proprietors; and every fool knows that “to have and to hold” a few dirty acres, is more noble, elevated, and dignified, than to have discovered the longitude. Take, I say, the clergy, and see what a man can do among them, who knows only divinity, and who practises no other arts than those of consoling the afflicted, and recovering the lost sheep. A country curacy of seventy pounds a-year is his *deliciæ votorum*, his millennium. But put him up to the *trick of the trade*—launch him as a complaisant tutor to a great man, as a supple chaplain, as a blustering magistrate, an intriguing electioneer, or as the jackal to a Bible society, and his fortune is made, though he should scarcely know the Book of Ecclesiastes from the Song of Solomon. Preaching, it may be said, is strictly professional; and to be a good preacher is no more than an integral part of the character of a good parson. But preaching a sound moral or doctrinal sermon, and preaching at a bishoprick, are two very different things: and so too are printing a professional work, and printing polemical politics, or political polemics, levelled at the prejudices of my Lord High Chancellor, the great giver of clerical good things. Few persons in holy orders can afford to be merely professional; and even those lucky persons who hold livings as a family estate, and who, in allusion to the short-robed jesuits of France,

might be styled the long-robed laity, must hold the trading opinions of the craft, or be looked upon in no other light than what Sir Pertinax Macsycophant so appropriately calls "a d—d black sheep."

Nor are things better managed in the other professions. What is knowledge of the law, skill in cross-examination, or eloquence that could draw tears from a judge or from a brother barrister—(*præco, altera vel mulier*)—if unaccompanied by the trading slang of the gown, by the art of speaking at attorneys in court, and hugging them for briefs out of it? What are talents without a dusty set of murky chambers? and what is genius without impudence? Nothing, it is true, can be done without a preliminary dancing attendance upon the courts of law, with an empty bag and an aching heart: but this may be done for years in vain; and business flow in at last in a full tide, from one night's trading waltz with an attorney's daughter. Here again, as in the church, politics are a good *item* in the professional scheme. Better still are an acquaintance with usurers, and a facility in the practice of borrowing and mortgage. An essential point in the trade of a barrister, is the sedulous concealment of all tastes and acquirements foreign to the study of the law. Music is discord in the ears of an attorney; painting is impracticable; and as for poetry, Blackstone himself was forced

"from her to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art!
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind;
Oft stop, and often look behind."

A lawyer who would live by the laws must be "*totus in illis*." If he quotes the classics, it must be merely as schoolboy-recollections; and if he indulges in a well-applied passage from a play or a modern poem, he must contrive to give it the air of a newspaper extract, or, by some studied inaccuracy, prove that the shew-off is not the result of habits of literary indulgence, hostile to the due study of term-reports. In general, it is safer for junior barristers to "avoid them altogether." *Hic nugæ seria ducunt in mala*. For what, in a senior, is only a testimony of the extent of capacity, is, in him who is not overlaid with briefs, nothing better than a positive proof of idleness. We constantly see barristers, it is true, figuring in a thousand non-professional shapes—as newspaper editors, playwrights, reviewers, novel-writers, highwaymen, and the like: but with these gentlemen the title of counsellor is purely honorary; for they have usually "long bid a last and a careless adieu" to the law, with all its profits, emoluments, gains, advantages, or earnings whatsoever, be the same more or less." In physics, matters are still worse; for though a trading M. D. may do well to get himself elected F. R. S. or F. S. A., or even to become a member of the Society of Arts; yet he will be ruined and undone as a practitioner, if he shews any strenuous pursuit of the sciences discussed at such assemblies. Even to be a decided botanist—closely allied, as the study may seem, to the writing prescriptions—is deemed too great a distraction to be compatible with that concentration of faculties, which is expected from a practising physician. A true and genuine trader will never be seen out of his chariot, nor shew up as cognizant of any thing in style more beautiful than a dog-latin recipe—"donec alv. pleni respond. sumend"—or in matter more deep than an eight-ounce vial; or—with modesty be it spoken—an urinal. His mind must be

supposed to correspond with his person, and that must unite the priggish precision of dandyism with the most decided opposition to all modish innovation in dress. Breeches and blue silk stockings, and a pigtail, are worth at least £300. per annum to a good trader—more especially east of Temple Bar. In one word, he must be unfashionable “à quatre épingles,” and avoid suspenders to his breeches, as he would practising without a license. But though the trader must not sport too much addiction to science, he must be intimately acquainted with whatever else is going; for it is a most essential point of practice to be amusing. A trading physician is the Œdipus of his circle. He can fill up all the blanks and asterisks of a newspaper—knows all that is done at court or in parliament—can name the authors of all anonymous publications—corresponds with Sir Walter Scott—can criticise the last new play, or the last new actor; not, indeed, from personal knowledge (for he has no time to go to plays), but from report. He can talk politics, without committing himself, to the men—scandal to the women—and make a dissertation on the adulteration of tea, or the wholesomeness of brandy and water, to a fashionable monthly nurse. He is always overloaded with business, and regularly looks over his list in every house he enters; but he finds an opportunity of visiting his particular friends as often as his visits are—paid for. If he be a rising young man, he will not refuse to act as *factotum* to a profitable patient: he will procure genuine arrow-root, go in search of unadulterated Epsom salts, or trudge to Leadenhall-street for a particular sort of calcined magnesia. If he resides in a watering-place, his sphere of activity is still more extended: he will hire your house, recommend you tradesmen, and has *particular reasons* for putting you on your guard against professional roguery; and tells you, as a profound secret, that there is only one house in the town where the drugs are genuine.

In the practice of the art itself, the difference between trade and profession is immense. The sole business of the professor is to prescribe what will benefit the patient: the great object of the trader is to write what will do good to the apothecary. A trader never contradicts a nervous lady, but prescribes according to her imaginings; for who should know the reality of the disease more than she who suffers it. He never refuses any indulgence that is asked in diet; for nature knows best her own wants. He never abandons a case, or dismisses it to the country, while it continues to pay; for that were to despair of his art. A professional physician, if he turn author, seeks for a subject which requires illustration, or one with which accident or the course of his studies has made him more especially acquainted. The trader looks out for matter that will bring grist to the mill. A regular practitioner must not stoop to open quackery, because quacks are rivals, who must be discountenanced; but it is fair to write books *ad captandum vulgus*—treatises on fashionable spa, fashionable medicines, and fashionable complaints. Diseases, it is well known, have their vogue; and gout, liver, and nerves “take turn, like day and night.” A trader will always take care to time his publication so as to kill the most birds at a single shot—remembering always, that “*scire tuum nihil est*,” and that advertisement is the high road to notoriety. Godwin, in his “Enquirer,” has given good rules for the accomplishment of the trading physician, which—*mutatis mutandis*—will serve all the learned professions alike:—“The fantastic valetudinarian is particularly his prey: he listens to his frivolous tale of symptoms with inflexible gravity; he pre-

tends to be most wise when he is most ignorant. No matter whether he understand any thing of the disease, there is one thing in which his visit must inevitably terminate—a prescription. The regular and the quack have each their several schemes of imposition; and they differ in nothing so much as in the name.”

It is a master-stroke of policy, both for lawyer or physician, to attach himself to some religious sect. Quaker-doctors, for a long time, had a vogue; and many a good fee was given on the faith of a drab suit and a broad-brimmed hat. But, for a lawyer, I should recommend staunch Church-of-Englandism, as a better thing. With a strong dash of No-Popery, it will infallibly lead to a Mastership in Chancery, at the least: but then he must bring to the establishment the zeal of a sectarian, and the intolerance of an inquisitor. Above every thing, if the professional man have patience and face for the farce, it is useful to dive deeply into Methodism. The swaddling line “is sure to succeed.” Sanctity is your only brevet for capacity. The blessing of the Lord follows the sharp practitioner who atones, by the austerity of his Sabbath, for the sins of the six working days. In professions, experiments are far less instructive than *experiences*—labour, less efficacious than grace—and intellect, nothing to be compared with inspiration.

*Finger conviene il santo in apparenza
E col goffo equalment e coll' accorto
Parlar sempre di cielo e di coscienza.*

“Woe to the man, who'd rise in church or state,
Who earns incautiously the bigot's hate;
Who 'gainst our Tartuffes dares indulge a sneer—
Too proud to bend, too virtuous to fear;
Or who, content to purchase his own ease,
Calmly secedes, and lets those rave who please!
Detraction backward scans his every deed,
And lies, repeated, in the end succeed:
Tainted by calumny, his means decay—
His hollow friends take flight and fall away;
And saints exclaim, while the mark'd man they shew,
‘Lo! Providence itself hath struck the blow!’
Not so the man who courts the serious crew,
Who shuns the theatre, and frequents the pew;
Intriguing, fluent, gossiping, and sly,
Well skilled a ready text to misapply;
In faith too steady to admit a doubt,
And yet too pliant to be e'er left out.
Thrice happy he, by Providence thus bless'd,
By saints admired, and saintesses caress'd!
He need not toil nor spin—his fortune's made—
Subscribing bigots push his thriving trade:
Some lend him money—some discount his notes;
At all elections he commands their votes.
Nay, if too free with his friend's wife or purse—
A third time bankrupt, thief, or something worse—
To hide the common shame, the *clique* unite,
And every member hastes to club his mite;
Cajoles and threatens, pays the lawyer's fee,
And never rests till he and they are free.”

MS. Poem.

There is nothing in life more *gauche*, more impracticable, more helpless, than a purely professional man, who imagines that high honour and deep feeling are the proper adjuncts of a liberal pursuit, and who thinks that whatever degrades the man detracts from the practitioner. His fate is sealed—his destiny is spun. Indignation, and contempt of successful unworthiness, embitter the prime of his life; hope deferred, sickens the hours of his repining manhood; and disappointment and despair close his unuseful and unprofitable career. Too late he finds that he has sacrificed his life to a chimera, and too late he discovers that he is laughed at for his honesty.

It is not, however, my purpose to be pathetic; but simply to mark the bounds between trade and profession, or rather to shew that such bounds do not exist. Look, again, at literature!—is that a liberal art? or can a man safely launch himself into the career, as a means of existence, without a strong spice of *charlatanerie*? In these days, the most profitable parts of the best authors' writings are the paragraphs he indites for the newspapers, to illustrate his "whereabouts," and to spread the note of his own notoriety. To-day, he tells the world how he dined with princes; to-morrow, he communicates, under the modest disguise of an indifferent third person, how much (he wishes the world to believe) the booksellers have paid for his manuscript—for our modern logic is, that large prices beget large sales, and large sales make good books. Formerly, the stream of cause and effect flowed in a different course; but "live and learn" is a good proverb. Then, again, he "turns diseases to commodity," and converts bulletins into advertisements; and he cannot take a place in a stage-coach without the world's being made an accessory after the fact. I dwell not upon the sordid, mercantile part of authorship—the dealings with the booksellers—who, by dint of their *business-like habits*, make authors as great Jews as themselves. But what can be more tradesmanlike than a subscription-list? or the barter of time, patience, and independence for the praise of a blue-stocking *coterie*? or the sacrifice of principles and predilections to conciliate a review? Yet all these things are, in a manner, forced upon original writers of much merit and pretension. Far worse is it with the paste-and-scissors gentry, who fabricate new octavos out of old folios, and who make goods "as bespoke" for the literary market. These men will *do* any subject—from a treatise on astronomy to a "Pastry-Cook's Companion." They are ready for metaphysics, or jest-books—a play, or a Methodist sermon. "Equal to both, and armed for either field," they are as ready for an epic as for an epigram—for three quarto volumes of travels to the antipodes, as three pages of a voyage "*par terre et par mer*" to Richmond. Nothing comes amiss to them; and as romances give place to novels, novels to tales, tales to travels, travels to "reminiscences," and reminiscences to whatever may become the vogue, they follow in the race of imitation; and, always equally dull and equally obedient "to orders," prove themselves at least to have "the pen of a ready-writer." But I am wrong in confining these practices to scrubs in literature. The very best writers of the age do not altogether disdain this drudgery of journey-work. The sons of poetry descend from the highest flights, to edit a ponderous edition, or compose a quarto of biography, at the bidding of some bibliopolic Prospero, and "do this spiriting gently," in whatever element, whether of "sea or fire, of earth or air," his potent word directs; using "no power expect commanded to it." Nor is this the worst of it.

Do not some of them also review any thing and every thing at five minutes' notice from an editor; and scatter firebrands, and disseminate scandal, for the purposes of faction, with the true fetch-and-carry docility of a French poodle? I can hardly help exclaiming, with Jack Eustace, "'Sdeath! why should I carry on this absurd trade any longer? Trade and profession—profession and trade—it is all one; and, to use a coarse but an appropriate adage, 'the devil a barrel the better herring.' " What are the hanging committees of painters but arrant tradesmen? What are managers and actors but tradesmen? What are jobbing dealers in army commissions but tradesmen? What licensing justices of the peace? what public commissioners? what joint-stock directors and committee-men? To sell and to be sold, are in reality the great objects of the great mass of mankind, and he who makes the best bargain is the best man: fashion and success making the whole difference between knavery and gentility! "Money, wife!" says Peachum—"money is the true fuller's-earth: there is not a spot or stain but what it will take out. A rich rogue nowadays is fit company for any gentleman." I beg the reader's pardon for quicting from so immodest a play; for I well know that the *Beggar's Opera* is, in these days of refinement, voted a scandalous, libellous, and indecent production: but I cannot forget that our fathers relished it; and the manner, in the present instance, is "germane to the matter." If trade, then, be the most expeditious mode of qualifying for good company, I do not see why it should derogate from gentility, or why retailing behind a counter should not be deemed a liberal art, and the professions be thought mean and sordid. If money be a god, let its high priests be esteemed accordingly, and "let the devil be honoured for his burning throne;" or, since tradesmen are so much of the gentlemen, and gentlemen so like tradesmen, why might they not at least pass on cheek-by-jowl, and, like the other unclean beasts, enter the ark of society in couples? These are questions which I beg to offer for the patient consideration of my readers; and having thus furnished them with *de quoi penser*—"the limited office of an essayist"—I shall for the present take my leave.

T.

NOVEMBER WALK.

I GAZED with melancholy eye
 On misty hill and cloudy sky.
 What time November's chilly blast
 O'er all the leafless groves had pass'd.
 The distant heath was lone and bare—
 Nor sheep nor shepherd wand'ring there.
 The long wet grass was waving rank
 Along the meadows chill and dank,
 Where shiv'ring herds had ceased to graze,
 And homeward look'd with eager gaze.
 The willows by the wild brook's side
 Droop'd cheerless o'er the sluggish tide,
 That, lately swell'd by Autumn rains,
 Rolled heavy through the marshy plains.
 On hills beyond the moorlands wide,
 The pine-trees waved in sullen pride,
 And all was gloomy; but I love
 Full oft at such an hour to rove—
 Though scarce a thought, serene or gay,
 Awake to cheer me by the way.

There is a music in the blast
 That whistles o'er the wintry waste;
 And leafless groves a charm possess
 Beyond their summer's greenest dress;—
 And, oh! what pleasure then to climb
 Some mountain's craggy height sublime,
 And, while the winds with fury blow,
 Look o'er the trembling vales below;—
 Or, from the high and stormy cliff,
 Through mists descry the fisher's skiff
 Far round the headland work its way,
 To shelter in the rocky bay;—
 Or, see the screaming gull spread wide
 His wings o'er Ocean's ruffled tide;—
 Or, from the headland's chalky crown,
 On foaming waves look fearless down,
 And hear the rolling billows dash
 Their rocky bounds with ceaseless plash;—
 Or, o'er the pebbly margin stray
 Alone, and wet with ocean spray;
 Listening the winds and waves rejoice,
 (All sounds extinguished but their voice)—
 Then borne on fancy's pinions high,
 Far o'er the waste of waters fly,
 Where bold the seaman spreads his sail,
 And bounds before the rushing gale—
 Light tossing in his fragile bark,
 On mountain billows wild and dark,
 When its full rage the tempest pours,
 And all the broad Atlantic roars—
 And almost madly wish to share
 His terrors and his perils there!

Such were my thoughts, as deeper still
 Gathered the gloom on heath and hill,

Which evening spread her mantle o'er,
 Till cliff and crag were seen no more ;
 Though indistinct, the eye might mark
 Their shadowy outlines, huge and dark.
 On the wind-beaten heights alone
 (Methinks they're Nature's proudest throne)
 Oft do I love to linger long,
 And weave my wild thoughts into song.
 But, turning now my steps again,
 I sought once more the lowland plain ;
 Till where the ruined abbey gray
 In scattered fragments round me lay—
 Where now the owl hath built her bower
 O'er prostrate shrine and broken tower.—
 I paused to muse on times gone by,
 And pay the tributary sigh.

Ye roofless halls and ruined fanes,
 Ah! what of all your pride remains ?
 Fair monuments of matchless art,
 And home of many a gentle heart!
 Though all decayed and empty now,
 Your pomp be in the dust laid low,
 To moulder o'er the bones of those,
 To crown whose fame your glories rose—
 By deepest int'rests once entwined
 With feelings of the human mind—
 From what far different cause than now,
 Did all your wide attractions flow !
 The aged peasant, weak and worn,
 On his hard pallet stretched forlorn,
 His weary days of labour o'er,
 Sped his last message to your door ;—
 Oft came, perchance, the village maid
 To seek some holy father's aid,
 (Her pale cheek wet with many a tear),
 To bless a dying parent's bier ;—
 The baron proud, from castle tall,
 And dying knight in feudal hall,
 As anxious looked to yonder shrine,
 For comfort and for aid divine.
 Then oft, on many a solemn day,
 Wound through these aisles the dark array
 Of funeral pomp—while every tongue
 Of the full choir the death-psalm sung ;
 And through these vaulted roofs the knell
 Was pealing from the deep-toned bell,
 As passed the long procession slow,
 To lay departed greatness low.
 And, 'midst the stillness of the night,
 Oft as some high and holy rite
 Bade slumber from each pillow fly,
 What pious voices hymned the sky !
 And many a knee the pavement pressed,
 While saints, by many a prayer addressed,
 Seemed from each silent niche to bend,
 And to the vot'ry's cry attend.
 And when the Sabbath, calm and bright,
 Shone on a world of joy and light,
 How sweet the music of the bells
 Resounded through the summer dells !

The lonely herd-boy on the hill
 Would couch him down, and listen still,
 As, borne upon the fragrant gale,
 Their softened tones came up the vale;
 And pious bands that went to pray,
 Then filled this long devoted way.

What though, to indolence resigned,
 The powers of many a noble mind
 Within these walls inactive pined;
 Though worldly strife and toil demand
 The youthful heart and valiant hand—
 Methinks, at age's twilight close,
 'Twere pleasant thus to seek repose—
 When those we loved were cold in clay,
 And Fortune's smiles had passed away—
 How blest, amongst the calm and good,
 In some such sotal solitude,
 To learn Devotion's deeper tone,
 With feelings all before unknown—
 To list the organ-peal on high,
 Those notes that seem to pierce the sky;
 Till all of earth should disappear,
 And Heaven possess heart, eye, and ear!
 Or, leaning o'er a brother's tomb
 In pensive evening's silent gloom,
 Look back on many a year passed by,
 When all our lost loved friends were nigh;
 When blithe we passed the festive night,
 O'er flowing wine-cups sparkling bright,
 And woke the gay or plaintive strain,
 That never shall be heard again!
 And then to dream of those who wore
 The charms that won our hearts of yore—
 Those young fair forms, with whom we past
 The hours that vanished all too fast;
 When life and love were in their prime,
 And hearts unvexed by care or crime.
 Such charms as theirs can others wear?
 Is aught on earth so good and fair?
 Ah! no—the face of beauty now
 Hath ceased to wear its magic glow;
 Fainter rays from young eyes break,
 And paler blushes tint the cheek—
 As if the fire of Nature grew
 Exhausted, faint, and powerless too.

Such human thoughts might sometimes steal
 To bosoms that were wont to feel
 Friendship and love—and Heaven look down
 On such frail hour without a frown!

'Twas thus I mused! Night blacker grew;
 Each object faded from my view.
 Far back my long and lonely way
 By wood and wild all darkly lay;
 And misty rain fell fast and chill,
 As rushed the loud blast from the hill.
 But warm in wintry vest arrayed,
 And cloak of Scotia's mountain-plaid,
 Unheeding of the storm, I passed,
 And reached my lowly home at last.

ON THE PLEASURES OF "BODY-SNATCHING."

As for entering into a *defence* of Resurrectionists, before expatiating on their pleasures, it is out of the question. When a man has made up his mind to the alternative of having his leg cut off, or of being lithotomised, instead of losing his life, he does not bother himself as to the means by which the surgeon acquired his dexterity; he does not care a straw for the morality of the question. All he knows is, that it could not have been on a living subject, unless operated on *in articulo mortis*, or when phlebotomy had been used *ad deliquium animi*—both against the rules of the profession—that his knife learnt its way through the labyrinth of muscles, cartilages, and all that, which envelope the human frame; its obedience, docility, and sweetness to the hand that guides it; and that calm savageness (if you understand me) of its flourish at the critical moment, which does any one's heart—but the patient's—good to see it. He would not give a straw at that juncture (lying on his back, with his teeth meeting in a leaden bullet) to know, whether his defunct predecessors had found their way to the dissecting-room from the church-yard, or the gallows'-foot—in a shell coffin, or in an old sack. But when the operation is well over, and the man begins to stomp about the world again, the case is altered. Conscientious scruples make their appearance: considerations—religious, moral, sentimental, humbugical, and anti-surgical—especially, the thought of one's friends being cut up, brings an awkward feel with it—much more so, of one's-self. This is the whole secret of the matter. Would any man, woman, or child in the world say a syllable against the thing, if they were sure, for themselves and their immediate relations, of escaping? Certainly not. *Selfishness* is the leading principle of our opponents. Relations are, some way or other, a part of ourselves—but how or why, is past even the surgeon's finding out; and, as for ourselves, I grant you, one likes to save one's bacon even to the last day.

For my own part, I became an amateur at a very early age. I was apprenticed to Mr. L——, a surgeon, in a small town about forty miles from London. He was a clever operator, and deeply learned in the *arcana* of the human body, but yet not in good practice. The reason was, that he attended more to the literature than to the business of his profession—he spent too much time in his study; and in place of busying himself, like a sensible man, about the persons and pockets of the present generation, he gave himself up almost wholly to the next—writing instructions, forsooth, to future anatomists, in place of turning his knowledge to the practical benefit of his own time—and of himself. My father's house was at some distance from the town, and the nearest road to it—thanks to the genius who presided over my destiny!—was through the church-yard. The first time I took this short cut, I cannot say I relished it very well—particularly as my visits home were always in the evening, after we had shut the shop. The shadows of the tomb-stones in the moonlight had a queer appearance; the waving and sighing of some tall willows that looked over the wall disturbed me; and, on the whole, I thought the scene, although striking, rather unpleasant than otherwise. It was some nights before I could prevail upon myself to take the same road again; at last, however, I ventured—not influenced solely by a desire to save the distance, but also impelled by a kind of curiosity—or, I don't know what—the first stirrings, I have no doubt, of my embryo genius towards the field.

of its future glory. I got home without meeting with any adventure, or with any thing at all, except a cow, which had found its way through a gap in the wall, and was philosophising behind a large monument as I passed. I remember, when I burst unawares in upon her ruminations (for my pace was somewhat of the quickest), and the meditative animal received the intrusion with a plunge of alarm, I thought my heart would have leaped into my mouth. After this night, the church-yard was my regular road home. By degrees, my pace became slower as I passed through it; and, at length, I even stopped to look about me, or sat down on a tomb-stone to rest. This place—so unsuited to the usual habits and feelings of youth—was now sought, not merely as being the shortest cut to my father's house, but absolutely for its own sake, as affording positive enjoyments not to be found elsewhere. Now, what was this? Was the attraction in the natural situation of the spot? That was as bad as could be. Was it in the oblong tomb-stones—some standing bolt upright, some sprawling on their bellies, some painted white, and some painted black? No—for, even in the eyes of a boy, these exhibited the *acmé* of tastelessness and absurdity. It was something *under* the stones; it was the breath that exhaled from the damp, rich, heavy earth, and formed the atmosphere of the church-yard; it was the scent which allures the goule and the afrit of Eastern story to the new-made grave, and the raven of real nature to the field of battle; it was the instinctive struggling of genius, when surrounded, though unconsciously, with the objects of its direction, and the future spoils of its powers; the beating of the young bird—in darkness, and silence, and loneliness—against the shell which curtains it from the world! But as it occasionally happens, owing to some whim of Nature, that the said bird may beat its heart out before breaking the shell, and consequently depart this life—I am not sure if it be a bull—before coming into the world; so my genius, as aforesaid, might have struggled long enough with my ignorance before getting its possessor initiated into the mysteries and pleasures of resurrectionizing, had it not been for the following circumstance:—

One dark night—for the season was now far advanced, and there was no moon—when wending along the accustomed path, I remembered that the funeral had taken place that day of a man, an acquaintance of my own, who had been killed by falling down his own stairs. This, by the way, is as foolish a death as a man can die—before dinner. However, the thought struck me—I don't know why; why should I?—that I would look where they had laid him. It was somewhat dark, as I have said; but, by this time, I cared no more for being in the dark in a church-yard, than when playing at hide-and-seek in my father's parlour. I examined first the town-ward and more populous district, and then turned my researches towards the more distant and less fashionable neighbourhood of this city of the silent. When, approaching the wall, near the upper end of the ground, I fancied that I observed something dark and moving on the top, and stopped short, I confess, in a sudden uneasiness approaching to a stew. Presently a noise, as if of a heavy body falling on the ground, convinced me that some person had leaped from the wall into the church-yard; and I drew back behind a monument to watch the result. That I had at this time heard of resurrectionizing, I cannot deny; but as for that admirable art being practised in the small and precise town of —, it had never entered either my head or that of any other inhabitant to dream of such a thing. And yet, I solemnly aver to you, that the thrill which

ran through my frame at that moment, was caused neither by bodily nor superstitious fear. A minute of suspense ensued; all was silent, and the night, as it seemed, darker than ever. But my own heart was not silent; my soul was tossed about, as it were, in a sea of thoughts—dark, incomprehensible, overwhelming; till at length the harsh but deadened sound of a spade, as it was struck into the earth, threw a ray of light upon the confusion—terrible, but beautiful as the flash that gilds the tempest! I stretched my head beyond the monument, but could see nothing; I moved forward to the next—and the next. I was now in such a state of excitation, that I scarcely cared for concealment, but hurried forward, though with suppressed breathing, and step as silken as the cat's, boldly and swiftly, till I had gained almost the verge of the new-made, and now unmaking grave; where, leaning on a tomb-stone, which was at once my screen and support, I beheld the first, but not the last, scene of resurrection it has been my lot to witness. Three dark figures, whose very outline I was unable to discern, were busily engaged before me—two in shovelling the earth out of the grave—and one, apparently, in directing the others, and keeping a look-out. In as short a space, I thought, as even professional grave-diggers could have accomplished it, their spades struck against a hard and hollow-sounding substance, which I conjectured rightly to be the coffin; and then the master of the work threw a sudden glare of light from a dark lantern, till then hid in his great coat, into the pit; and I discovered, to my no small surprise, the veritable faces of the sexton and his assistant of —. The earth was now nearly all thrown out; and one of the party attaching a rope to the handle at one end of the coffin, they began to draw the newly-entered tenant from the abode so fondly termed, by surviving friends, the long and last home of mortality. I cannot help smiling at the figure I cut at this moment. The struggle between the prejudices of education, the attempted perversion of my genius, and the natural bent of my soul, was absolutely ludicrous. Every damp and heavy shovelfull of earth that was thrown out of the grave seemed to fall as damp and heavy on my heart; while, at the same time, it was with the most intense longing and impatience that I waited for the end of the work. The coffin at length was fairly again on the surface of the earth; and the adventurers began to break open, with something that sounded like a chisel, this strong box of science. I cannot say that I saw clearly what it was that they drew out after forcing the lid; for the labour had taken more effect on me than on the actual workmen, and the perspiration ran down my forehead and blinded my eyes: but it was something long, and white, and stiff, and heavy, and indefinite. "*Quiescat in pace!*" said the chief of the party, as he kicked the broken coffin back into the grave. The voice startled me, and I bent my eyes with a painful earnestness on the tall and shadowy figure of the speaker, whom a sudden flash of the lamp now enabled me to identify: it was Mr. L—, my worthy and learned master! The two grave-diggers now set themselves to fill up the pit again, which they accomplished, like clever workmen as they were, in a very short time; and having carefully stowed whatever they had taken out of the coffin into a large sack, the party made for the wall—followed closely, almost to touching, by me. The contents of the sack was the body of a large, heavy, corpulent man—thin people do not kill themselves falling down their stairs—and they had, therefore, some difficulty in getting it over the wall. One man went over first, to be ready to receive it—and the other stood on the top—while my master was left on the inner side,

shoving up with all his might the ponderous mass. "I wish to God, Betson," said he, "you had brought that lazy young rascal, your son, with you, to hold the lamp; for I think I shall break my legs among these cursed stones!"—"I'll hold it, Sir!" said I, stepping forward, and taking the lamp from his hand. At the sound of a strange, or at least unexpected voice, Mr. L—— had well nigh dropped his burthen; and, indeed, as it seemed to me at the moment, was uncertain, for about the twinkling of a lancet, whether he should not scramble over the wall, and leave the living and the dead together. But turning back his head for an instant, and seeing, by the sharp light of the lamp, the pale features and wild-staring eyes of his apprentice, his dismay was converted into simple vexation. "D— thee!" said he, clenching his teeth; and these were the only words that passed between us till, with our prize, we had reached his own house. I did not sleep well that night: I was hot, but not feverish—or else it was a *sweating* fever. After the first trial, I dared not sleep again; for, in my dreams, the church-yard scene was repeated even more distinctly than in my waking recollections; and one does not like too much of a good thing. I thought the sun had forgotten to rise. But, at last, when I fell into the early morning dose which usually follows a sleepless night, and opened my eyes once more in the clear and joyful light of day, my fears left me; and I got up from the bed, which was not merely damp, but absolutely wet with perspiration—smoking and yet shivering—pale and yet proud—with heaviness in my eyes, but joy at my heart. At night we were to reap the fruits of our enterprise; I was to be present, with my master's permission, for the first time at a dissection. It was necessary to preserve the most profound secrecy on a circumstance, which, if known to the swinish multitude, would probably have been the means of getting Mr. L—— and myself torn to pieces, and the house razed to the foundation—not to talk of the consequent destruction of my master's manuscripts; and our measures were taken accordingly. I pretended to retire to bed about ten o'clock, putting out my candle, and bolting my door as usual. I could hear the sounds of men dying away in the streets and in the house. Every thing was silent, except the ticking of the house-clock, whose iron tongue telling twelve was to be the signal of meeting. I thought the clock was not so lazy as the sun had been in the morning; for, after a very trifling lapse of time, the important hour sounded. A Londoner can form no conception of the associations that are attached to the dead and awful hour of twelve in the country. In town, it is the funniest of the four-and-twenty. I shivered as I counted the ominous strokes, but, mustering all my resolution, cautiously unbolted my door, and groped my way to my master's study. I tapped gently at the door, and he let me in. I warmed myself at the fire for a few minutes, and then Mr. L—— said, in a jocular manner, "You can go in to the closet, if you like, and pay your respects to your friend till I am ready." My pride was touched; for, when a man is frightened, jocularly in another is as bad as a tweak by the nose. So, forcing a smile in reply, I made for the closet-door, and opening it, went in. The cursed door, which was accommodated with a weight and pulley, instantaneously took advantage of my back being turned, and shut itself again with a clap that made me spring two feet from the ground. A table was in the middle of the floor, on which were two lighted candles, and something covered with a white sheet. My eyes sparkled at the sight, but my feet would not budge; till, recollecting that Mr. L—— had sent me in for the express

purpose of looking at the body, I forced myself to advance to the table, and, willing to give him a good opinion of my courage, uncovered the face. I cannot help laughing at it now; but, at that time, it was an awful moment. I had forgotten that the man was an acquaintance of my own. Even since the moment of resurrection, my mind had been absorbed by the one simple abstract idea of an anatomical subject; all thought of individuality was lost; I made no personal reflections. But here was the strong, heavy, corpulent man, I had seen alive and kicking a few days ago, lying on his back, naked and helpless,—straight, stiff, and motionless—waiting to be cut up! Mr. L—— came into the room with his apparatus, while I was gazing with eyes, mouth, and nostrils at the dead face; and, pushing me aside, threw off the sheet and commenced work. For my part, I never felt so comical in my life—till my master, wanting my assistance to hold something, turned round, and seeing me pale and gasping, holding on by the door for support, suddenly caught up a basin of cold water, and threw the contents right in my face. “D— thee!” said he, a second time—for this was a favourite expression. After this, I got on very well; but the secrets of the dissecting-room are not for the uninitiated.

I remember, when once talking to a friend on this subject, in the same rambling way in which I write, he said to me, “Now, —, although I am no anatomist myself, yet I can comprehend very well what are the sources of a scientific man’s enjoyment, when exploring with his knife the intricate and awful machinery of the human frame, on a dead subject; but where, in God’s name, is the pleasure of scaling walls, and scampering over the bosoms of the dead, associated with the lowest and most desperate of mankind—and after all, for what purpose?—why, to commit what is neither more nor less than a downright and impious robbery!”—“Sir!” said I, eyeing the spooney with a smile, half contemptuous, half triumphant—“do you like hare-soup?” The question posed him; he saw the drift of my argument at once. The fact is, he did like hare-soup; but he liked *hunting the hare* better. It was not long after the occurrence noted above, that my anatomical studies became so public as to render it convenient for me to leave — at five minutes’ warning; and I set out for London, with little more to depend on than a letter of introduction to Dr. S——, of — street, from my master. As for Mr. L——, I have never seen him since, although it is now twenty years ago; but I hear he is still alive, and still going on with his great work on anatomy. He gets a very old man now, and, I have no doubt, will find every chapter longer and emptier than its predecessor—till Death, the grand dissector of men and authors, writes *Finis* at the bottom. I was not long in London before my letter to Dr. S——, my provincial reputation, and fine talents for body-snatching, introduced me to the first professional society. Dr. S—— was one of the cleverest men, in the common acceptation of the word, I ever knew. His range was not extensive; but what he had, he had at hand: there was no dubitation—no shilly-shallying about him; you could never catch him unawares—for his mind, such as it was, was in a perpetual state of readiness. He was a Cockney, and pounded medicines in a little shop within the sound of Bow bells, till he was four or five and twenty. At this period the death of a relation put him in possession of a little money, with which he bought a country practice. He had not long been in possession, when he had the impudence to fall in love with the squire’s daughter—or her fortune—no matter which; and what

was more extraordinary, the young lady received his addresses. Her father, as may be supposed, was rather restive on the occasion; but as even fox-hunters will be unwell sometimes, and as there was no other professional man in the neighbourhood, he was obliged to have S—— occasionally about the house. S——, unfortunately, was no horseman; in fact, he had never been on horseback in his life: he was as ignorant of horses as an ass; and the very idea of sitting astride on so formidable an animal, for the purpose of locomotion, or any other purpose whatever, made him sweat for fear. It was on this peculiarity that the squire formed a plan to mortify the young Cockney, and make him ridiculous in the eyes even of his daughter. One day that half the gentlemen of the county were assembled at his house, S—— arrived, panting and breathless, in obedience to a message by express from the squire, requesting his immediate attendance. At the sight of so many horses and servants about the house, apparently in hunting train, visions of broken legs and collar-bones danced gaily through the surgeon's imagination; and he sprung up the steps, and into the dining-room where the company were assembled, with even more than his usual agility. "My dear Sir," said the squire, running to meet him, and seizing on his hand, which he shook with all the vehemence of a fox-hunter, "you are the kindest fellow in the world—we shall never forget it. But the fact is, we have this moment kicked up a steeple-chase—our horses are saddled, and we are just ready to mount; the ground is not a dozen miles from this: and so, as it would be mere madness to start without at least one professional gentleman, where there is a prospect of as desperate leaps as ever were seen in the county, I took the liberty of sending for you. Come, come!" continued he, perceiving the blank look of the surgeon; "don't stick upon trifles with a friend. I see you have not brought your horse with you; but you shall have the best of my poor stud." And immediately a dozen other gentlemen of the turf, who were in the secret, gathered round; and seizing on the victim's arms, in the midst of his scrapes, and acknowledgments, and excuses—from the get-off equivocal to the lie direct—hurried him through the hall and down the steps. A horse, ready accoutred, and held by a groom in rich livery, stood before them; and the squire, with many compliments and caresses, besought him to mount without more loss of time. The animal stood with his head, not his side, towards his intended rider—or even the inexperienced eye of the Cockney must have detected the trick. He was a superannuated hunter, at least a foot higher than his grandson's breed; his bones, although every care had been paid to his honourable old age, seemed to be starting through his skin; and even if the recollected spirit of his youth, and the dying instincts of nature could be lighted up for a moment—as they might have been, by the sound of the huntsman's horn—into something perilous even to an experienced rider, there was nothing about him capable of making the danger respectable to a looker-on. Poor S——, disguise it as he might, trembled from head to foot, as he suffered himself to be led on towards his fate; but, just as he arrived within parleying-distance, the animal, as if wearied by the delay that had taken place, opened his huge mouth into a yawn, so absolutely unhorsical—and displaying a broken range of teeth, so terrible even in their ruin—that the surgeon, spite of his habitual self-possession, started back in dismay. But, instantaneously recovering himself, as the sudden laugh of the squire and his friends burst upon his ear, he resumed his ground, and said, with a low bow to the still gaping quadruped, "I beg your pardon—I travel *outside*."

The squires—unsophisticated souls!—laughed still louder at this stroke of humour; and S—— having the good sense to confess his ignorance of equestrian performances, and to meet their jokes on the subject half way, got off with flying colours. Soon after, he married the girl, and returned to London. His quickness of mind was frequently attended with too much quickness of tongue—a fault which a medical man cannot guard too carefully against. Once, when passing arm-in-arm with him along some street near St. Thomas's Hospital, "Gadso!" said he; "we should not have come this way—I have a patient dead here; I told his wife, yesterday morning, that he would never eat his breakfast again in this world.—Hollo!" continued he, catching by the rails with one hand as he passed the house, "Mrs. Tibbs—or Tibbetts—how d'ye do?—how d'ye do?"—(as the woman made her appearance at the window) "nothing wrong, eh?"—"O no, Sir!—thank God, and bad luck to yourself!" answered Mrs. Tibbs or Tibbetts; "my husband is much better to-day." S—— blushed to the tips of his ears, and went into the house, muttering, "Never was mistaken before in all my life!" When he came out again, I said to him, laughing, "Well, doctor, I hope you have killed your man for living contrary to orders!"—"I had thoughts of it," said he, with gravity; "but that brimstone b——, his wife, will punish him as severely here as the furies could below: I have cared for him—he will not die this bout." A few days after, happening to go the same way together, we chanced to pass the house at the very instant a man was mounting the steps with a coffin on his shoulder. S—— ducked his head, and walked quietly past—but not without being caught by the lynx-eye of Mrs. Tibbs, or Tibbetts. I could see her endeavouring to raise the window; failing in which, she darted her clenched fist like lightning through the glass, and shook it violently at the false prophet. S—— never forgave me for witnessing this scene. I called on him twice: the first time, he was not at home; and the second, at which I received the same answer, I saw him looking at me through the blinds. I made him a low bow, and passed on. He is dead lately; I forgive him for cutting me—but he should not have looked through the blinds.

At this time, there was established a society of Resurrectionists, consisting chiefly of young surgeons and students of anatomy—of which, of course, I became a fellow. Some of these gentlemen have since risen to notoriety in their own and other congenial professions; but the most distinguished members, at the period I speak of (not to mention myself), were Messrs. P——, R——, C——, and M——. On second thoughts, I may as well fill out the two last initials—Clark and Malony—both being public characters; particularly the latter, who is himself "among the atomies at Surgeons' Hall" at this moment. He was a red-hot Irish student, and a fellow of fine talents in his degree. Once, when a subject for dissection had been brought up in the common hum-drum way—I mean from the gallows—and Malony, myself, and other eminent persons were present—when every thing was ready, and every body on the tip-toe of expectation—a sudden inflation of the subject's chest "gave us pause."—"O Jasus!" cried Malony—who was not a man to stick at trifles, when the interests of science were concerned—"is it after chating the law he is?" and immediately thrust a probe into the temple far enough to set the question of vitality at rest. Some people took it upon them to blame the Irishman for his precipitation; but I beg leave to differ with them. The man was dead in law, and that was enough for us: besides, if we had

suffered him to get up and walk, it is ten to one he would have been hanged over again. Poor Malony was suspended himself not long after, for trying a similar operation on a living subject; but that is nothing to the question. Clark was, at that time, one of the most interesting and promising young men I ever knew; and it was with heartfelt satisfaction I beheld him afterwards ascending, step by step, to the eminence he at present enjoys. It was Clark who volunteered, out of pure philanthropy, when Thistlewood and the other gentlemen were executed for lunacy, to cut off their heads; and the British public can bear testimony to the workmanlike manner in which the man in the mask did his duty. We next see him forming and executing the magnificent project of supplying the whole body of London anatomists wholesale with subjects from the country; but this scheme, although it did very well for some time, I am sorry to say has, for the present, received a check, and Clark is now sojourning in Ilchester Jail. It is a pity that the constitutional activity of his mind should have led him into the mistake which it has done in this dreary situation. Having nothing better to do, he amused himself by forming a conspiracy among the prisoners, to knock their turnkeys on the head with stones slung in their stockings; but, on cool consideration, perceiving how inconsistent this would be with the respectability of his profession, he informed against his adherents in time to prevent mischief. R——, although the president of the club, was of an indolent, voluptuous turn, which prevented him from being of much use in active service; but his easy, gentleman-like deportment was an admirable cloak for us. The plan was this: M—— took ready-furnished lodgings near some churchyard, where we all met three nights in the week to consult. On these occasions, as often as necessary, a detachment was sent out on service; and, if successful, M——'s house was the depôt for the spoils.

On arriving there one wet, dark, and stormy night, although it was later than the hour of meeting, I found our president alone, with his legs stuck up on each side of the grate to keep the fire warm, a novel in his hand, and a bottle of gin on the mantel-piece. I saw it was of no use to disturb him; it would have been easier to move the ladies' man in the Park: so I just took a sniff out of the bottle to warm my fingers, and, with a heavy sigh at the effeminacy of the times, was moving away, when P—— entered the room. P——, next to myself, was the most efficient member of the club. He was not one of your milk-and-water fellows, who will do a thing for such-and-such a reason—who will stay at home because it rains, and go abroad when the day is fine. He was an enthusiast in his trade, which he followed, not for the lucre of gain, but for its own sake. His very appearance would have indicated, even to a superficial observer, that it was no common character who stood before him. His nose—to begin with the most prominent feature—was long and pointed; his eyes, of a dark and sparkling grey—one of them slightly twisted in an opposite direction from the proboscis, and somewhat smaller than the other; his mouth was drawn up a little at the corners, so as to give an expression of humour to the lower part of the face; and if you add a set of teeth as large and white as a wolf's, and a very thin drapery of grizzled hair about the temples—for the rest was bald—you have a good idea of my dear friend P——'s head. The garb of his outward man, which was of a grey colour, shewed that he held the opinion of another great character—Mr. Howard, the philanthropist—that a good soaking shower was the best brush for broadcloth; and his hat, which hung over

him, in a fashion half Quaker, half Spanish, proved that the rule might be applied as well to beaver, having retained its substance, under the same discipline, long after the colour and shape had departed. P—— was a man of few words, so far as the tongue was concerned; but his other features were so many telegraphs, which, when put into motion, kept up a constant flow of intelligence: he could say more by a single motion of the muscles of his cheek than R——, who was a great orator, could have spoken in an hour. On coming into the room, he communicated, in a whisper, a piece of intelligence, that, under other circumstances, would have been highly grateful to me, *viz.* that his long nose had smelt out a most promising resurrection-job within a very convenient distance of the house. We endeavoured, in vain, to persuade R—— to take a hand in the game. All we could gain from him was a promise that he would sit up for us till three or four o'clock in the morning, in the event of our falling in with other assistance, and prosecuting the adventure ourselves; but even this we could only draw from him by the temptation of another quart of his favourite evening draught, which we engaged to send in from the wine-vaults as we passed. As we glided down the street, the cold sharp rain, splashing in our faces, seemed ready to cut the skin; and I almost repented having left the comfortable berth we had just quitted: but as for P——, when I could get a glimpse, by the flickering glare of a lamp as we passed, of his spare figure and keen thin face, he appeared to be moving on as steadily as the Flying Dutchman in the eye of a gale of wind. We reached the church-yard, which was to be the theatre of our operations; and my companion leading the way, as we coasted round its dark walls, or looked wistfully in through the bars of the iron gate, he seemed, like Milton's Satan, gazing for the first time on the new and peaceful world. I do not know how such a foolish idea entered my head; but it made me look at him, for the moment, with an interest not unallied to fear, as I followed his dark person and noiseless footsteps through the gloom. At length, as we turned the corner, we were challenged by a watchman: P—— fixed his eye on him as we passed, but neither of us spoke; and the guardian of the night, without making any observation, walked hastily away to the lighter and living part of the street. We saw, however, that it was yet too early—and, besides, from the nature of the ground, that it was impossible to do with only two performers. To pass the time, therefore, and also to look out for proselytes, we went into the tap-room of a public-house at no great distance, and called for a pot of porter, warmed at the fire, and seasoned with a glass or two of something stronger. There was only one person in the room besides ourselves, and he appeared to have just come in; he was a fine, off-hand-looking fellow, in a sailor's dress—frank and careless in his manner, with a dash of the Mbertine in his eye, and an appearance about the lips which indicates one who has an habitual inclination to moisten his clay. "He will do," said P——, winking at me with the off-eye; but I had my doubts. We soon got into conversation, and had no difficulty in pumping out the whence and whither of our chance-comrade. He belonged to an East-Indiaman which had just arrived, and was hastening home, on the wings of love and duty, to tell his mother and his sweetheart that his apprenticeship was out, and that he was now promoted to be a man-before-the-mast. Of course, he was to get married immediately; and, in a month or two, would be ready for sea once more, with high hopes of being, at least captain of the fore-top, before seeing his beloved Susan again. In

the mean time, however, both she and his mother had moved from their lodgings, and it was now too late to seek them; he had, therefore, tumbled into the first open shop he had found, where he meant to anchor for the night. There was not much encouragement for us, I thought, in this story: but, as the stranger's orders were executed, and a measure of a colourless liquid set before him, I could see P——'s eyes sparkle; and he turned on me a glance, which, assisted by a certain motion of his cheek and eyelid, said, as plainly as tongue could speak it, "Smoke the blue ruin!" The sailor did not seem at once to like the turn we gave to the conversation; and he looked stedfastly, as if for the first time, at my companion. I do not know how it is, but there is something peculiar about P——'s eyes—something that one looks at a second time, not because he wishes to do so, but because he cannot help it; it produces a disagreeable feeling—a kind of chill—such as we do not experience when looking at Mr. Irving's, for instance, or any ordinary squint. The stranger drew his glass towards the upper end of the box, and, resting his back against the wall, stretched his legs upon the seat—but observing, at the same time, as if not choosing to give offence, that his walk from the Docks had fatigued him. By degrees, however, he seemed to get accustomed to my companion's peculiarity, and relaxed from the defensive position he had taken. When his measure was emptied, we insisted on filling it again, and drinking together; and then, after gradually feeling our way, we opened the business. He winced, at first, like a patient under an operation; but the very novelty of the thing induced him at least to hear more of it. P—— told some of his best stories, with eyes, cheeks, lips, and tongue all at once; the gin mounted into the sailor's main-top; and, at length, he began to think it was not so very shocking an affair. His pride was touched—for he felt that his courage was questioned. It now assumed the appearance, under my friend's magic pencil, of at worst a spree or frolic; it would be something to talk of ever after—to make Susan draw closer to him at night, as she hid her face in the bed-clothes—and at sea, in a tropical calm, to set the whole fore-castle a-gaping. At length, he consented; and we went out together to collect our tools, and proceed to work. It was pitch-dark; but the wind had died away, and the rain fell in thick and heavy drops. As we walked along, holding him fast by the arms on each side, the stranger seemed rather our prisoner than our companion—I could feel his heart beat hard against my arm; and at length, when we got over the wall, and were among the tombs, I thought he would have fallen from our support. The weakness, however, was only physical—his moral courage was unsubdued; and at length, when we reached the grave, as if resolving to conquer his feelings by main force, he applied himself with good-will to the spade-work, that no sexton could have brought his buried treasure to light in quicker time. By the time we had got the coffin open, however, and its contents deposited in the sack, his spirit seemed to desert him altogether; and while we were filling up the grave, and putting matters *in statu quo*, he leant in silence against a tomb-stone. When we were preparing to depart, I went up and shook him violently, to rouse him from the trance into which he seemed to have fallen. "*It is a woman!*" said he, at length, in a whisper, so deep and horror-struck, that I instinctively let him go. I could hear P—— chuckle at the idea. I endeavoured to explain to him that a dead body was of no sex; but, notwithstanding, it was as much by compulsion as any thing else, that we got him to assist in removing the spoils.

On arriving at our destination, which we did without interruption, we found the door on the latch, and went up stairs with our burthen as softly as possible. The candle had burnt out, and the fire was just about following the example; while R——, like a drunken swine as he is, was sitting fast asleep in a chair. We laid the sack on the table, in the midst of the fragments of his supper, and endeavoured to get a fresh light. When we had succeeded, P——, with one of his diabolical leers, pointed to the stranger, who was standing by the door, as if afraid altogether to enter the room, and gazing on the sack, till his eyes seemed ready to burst from their sockets. At this moment, R—— awoke, and turning down the mouth of the sack, held the candle to examine our prize; and, still under the *gineal* influence, began to rhodomontade like a mad player. "A woman, by G——!" cried he; "aye, and a fair one, too—beautiful even in death! Her auburn ringlets hanging, in love-like languishment, over her neck of snow—her pencilled eyebrows—her dimpled chin—her modest lips, cold even as chastity!" At every disjointed sentence, the stranger advanced a step nearer: till, at length, when the fair and dead face came completely under his view, his hands met with a sound like the report of a pistol—and, in something between a shriek and a convulsive groan, he exclaimed, "It is *Susan*!"—and fell senseless on the floor. L. R.

FULL-LENGTHS :

No. IV.

The Jew Slopseller.

WE know not if, among the several qualities, to the possession of which philosophers have ascribed our superiority over frogs and jackdaws, the spirit of commerce has been duly registered—whether the continually working principle of barter, wanting in all other animals, has given a triumphant distinction to humanity, and thus proved the immortal essence of man in his day-book and ledger. We think the fact too evident to have been unknown to ancient wisdom; although we cannot, at this moment, take upon ourselves to particularize the discoverer.

Of course, there are none of our readers that have not seen a Jew: the sight amounts to nothing—it is a common spectacle, which neither does nor ought to excite an unusual thought. Have they, however, beheld a Jew Slopseller? The sun scarcely attracts a momentary gaze—so general is its influence: let a rainbow appear, and old gray-headed men and crawling children stay still and gaze at it. So with the common Israelite, and he of the sea-port. The term "Jew," abstractedly—like the first of the two words "laurel water," or the half of a severed viper—may represent an object useful or harmless;—but Jew *Slopseller*—aye, there is the deadly meaning of the united words—there, the full venom of the active snake! Those who would pass through Rosemary-lane without the least emotion, would start and turn pale at an Israelite inhabitant of Gosport or Sheerness. Lest, however, some of our readers should not wholly comprehend the term "Slopseller," we may briefly inform them, that it applies to those individuals who, on our seamen receiving their hard-earned pay, infest the decks of English men-of-war: there they toil, and there they fatten. Let us, however, strive to make out a schedule of the effects, natural and acquired, which compose a Jew Slopseller.

It is not the face alone of our hero which needs delineation: the painter who would simply pourtray the visage of the Slop-seller, and afterwards trust to his general observance of other men whereby to supply the absent members, would err most criminally. Horace himself never imagined such a monster; it would be the head of a fox on the body of a mastiff—of a cat, fixed on the neck of an antelope. There is such a subtle and constant communing between his features and every other part; such a continual, and yet repressed agitation, from his eyelids to his toes; such a catching-up of the fingers and acting of the vertebræ, that it would seem some spirit of gain inhabited his every tendon and nerve, and that his body echoed and throbbed throughout with their clamour and their stirring. If nature has ever placed the least principle within him, like Ariel in the pine, it requires more than mortal power to bring it to the light. There is no looking at the face of the Slop-seller—the eye can take no hold of his features; they do not, as the old poet says of amber, “stroke the sight”—but evade, actually slip from it. He is only to be rightly viewed whilst asleep—when the flaccid lineaments, untenanted by the thousand antics which inhabit the waking lines, have retreated back, and lie, like gorged spiders in their webs, in the modicum of brain which engendered and sustains them. Then, and then only, might the limner take the features of our subject, and thus the likeness could only be known to a few of his creed and craft—for never yet did customer hear a Slop-seller snore. The whole life of our Israelite is a long game of verbal and practical lies—of substitution and of sycophancy. His prime god is made at his Majesty’s mint; a bank-note is to him the glorious sky—and the sum it carries, either moon, sun, or star, according to the amount. If he can give to second-cloth the passing freshness of superfine, he is, in his own esteem, a second Descartes; if he can replace copper for gold, another Newton. He has no love of nature, animate or still: if ever he stay to look at a bullfinch, it is simply to reflect on the possibility of painting its hues on a sparrow; if ever he gaze at the veins of a pebble, it is to see if it will pass for an agate or a cornelian. Shew him Mount Vesuvius in full eruption, and he will speculate on getting it up in a raree-show; point out to him, by the glare of lightning, a ship’s crew struggling in the billows, and he will instantly ponder on what the men have in their pockets.

We must picture a seaman about to pass the door of our Slop-seller: he is in a moment captured, and, although pennyless, becomes a ready prey to the Israelite, who buys the next three years’ pay of the reckless tar. The seaman laughs within himself—aye, and when he gets aboard, his mates laugh with him—at the certain trick practised on the Jew; for when did a sailor ever think of time? Did he ever think it possible for the day three years to arrive? If he have money in one hand, he thinks he holds the skirts of Time with the other. The Slop-seller, like his brother crocodile, is amphibious, and can snap up a mouthful of unwary humanity ashore, as well as in his native deep. However, it must, we think, be owned, that the Slop-seller is more potent at sea. By sea, we mean the waste or fore-castle of a man-of-war. His peculiarities become more startling. Like Charles Brandon’s armorial bearings, the gold cloth and frize strike out a contrast sufficiently powerful to awaken the poetry of thought—philosophy. To the proof.

We have before us a sailor, who hath felt the sun in every region of the world: heat, wind, and rain have so worked upon his face—have here

so seared it, and there so adorned it with protuberance—that his features are like a patch of old wall; here, shewing a fearful chink—and here, tufts of red and brown moss. He stands before us the very embodied idea of unthinking valour and honesty: there is a reposing strength in his legs, which straggle from each other like two clumps of leafless oaks; his hands drop before him, like two slabs of red granite; his hair—that is, if he do not nourish the coxcombry of a pigtail—mightily resembles bell-wire in a tangle; his very hat seems dropped upon his head (as though for a wager) from the main-top. This man appears a hard creature to digest; and yet our Slopseller shall swallow him, as though he were a man of paste—the mere sugared image of a confectioner.

Observe, gentle reader—and also ye philosophers—if here you would see the whole deceit and trickery of the world: if here you would look upon the game where is pitted craft against honesty—villainy against ignorance—smiles, assertions, oaths, and pledges of reputation, against the profits of years of toil—perhaps of insult and of bloodshed. The bit of gold, for which our tar hath groaned in hopeless agony beneath the surgeon—for which he hath been literally sheeted in his own gore—the wages of such pain and terror shall, in a trice, become the gain of the Jew, for a wheedling word—a smiling look. Is not this a true representation of the tragedy, or—Democritus, if you will have it so—the comedy of *Gain and Loss*, played on the world's wide stage, alike by emperors, by lords in waiting, and by chimney-sweepers? Many a veteran hath gone down, a most lean subject, to the grave; whilst a musk-carrying juvenile, who could sing an amorous ditty at the table of my lord, hath died of indigestion or of apoplexy: the shrill pipe of a boy hath carried it before the indented cicatrice of gray-headed men. We repeat our assertion: Our Sailor and Slopseller may, in their simple selves, represent the whole two parties of the human race—the tricksters and the tricked. Three feet of the forecastle of the *Bellona* may serve for the whole globe.

We beg our readers to keep before their eyes the person of our sailor, and also narrowly to observe the movements of the Israelite, now preparing to assail and attack the huge round tower before him. See, how the varlet makes towards the tar! how he curls and bends himself up, as though he would absolutely make himself into a ball, and roll into the confidence of the betrayed! Now this Proteus of pinchbeck and stained glass alternately flutters and stoops, and his eye burns with brightness—not with a common brilliancy—it is not the ray of honest satisfaction—but the gleam of a spear's point held to the heart of the devoted. As yet, however, the contest has been held at a distance: the Slopseller has only attacked with greetings, gentle inquiries, and salutations; the pike is only hooked—the grand beauty of the art is yet to be displayed in playing with him, and bringing him panting to the shore. Jack himself throws a dash of the ridiculous into the business; he checquers with individual whim the else unrelieved baseness of the Slopseller. As the Jew advances, the Sailor (and we would be sworn he has never read Sterne) seems “pre-determined not to give him a single sous.” Jack straightway becomes blunt and bristling: he puts his memory on hard duty, and summons to his aid a recollection of the grievous wrongs he has before endured from “the tribe;”—he, moreover, doubly arms himself with the legendary iniquities of every slopseller, from Wapping to Spithead; and thus strengthened, Jack receives, with deadly determination, the first advances of the aquatic merchant. Vain man! weak in your vanity—lost in your conceit! Bound and delivered up to the

enemy, even by the weapons which you were to use against him : your strength avails you not with him. What are the deep-set grinders and the rigid muscles of the bull-dog against the tortuous faculty of the worm ? The brute may startle wolves from their dens, and tear into powder the hard earth beneath it, whilst the reptile glides through a crevice, and evades pursuit. It is almost melancholy to observe the unsuccessful trials of the sailor to look cunning and business-like ; his features are rebellious, and will not submit to order—whilst he, unconscious man ! believes them to be admirably disciplined. An elephant, inquiring into the legitimate construction of a sixpence, is, we think, a ludicrous object : no less whimsical is our sailor, attempting to be shrewd. He has, at this time, but one thought—security against the Jew ; and this thought runs, darkling and confused, within him, like a half-smothered mouse in the body of the elephant just noted. At every turn, he becomes more bewildered ; and our Slopseller, gaining strength as the Sailor sinks back again to his accustomed state, in the moment of triumph slips the article of purchase into the half-unresolved hand of the man of the waters. And, what has Jack purchased ? Of course, a watch—one that hath survived a three days' possession by nearly half the seamen of his Majesty's fleet. The first article a sailor purchases, and the last he parts with, is a watch : it is the Alpha and Omega of the alphabet of prize money ; and, even if it does not survive the first winding-up, still the outside looks creditable and land-like ; and, long ere Blue Peter is flying at the fore, it is once again duly returned to the Slopseller, with a loss of pounds not to be thought of in the middle-watch. As were the fatal seeds to Proserpine, so is the silver monitor to our tar : having once tasted the fare of our Slopseller, he is wholly and unreservedly condemned to him.

A fox comes into a farm-yard with a more bold and upright countenance than does a Jew Slopseller enter a man-of-war ; there is a vile slinking principle curling about his lips—a fitful puckering-up of his eyes—a thrilling of chicane at the very tip of his nose ; presenting, on the whole, a so abject and contemptible being, that, were your dog to leap from your side, and pin down the trader, we fear, instead of punishing the animal, your momentary feeling would be to pat the sides of the brute, and exclaim, “ Well done, honesty ! ”

Our Slopseller is not avaricious and grasping by accident—he is trained up, deeply educated in the game. When scarcely the height of his father's knee, the watchful parent points out to his offspring the bluff and sturdy defenders of their country, and tells him that on such as they he must in due time thrive and fatten. If any of our readers doubt the fact, let them but glance at the young pigmies of gain, thriving in the Minorities. We confess, were we asked to instance a startling contrast of the vastness and majesty of nature, and the subserviency and meanness of man, we should incontinently name the wide and wonder-striking ocean, bearing on its top the puny shallop of the Jew Slopseller. Certainly, there *may be* many such dealers imbued with every fair and benevolent feeling in practices of trade with the ignorant and unthinking. We *may* gather peaches from a holly.

WAR: ITS USES.

No. II.

MR. EDITOR:—I told you, in my former paper, that honour was the breath of a soldier's nostrils. I would much rather it was a pipe of port a-year than such an empty substance as breath—particularly when one is on half-pay. But, Sir, I gave you my honour to furnish you with reasons for going to war, and, therefore, I shall perform; particularly as, I hope, that his Majesty's Cabinet will find a few which they had overlooked, and that I shall soon get some other occupation than that of hunting rats with Teazer, and wishing for dinner-time.

I told you that the noble old Romans never wanted any other reason for going to war than that delightfulest, charmingest, dearest—best, of reasons, the reason of the dear, delightful, charming sex—"because" (they chose it.)

Now, forsooth, one king declares war against another king, lest the other king should declare war against him: which is a good reason enough, certainly, because it is always easy to find. Sometimes one nation makes war against another, because that other nation has desired it to christen one of its children Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego: a very justifiable reason. Now and then, it is because a drunken captain in the navy mistakes one ship for another: an admirable reason. On another occasion, it is because a strumpet finds it convenient, or is jealous of another strumpet: a delectable reason—as strumpets are much given to quarrelling—and, therefore, it is an easy reason. Or, in the matter of strumpets, it is proper and just to declare war, should any of your neighbours draw your picture leading one in each hand.

Sometimes a nation makes war because it has too much money, and sometimes because it has not enough: one or other of these reasons need never fail. Occasionally, it makes war about cod-fish, that being so rare and valuable an animal; or about beavers, for fear it should be obliged to wear silk hats; or for otters, that it may send Lord Amherst a-Kotaoing to Pekin, to serve his apprenticeship against Rangoon; against which it makes war, for a far better reason than any of those, since it is one that nobody can discover.

Nations, very commendably, war in their own kitchens, and about their own fire-sides, to settle whether, out of two knaves or two fools, which knave or fool it is to be fool enough to invest with a crown.

Sometimes it is a little modification of this which produces a great delectability in war; namely, whether it is best to have a fool or a rogue—whether the old fool or the old rogue shall be put down, and a new fool or a new rogue put up. This is sometimes called the question of legitimacy.

Sometimes, too, a higher interference orders the nations to receive a king—says that his claim is divine—that his right is registered above: and this produces mutiny in the people, who are seldom backward in disobeying most of the orders that are promulgated from that quarter.

It was not uncommon, in former days, to make war to determine whether bread was flesh, or not; whether it required one parson to teach every ten men; and whether, there being only ten loaves, the parson had a right to one; whether a man prayed best in a black gown or in a white one; what was the difference between consubstantiation and transubstantiation; whether a civil sort of Italian gentleman in a scarlet cloak was the Supreme Being, or *quasi Deus*; whether some people had a right to burn a man

for not eating pork, because they liked it themselves; whether, of three or four ruffians—one born at Geneva, one in Rome, and the rest elsewhere—the whole were scoundrels, or only one, or two, or more; or which was the greatest scoundrel. And so on, Sir—so on. Old Fifteen used to manage all these matters well when he was younger; but, like the old giants in John Bunyan, he is either become crazy in his joints, or oblivious,—or, perhaps, turned sentimental—which is his leading fault nowadays. But I hope that the Holy Alliance, and the spawn of old Loyola, will work him up to his bearings again before long; and then “we shall see what we shall see.”

As to other matters, nations make war for a rock that no one ever thought of thinking of till some one else said it was worth something; or for an island, worth sixpence in fee-simple; or for the plague, or the yellow fever; or for rum, or tea, or coffee, or tobacco; or a tract of sand, or a marsh; or for the pleasure of keeping a red rag a foot higher up the mast than some other people. They make war thus for what they call the dominion of the sea; which, as it happens, is the common dominion of all the world and which they can neither fortify, defend, nor occupy, nor legislate for, nor tax.

In yet other modes, they make war that they may take possession of islands for the pleasure of returning them again; which serves to display their generosity: sometimes, that they may make a people, which they care nothing about, free, as they call it; at other times, that they may make them slaves, which does as well.

Two nations make war together, that neither of them may meddle with a third nation; or else because both are desirous of meddling with it; or, reversely, two combine and war upon that third nation, cut it in two, and put, each, a half in their respective pockets. Very commonly, a nation drubs another into such a state of gratitude, as to compel it to buy all its goods at the said nation's shop; which is a very successful mode—when it succeeds. Or else, a nation beats another, and exterminates half the people, that it may increase the number of the consumers of its articles; or else it beats and bullies the said nation—or any other nation—that, by impoverishing the people, it may increase their industry and production—and thus compel them to sell all their goods to the victors, instead of buying; thus, evidently, enabling itself to sell so much more.

And if, in any of these several ways, it buys ten times as dear as it might else have done, or spends a hundred times the value of the articles before it can begin to buy at all, or does not sell by a million of times the value of what it has spent for the privilege of selling,—why, so much the better: because then it will get poor, and make peace, or be quiet; by which means, it will be able to go to war again.

It is particularly good policy—and it is, indeed, one of Old Fifteen's new discoveries, making up for some of his late stupidity—to send abroad the half of a nation's people, at a great expense; to nurse them up into wealth, make them powerful, and then quarrel with them. This is an admirable receipt; because it makes and generates a bottom and foundation of permanent hatred and ever-during causes for war. And the thing is certainly most effectually executed, by taking care to stock your place with all the convicts, felons, scoundrels, mutineers, rebels, and so forth, that can be mustered; because it is probable that you will not have to wait quite so long for an enemy as if you had stocked it with honest men.

It is a good reason for war, when a country does not reach to a particular river; and it is a better one still, when, having attained that river, it does

not reach to the next; and so on, "*toties quoties*." It is a much better reason, when it reaches from the Baltic to the sea of Kamtschatka, because it is not then big enough; or, when your country is too cold, and you prefer a hotter one; or when it is too hot, and you wish to cool yourself.

If you have not a ship in all your dominions, it is most proper to make war for the possession of a sea-port. Very particularly this is necessary, if you happen to live at the other side of the world, and want a port on this side—as, for instance, in the Mediterranean. There is a very especial convenience in this contrivance; because you might have no neighbours to make war with at home, and are sure of getting abundance in your new quarters.

Nations ought always to make war on people that wear turbans and beards; on people that eat rice; on all people that smoke a great deal, and say, "Allah, Illah, Allah!"—whether their beards are long or short—whether they shave their heads or their chins.

When nations possess gold, it is, more especially than any thing, proper to make war on them, if it is possible to get at them; and it may not be very improper, when they possess any other thing that you are particularly fond of—such as cloves and cinnamon; that is, whenever you can reach them, by sea or land.

Generally speaking, it is the best of all policy—it is, indeed, most essentially politic—to declare war against a country, because it is strong. Strength is dangerous, and it is your business to reduce it. If you do not, the strong man may fall upon you, bind you, and spoil your goods. But, if the other nation is weak, then there is a better reason still for making war; because you may bind him, and spoil his goods—which is all clear gain.

For the same reason, when there are two parties in a nation, squabbling which fool out of two shall be set up and worshipped, encourage them to fight and quarrel; encourage them alternately: countenance first one, and then the other; and, by the time they have laid down to pant over the bone, you jump on them, and gobble up the whole three—nation, bone, and all.

There are a few other modes of promoting this divine science, directly or indirectly; but, as the course of my education has been confined to the practice, I am not exactly such a master of the theory as I ought to be. Nevertheless—

When you have done with a war, either because you are tired, or that the people are tired, or that you have no more men, or no more money, or for any other reason why, you must make a peace, you know. In that case, you always take care to have a flaw in the treaty—an unintelligible clause, or an article that may be taken in two senses—matters, to which the diplomatic gentlemen can help you at any time, if you should be at a loss. Thus you can begin again whenever it is convenient—that is, as soon as you have money enough, or are tired of peace; or when officers are wanting promotion, or friends wanting jobs; or when the people begin to be mutinous, and talk about changing the government; when tailors and shoemakers begin to combine, for example; or when they read too many books, or dispute about education, or what not. It is just the same when you make a commercial treaty, in which you take care to over-reach your neighbour—by which you kill two birds with one stone. Get some money out of him first, and declare war against him afterwards; or receive his declaration, which comes to the same thing.

I said, Mr. Editor, that a nation ought to make war on another which possesses gold or cinnamon; because it likes cinnamon and gold too, and because every person ought to try to get what he likes. And I said also, that one nation ought to make war on a strong nation, partly that it may try to take the strong nation's goods, and partly lest the strong nation should seize on its goods. But these are not half the reasons why. Rich nations are apt to be proud—*riche et fière*—as Venice chose to be once—as England chooses to be at present. Now, pride is a bad thing, and ought to be put down. Put it down, by all means: a nation has no business to be richer than its neighbours—nor a man neither. Put them all down.

Then, if extending a boundary to the next degree of latitude, and so on to the next, is most reasonable cause of war, it is much more availing to desire to possess all Europe, or all America. This happens when the spirits mount aloft, in kings, as a predecessor of mine has observed; and it succeeds well, unless a priest or a conjurer should interpose, and let them out by another road.

To want the whole world, is a better reason still; because, being a wider cause, it lasts longer. This is a secret that has thriven well, on various occasions. Kings or republics, it is all one—except that the kingly project may be ended over a bottle; and it is difficult to make a whole republic dead drunk.

If you should have a large family that you want to provide for, it is proper to conquer estates for them. Your grandson has no house to live in for example: he wants one; or a better one, because the old one is bad; and his neighbour's is very convenient. Lodge him in it; kill half of your own people in pleading the suit, and half of his intended ones in defending the house; the advantage of which is, that, when he gets into his new lodgings, he finds it half in ruins, and all the world wishing him at the devil, as do those who broke open the doors for him.

There is a certain utensil called a crown—a thing somewhat larger than what is called a star, but made of much the same materials. Now it is very pleasant to give pretty little toys to your friends, on the *jour de l'an*, or on your own birth-day, or so on. As a crown is a bigger thing than a star, so it is much pleasanter to give away—and, as some people think, to receive also. But as you cannot give what you have not got, you must buy it first. You can buy one, perhaps, with about a million of lives, more or less, and some hundred or two of millions of livres sterling: another may cost somewhat less; and this is a very good expedient—because, perhaps, the other people do not choose to sell, and so the bargain takes more time to settle.

And then, when the gift is given, the receiver turns tail—as this class is apt to be ungrateful; or other persons are jealous; or the utensil does not fit the place it was intended for; or it tumbles off, or is pulled off; or the man gets tired of it: and so, in various ways, one trouble makes many more: whence this is a prolific and an admirable receipt for war.

If another man takes it into his head to build ships, you must fall upon him at once: burn his ships—burn his towns—burn him! What right had he with ships? Make him beg pardon for his impertinence; and, if he will not, you know then that you may do what you please. It is unlucky if he should prove such a ninney as to fall down, and cry *peccavi*, because then you must wait for a new excuse.

Assure a people that their king is a fool or a rogue, and order them to take another. If they are tame enough to believe you, there is no help for the present; if not, thresh them into submission. And, in the other

case—or if they really will put up with him—it is likely enough that the new man will not do all that you ask him; in which case, you have a good excuse for threshing him—and his people too.

The boundary cause, which I noticed before, answers very well, under modifications which I have not yet treated of.

For example : two of your neighbours have no right to be pleased with their own opinions about that matter. Desire them not to be pleased—shew them how they ought to be pleased. If they are unreasonable enough to think for themselves, attack them both—or one—as it may be most convenient. Or, order one to make a present to another of a river, or any thing else ; and if he refuses, thresh him into it.

Under this head, too, whenever you feel yourself particularly rich, or proud, or insolent, or out of humour ; or when you have been reading books—(you know the books that you must read, as well as I do, Mr. Editor)—take a map and a pair of compasses, and a pair of scales and a pair of scissors : cut the map into pieces—toss the bits into the scales—and, having well noted the vacillations of the index, go to war. This method is called the Balance-of-Power system. The varieties are, that, instead of your doing this yourself, one, or two, or more, can join you ; and this is called the Method of Alliances.

The Method of Alliances is a peculiarly commendable one—because it is multiplicative, divergent, implicative, pre-post-retro- and intro-active, unfailing, eternal, and infallible. Every man's insult thus becomes your own : that is delightful. Three, four, five, or six can unite against one—because that one is rich, or proud, or poor, or convenient. And as it is probable that you cannot all agree on these and other matters, the beauty of it—to come—is, that you and your allies can all quarrel and go to loggerheads in ones, twos, threes, or any other number, and in any way that is most agreeable.

These are complicated methods ; they require time, ingenuity, trouble. There is an easier one. You get a tailor to make a flag—it shall be white, if you like that colour—with a few bits of blue or red rag ; he tacks on some letters to it (*"Nec pluribus impar"* will do as well as any thing else), and puts a great, stupid, staring face upon it, copied from the sign of the Sun, at the alehouse over the way. Another gentleman takes another piece of cloth—but his is blue. His tailor makes other letters, with white rags ; upon which you become raging mad—fall to work, and burn ships and towns—march, besiege, countermarch, and make people wonder "what is come over you." And when you are tired, you sit down again under your sign of the Sun ;—and so does Joshua.

But there is one reason and motive which it is quite disgraceful to me to have forgotten so long—seeing that it can never, by any possibility, be wanting. This is the reason to which I formerly alluded—"Because ;" the Roman reason : plain, simple, unaffected "Because"—vulgarly esteemed the lady's reason—or the reason without reason—or the children's reason, when they squall—the reason of not knowing why. The gentleman who lived under the sign of the Sun understood it well ; and the *canaille*, *canards*, and *canaux* were dammed or undammed accordingly. This is, however, but a species under the generic causes in which kings delight—penny trumpets, gingerbread and rattles, or wanting "to have the moon in my own hand."

In the polite or civil method (I am sorry, Mr. Editor, that my logic is not very well arranged), the following is an approved recipe : One fool or rogue sticks a white rose in his button-hole ; another rogue or fool sticks

a red one. Which is the greatest rogue, fool, or both, nobody cares; but which rose proves reddest, it becomes shortly difficult to say: and this is good for a century or two.

A very pretty little private war can be manufactured, in the polite or civil method, by taking care to have the force all on one side; because, in this case, you can stop whenever you like. For example: Your people need not believe in God unless they choose; but they must not believe in him the wrong way. And so on, for the various reasons I insinuated formerly—and others, make war on them—exterminate them.

I thought that I had discovered the best of all the reasons, when I shewed you how you could never want one, by following the example of the gentleman under the sign of the Sun, “as above.”—“Oh, memory, thou fond deceiver!” If a gentleman should write you a letter, and forget to put three *etceteras* to your name, it is a justifiable cause of war. “And are *etceteras* nothing?” Indeed, my worthy Antient Pistol, they are a good deal. There are, in most cases, a good many *etceteras*, besides the declared one, for which nations amuse themselves in this manner. To go to war for *etceteras* alone, and for even one single naked *etcetera*, I hold to be a case deserving record. You will find it all, if you will look in the right place. I am not jesting, good Mr. Editor. If you do not know where to look, drop me a line—as the people say—and I will tell you. What, Sir! do you expect me to give you an abridgment of the Universal History?

If people have no right to live who will not believe that bread is beef and wine—or who shave their heads, and cultivate their whiskers—so are those unfit to go on breathing who admire the sun and moon—love to sit down round a large fire—look at the ends of their noses till they see them burn blue—carve great figure-heads, like those in his Majesty’s dock-yards, but, instead of sticking them on their ships, put them up in their houses. This, however, depends on circumstances. Some people may put up those figure-heads in their houses: others must not. If you ask me the reason why, “pon honour,” Mr. Editor, I cannot tell you.

Be that matter as it may, this is a valid, justifiable, laudable, praiseworthy, noble, and glorious cause for war—“*etiam ad internecionem*”—(Ladies, this does not mean international)—particularly if the figure-heads have gold ear-rings or diamond eyes.

It is a general rule, that you ought to make war upon all people that do not choose to speak your language, which is the only one fit for a gentleman;—and, for similar reasons, on all people that sit cross-legged, which is a base and tailorish method—or on people who are so affectionate, that they do what the poets only talk of—*viz.* refuse to survive those whom they loved—or who, in any way, mode, or manner, differ from you in customs—as your customs can be the only right ones. Particularly, this is necessary, when there is any thing to be gained by it; otherwise, you may pause, or wait till you do not know what to do with your spare money and your spare people.

Spare people, as I told you before, are always a good reason for war; partly because you do not know what to do with them, partly because they are apt to get riotous; just as they do when they are too well off, or not well off enough; for either condition answers.

If the nations that deal in figure-heads are proper objects for war, so are those which have no figure-heads—which do not know where they came from, or whither they are going—or which talk of Somebody that lives beyond the Great Mountain. If they have no diamonds and gold, they may have land, which does as well. Those are good subjects, because

you can make war cheap, kill a good many men, and save your own gunpowder. You can sell them gunpowder, for example, and then they will kill each other, which saves trouble;—or bad guns, and then they will kill themselves;—or make them a present of the small pox, or of rum—and then you step in, kill the rest, and seize their lands.

It is convenient to possess so many resources; and it is out of my great kindness for kings and people that I have laboured—for three whole hours, upon my honour, Mr. Editor—to rake them up; though I have missed the half, as it is.

But this you may depend on, Mr. Editor—war *is* the only science:

“To give a young gentleman right education,

The army’s the only good school in the nation;”

and so the more reasons we have for commencing it, always ready, the better.

The man who reads is always a doubtful character. Many a brave officer has been spoiled by books. There shall be no book-men in my regiment, if that happy time (when I have one) ever comes.—The little I do in this way is by stealth, under the rose. We get on, indeed, pretty well in this matter—no learning to be ashamed of. Only see, Sir! There was a dispute, the other day, between Captain Jones and one of our young cornets, about S. P. Q. R. Bets ran high; a good many dozens were staked on both sides; and they were obliged to call upon me to settle it. Not one of them, Sir, knew that it meant, “*Si peu que rien!*” These are fellows, Sir, that will never flinch before a bayonet.

I really must give in, however—for it is getting late. But, Lord bless you, Mr. Editor! I have not half done yet—though I will have mercy on you. But are not all these good and valid reasons for going to war? Old Fifteen has many more reasons than Young Fifteen, whatever Lady Mary may think; and he shews his sense in keeping a good stock.

“And they do not know what they have gained when it is over,” says her Ladyship. Indeed! they know that pretty well. Honour and glory, to be sure—is not that something? And have not I got a premium for a musket-ball through my elbow?—and half-pay, besides? though I cannot say much for that. And have they not got more colonies than they can manage or defend?—and more debts than they can pay?—and more men to discharge than they know what to do with?—and statues and monuments?—and Peace? Have not they got Peace, Mr. Editor?—Beautiful, olive-branched, white-robed, cornucopiad Peace and Plenty! Quartern loaves, like blackberries, on every hedge—ditches overflowing with porter and ale!

And plenty of grumbling, too, I can tell you. And this is the reason why they want war again, I tell you, Mr. Editor, it is the natural, proper, just, and necessary state of man. Old Fifteen is a cleverer fellow than they take him for. It will be time, indeed, for him to die when he comes to fourscore; there will be nothing left for him to do—nothing wise and rational, at least. The Millenium may come as soon as it likes, when that day arrives: I shall be reduced, for one, that is certain. There will be no living in the world, Sir; it will no longer be the place for a gentleman and a man of honour. Adieu to the Eleventh Dragoons! Nature will expire; the stars will burn blue, I am sure; the moon will be eclipsed; comets’ tails will grow a mile long; peace and the devil will shake hands; and we shall have nothing to do but to lounge about in amaranthine bowers—which, I take it, is very dull work. I hate country quarters.—Ever your’s,

II. I.

THE LORD OF FLATTERY.

MADAM Flattery! polite and charming—

Thy doses exhilarant and warming—

Who dare thy name traduce?

Or with grave, formal impudence, pretend

That they esteem Sincerity a friend,

And load thee with abuse?

Now these folks fib—Sincerity all hate—

From the low shed to canopies of state,

All like sugar—honey:

Self-dubbed saints take praise, not by compulsion—

Huge draughts they love of that sweet emulsion;

But these next to money.

I'll be frank. Fate grant but this petition—

Deprive me not of dear imposition,

Nor see me ill-treated

By ugly scarecrow truths, so blunt and plain,

That busy conscience echoes them again:

Rather I'd be cheated

By dear delusions of affection—

Friendship! Patronage! Protection!

Love!—pray who'd repel it?

A fine, rich, capillaire collection;

Paris or London's the direction

Where they buy or sell it.

Pray, who from such phant'sies would awake,

Like little children with the belly-ache,

To fret, and to be sore—

When the old fav'rite recipe again

(In somewhat larger dose) would ease the pain,

If taken as before?

Save me from Honesty, vile optician!

That prys and looks to our condition

With frightful microscope;

Save me from noddors, shruggers, winkers,

Give me thy best charming, patent blinkers,

And drive me on with Hope.

Give me some sweetly-sugared, soothing drop,

Or some such rich, intoxicating sop,

As would charm a dragon:

You'll find in me no silly, sulky clown;

Thy largest dose, in truth, I'd swallow down,

Though it were a flagon.

Thou soft warm water, trickling down one's back—

Thou luscious draught of Malmsey, or of sack—

Or whiskey-punch of Pat—

Or Martinique *noyau*—or rich *liqueur*—

Or cordial called, in France, *parfait amour*!

You take me? *Verbum sat*.

How delightful! when some tongue rehearses,

"Really, you write such clever verses!"

Let them this flattery call:

Why, Sir, it matters not to me a rush;

No! lay it on with large, thick, rich pound brush!

A Poet can take all.

THE LORD MAYOR'S JOURNEY TO OXFORD.*

"Begin, diverting muse, a comic strain,
Of MY LORD MAYOR conducted o'er the main."

"ALTHOUGH the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor of London, as Conservator of the river Thames, has extended, time immemorial, from Yantlet, about fifty miles below London Bridge, on the east, to the London Mark stone, about thirty-six miles on the west: it has yet but rarely happened that the Court of Aldermen have thought proper, by any formality of proceeding, publicly to renew their claim to this jurisdiction over those districts of the river lying west of Richmond."

There are some instances in which a writer tells his own story so well, that it would be downright malice to attempt to open it for him. The above paragraph stands at the commencement of the Reverend Mr. Dillon's book; and we cannot do better than commence our notice with it.

The work before us, then, which supplies a narrative—punctual even to the minutest details—of the "moving accidents, by flood and field," which befell the last Lord Mayor, Mr. Venables, and a select body of the Court of Aldermen, on an excursion which they made from Cornhill to Oxford, in the course of the last summer, was written, it appears, expressly, by "the desire of the said Lord Mayor,"—now, unhappily, *sic transeat glorie!*—so fugacious are civil honours!—a "LORD" no longer!—and is dedicated, in a page flowered all over with large and small capitals—so disposed as to form a perfect chart, or *vade mecum*, upon every future point of civic precedence—to the right honourable late chief magistrate in person, and the respectable individuals, generally, who composed his party. The author, Mr. Dillon, as "Chaplain to the Mayoralty," naturally, and most properly, felt—any "wishes" to be "commands!" from the "distinguished personage," to whom "he owed the honour of his appointment;" and, after trusting, in a very brief but modest preface, that there is nothing in the task undertaken "altogether out of accordance" with the sacred profession of which he is "the unworthiest member," the reverend narrator proceeds at once—in the paragraph above quoted—to "incision."

It seems that, "in the course of every Mayoralty," as far back as the memory of the City Remembrancer extends, "Courts of Conservancy of the river Thames," have been used to be held by the "chief magistrates," at "Stratford and Greenwich, for the counties of Essex and Kent," and "at Richmond for those of Surrey and Middlesex;" and that the days on which these courts were held have been used to be considered "as some of the pleasantest, as well as the most useful in the course of the civic year." But, notwithstanding this fact, and owing probably to that peculiar disposition, which persons in high office—(as it is agreed on all hands)—have to neglect the duties for which their office was constituted—it appears that the "jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor over the river Thames, as far as the town of Staines, in the county of Middlesex," had only once been asserted, since the Mayoralty of Sir Watkin Lewis in the year 1781—"to wit, in the reign of 'Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, Baronet,' in the year 1812!"—up to the present time.

In such an improved state, however, as we have reached lately as to all facilities connected with locomotion, this was not a state of things

* "The Lord Mayor's visit to Oxford, in the month of July 1826. Written at the desire of the party, by the Chaplain to the Mayoralty."—Longman and Co. 1826.

which could be expected to continue. New æras and emergencies give birth to new spirits, and to new exertions. And, accordingly—

"Early in the present year (1826) it was proposed to the Lord Mayor, by some of the Aldermen, and others connected with the navigation of the river Thames, to consider the propriety of again asserting the civic prerogative over that part of the river, at the city stone, near Staines, in the course of the summer. It was also proposed to connect with the excursion a visit to Oxford."

The inception of great undertakings, however, is necessarily gradual. The proposed expedition is not resolved upon at once. Doubts, in fact, might fairly be looked for in the shape of objections to "the length of the way." A home thrust put by the town clerk would be, as to—"who knew the road?" Two "holes in the bottom of the city barge," might be mentioned—perhaps that would be answered—"they might be stopped." But, in the end, after a great deal of question and discussion—"Whether the ox-tail soup would be good at Oxford, or whether a supply ought to be sent down from London?" by Mr. Alderman Birch—"What would be the cost of the lock and turnpike tolls on the way;" and whether the party would have to pay them or "be entitled to pass free?" by Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter—A word or two upon "the danger of FIRE in Mansion-houses left to themselves," from Mr. Alderman Atkins—And a doubt, especial (on the part of the author in person probably) as to "what would become of the City of London if its natural sovereign were absent from it?"—For—

"As tender wives their husbands' absence mourn,
And with impatience wait their safe return;
So widowed "wards" with equal tears should grieve,
When Lord Mayors, like our own, their London leave"—

we find the party separating abruptly, without any thing having been resolved upon! The thing however is to be. Conversation on the subject is resumed—

"On midsummer-day, in the chamber of the Guildhall, whither the Lord Mayor, after having opened a Common Hall, had retired with the Aldermen, to allow the Livery of London, there assembled, the *free* and *unbiassed* exercise of one of their *undoubted* rights—the election of sheriffs of London and Middlesex, for the ensuing year."

And on this occasion

"The last week in July was ultimately and unanimously fixed for the excursion."

The "plan" originally designed by the Lord Mayor

"Was, to invite the heads of houses, and such other distinguished members of the University, as might be in residence at the time—for it was *foreseen* that this visit would fall in the long vacation) together with the Mayor and Magistrates of the city, to honour his Lordship and friends with their company at dinner, in Oxford, on Wednesday, the 26th of July; to leave Oxford on the morning of the 27th, and so to arrive in London on the Saturday evening following."

But this arrangement is frustrated by a premature and unexpected disclosure. "Pitchers," the proverb says, "have ears." And, as Mr. Dillon most justly observes in this part of his work—many things would be highly extraordinary if they did not happen every day.—

"If it were not *notorious* how soon the rumour of any measure is propagated, even before it is fully matured, it would be almost *incredible* that this excursion should have scarcely been determined upon in London, before it was known at Oxford."

Yet such was the fact. No sooner had the important "So be it," issued from the lips of the Lord Mayor, than the "grasshopper" on the top of the Royal Exchange (the precaution having been neglected of swearing him to secrecy) telegraphed the "striking boys" of the clock at Carfax church. And, quick as apoplexy, a note arrives, with the wax yet warm, from the Mayor and Magistrates of Oxford, asking the Lord Mayor to dine with them on the 26th instant—the very day on which he had intended that they should dine with him!

So—

"As it stands agreed by all,
That, but by force or fraud,
That day a man should dine at home,
He cannot dine abroad."

"This letter, at once so *unexpected* and so *welcome*, gave occasion to a very *pleasing* sort of embarrassment, on the part of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London. They felt it would be *unkind*, if not *improper*, to decline the invitation so handsomely given by the mayor and magistrates of that ancient and most loyal city; and yet, as they had not intended to prolong their stay in Oxford, beyond a single day, and had, moreover, fixed to entertain at dinner, the chief members of the University, and the city, they know not how they could accept it!"

The dilemma will be admitted to be a critical one; and perhaps the whole party—Lord Mayor, Alderman, and all—might, up to this hour, have been unable to extricate themselves from it—if a gentleman, of happy facility, had not suddenly suggested a resource, by the question—

"Could not your Lordship go a day sooner to Oxford?"

This admirable stratagem, of which we rather suspect Mr. Dillon himself, although a laudable modesty has prevented him from laying claim to it, clears up the difficulty. A letter is dispatched to Oxford, requesting the Mayor and Magistrates to "make" their dinner "Thursday the 25th instant."

"Instructions were given to the town clerk, to secure such accommodation at an inn in Oxford, Reading, and Windsor, as might be adequate for the civic party; and to make every other necessary arrangements."

And nothing remains (after making the Wills of all the travellers) but to fit out for the expedition.

At this point, if we could write any poetry we would: for the subject rises into an interest which can only adequately be sustained by verse. "For Brentford, ho!" is the cry, from Walbrook to Bishopsgate without. The Lord Mayor's trumpeter blows his horn

"*Tuba dirum spargens sonum.*"

with a force that shakes the city; till the hoarse roar of the Guildhall giants answers like an echo. The "trysting place" is Monument-yard; and the "gathering" commences.

The party is to "return from Oxford" in the "city state barge;" but, for more independence and delight, it is agreed that the individuals composing it shall make their way to that classic and venerable city, each in the way which best suits his own convenience. Therefore

"Every preliminary arrangement being completed, and ample accommodation having been secured at the Star Inn, Oxford, for his Lordship and suite, to the number of about thirty persons, Mr. Alderman Atkins, accompanied by two of his daughters, Miss Atkins, and Miss Sarah Jane, left his seat, Halstead Place, in Kent, on Monday, the 24th of July, and set out from London, for Oxford, in the cool of the following morning! On the same day, Mr. Alderman and Mrs. Lucas, with

their daughters, Miss Charlotte and Miss Catharine, *left their house*, at Lea, in Kent, and went by land as far as Boulter's Lock, near Maidenhead, where they embarked on board the Navigation *Shallop*, and proceeded by water to Reading; thus selecting some of the finest views on the river. From Reading, *their carriage* brought them to Oxford before three o'clock on Tuesday."

In the mean time,

"The city state barge, which had recently undergone complete repair, was making its way to Oxford, under the direction of Mr. Saunders, the water-bailiff; and expended five days in its passage thither."

And, on the morning of the 25th instant, the Lord Mayor, having found—for the consolation of all Cheap and Candlewick—an authority in "Alderman Sir James Shaw, Baronet," to "whose mature discretion" might be safely left even the consideration of "weightier matters" than those to which the attention of the chief magistrate of the city of London commonly is called—"accompanied by the Lady Mayoress," and "attended by the chaplain"—(our author in this distinction is too modest—surely the church should be our guide!)—left the civic tabernacle, known as "The Mansion House," in person, soon after eight o'clock.

"The private state-carriage, drawn by four *beautiful bays*, had driven to the door at half-past seven. The coachman's countenance was *restrained and thoughtful*; indicating *full consciousness* of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried, in having the undivided charge of four high spirited and stately horses, —a circumstance somewhat unusual; for, in the Lord Mayor's carriage, a postilion usually guides the first pair of horses. These fine animals were in admirable condition for the journey. Having been allowed a previous day of unbroken rest, they were quite impatient of delay; and chafed and champed exceedingly on the bits, by which their impetuosity was restrained."

The name of the coachman is not given. This, we think, detracts a little from the otherwise admirable particularity of the description.

But—

"The *murmur of expectation*, which had lasted for more than half an hour, amongst the crowd who had gathered round the carriage, was at length *hushed* by the opening of the hall door! The Lord Mayor had been filling up this interval with instructions to the *femme de menage*, and other household officers, who were to be left in residence, to attend with their wonted fidelity and diligence to their respective departments of service during his absence, and *now appeared at the door*. His Lordship was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and followed by the chaplain."

The lady's-maid, according to Swift, should in all great households, deserve a place in the heart of the Chaplain; and the Abigail of the Lady Mayoress is defeated of none of her titular rights.

"As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat *dressed with becoming neatness*, at the side of the *well-looking* coachman, the carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity, which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders; but at that steady and majestic pace, which is always an indication of *real greatness*. Passing along Cheapside and Fleet-street, those arteries, as Dr. Johnson somewhere styles them, through which pours the full tide of London population, and then, along the Strand, and Piccadilly, the carriage took the Henley road to Oxford."

The due distinctions of rank and state are well observed, it will be seen, in this arrangement. The carriage does not, like the mere plebeian hired post-chaise in John Gilpin, proceed in such a manner that

"The stones should rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad!"

but travels rather with a seemly soberness, as though conscious that it carried necks of price. The whole country indeed—let alone the carriage—seems to be sensible of the honour it is about to receive from a "Lord Mayor's" presence; and is ready to jump out of its skin—if such a metaphor can fairly be used with reference to a country—before we reach Kensington, for joy.

"The weather was *delightful*! the sun, as though it had been refreshed by the copious and seasonable showers that had fallen very recently, seemed to rise *more bright and clear than usual*, and streamed in full glory all around. The dust of almost a whole summer had been laid by the rain, the roads were, of consequence, in excellent order, and *the whole face of creation gleamed with joy*."

By extraordinary good luck too, (being a thing which hardly happens once in seven years) a powder-mill seems to feel a sort of disinterested gratitude for the honour done to its vicinity, and blows itself up as the Lord Mayor approaches Staines. As every precaution had always been taken in the building to avoid danger, it appears that there was no way of accounting for the accident—except by supposing this spirit of self-devotion, to which we have alluded. And instances of the same description have occurred. The case of the Irishman who, on hearing a report that the Pope was at Ballybricken, said—"Sure, won't I throw myself out of this tree for joy!"—and broke his leg in the performance—will be immediately in point.

Horses are changed at Cranford-bridge; and it is recorded that—

"Just as the carriage was about to drive away, Mr. Alderman Magnay, accompanied by his lady and daughter, arrived in a *post-chaise*. After an interchange of salutations, the Lady Mayoress, observing that they must be *somewhat crowded* in the chaise, invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat, which had yet been vacant, in the carriage. As the day was beginning to be *warm*, this courteous offer of her ladyship was readily accepted."

And from hence, driven at a speed which "betokens a desire (even) on the part of the postillions, that the Lord Mayor should have no cause to complain either of horses or drivers on the Henley road," the happy party arrives in Oxford at "a quarter after three o'clock," and sits down to dinner with the dignitaries of that place at a quarter before seven.

We regret, for the sake of our readers, that a view even already, to our limits, compels us to cut short Mr. Dillon's description of this dinner; of the persons who attended it, and the speeches which were made at it. We are also obliged, though reluctantly, to take the same liberty with the reverend gentleman's account of the procession, "two and two"—(this is a bad mode of "proceeding:" Falstaff has a comment upon it, if we do not mistake—"Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion!")—of the Lord Mayor and his suite, from the Star Inn* to the

*The "Star" Inn, in the street of Oxford called the "Corn Market," used to be one of the best houses in England; and will be well known, both for its excellence and the enormity of its charges, to every Oxford man. Though, of late, I hear that the students affect the "Angel," which, in my recollection, was not near so good an hotel. The "Star," however, was known to all kinds of Oxford people; the "gown" and the "town" resorted to it equally. The rich knew it for the flavour of its wine; and the poor snuffed up the odour of its soups as they passed. So that men of every rank made it a token of amity and recognition when they met. And one night, as a troop-ship was beating about in the Bay of Biscay with two of her topmasts rolled away already, and the wind increasing every moment—"Can you see a star, George?" said a young

Town Hall. With the further description of the room in which the repast was provided; of the pictures hanging, and the plate set out—even to the cup presented at the coronation of “his Most Gracious Majesty, King George the Fourth—whom God preserve!” And no less with the sketches of scenery, moral reflections, &c. &c., induced by the entry of the writer into Oxford—the sight of the gardens at Magdalen—the walks of Christchurch, &c. &c. Suffice it to say, that the banquet was “of such a grand and costly nature, as seemed to indicate that the whole neighbouring country had been put in requisition!” That

“Wines of the most expensive and rarest kind, and as cold as the most refined *bon vivant* could have wished them, with fruit, were then placed on the table. And when the usual toasts of loyalty,—“the King,”—“the Duke of York and the Army,”—“the Duke of Clarence and the Navy,”—“the Duke of Sussex, and the rest of the Royal Family,” had been given, and drunk with becoming enthusiasm”—

The Mayor of Oxford rose and proposed the Mayor of London's health; and the Mayor of London rose, and proposed the Mayor of Oxford's health; and so the healths went on, through the aldermen and the sheriffs, down to the town clerk, and the city solicitor.

That
“The conversation at this banquet, in the intervals of the several toasts, though naturally of a desultory nature, was yet such as to shew that good taste, good feeling, and good sense, are by no means limited to the citizens of the metropolis.”

“A matter which—although it had not been “written down”—perhaps we might have suspected.

“And moreover, that

“The Lady Mayoress, and other ladies of the party, to the number of eight ordered dinner at the Star, and spent the evening in their own society.”

Until

“When the clock had nearly sounded within an hour of midnight, the Lord Mayor rose from table, and was followed by the rest of the company. Coffee was handed round in the withdrawing room. The party soon afterwards retired; and the Lord Mayor, accompanied by his friends, returned to the inn, where they separated to their respective apartments of repose.—”

Which concludes the history of the journey to Oxford, “on Tuesday the 25th of July 1826.”

The day of Wednesday—which forms, written down in large capitals, the title of the second chapter of the Reverend Mr. Dillon's book—appears to have been consumed almost entirely in eating and drinking. And the author falls into his subject with a degree of correctness well becoming a Christian Divine—more especially one who held the place of Chaplain to the Mayoralty: mentally seeming to exclaim, at least at the end of every page, if not oftener—“Blessed be the man who first invented stuffing a turkey with truffles!”

No sooner were the first greetings of this morning exchanged—which

corvet of the 19th, who was an Oxonian born, poking his head up through the companion, to look at the sky, and calling to a private, his servant, who was standing on deck—“I wish I could see *one* star, your honour,” was the answer, “and then I'd know that we were safe out of all this.”—“Why, what star do you mean?” returned the first speaker, something surprised at the astronomical nicety of his domestic.—“Please your honour,” said the servant, who was an Oxford man as well as his master—“I mean the Star in the Corn Market.”

were multiplied by the arrival "of Mr. Alderman Heygate and his lady," accompanied by "Miss M'Murdo, Mrs. Heygate's sister," than—

"An ample breakfast was provided in a large room, on the first floor, overlooking the street called the corn-market. The table, which extended through the whole length of the room, was covered with as elegant linen as the wardrobe of the inn could furnish, and was loaded with a magnificent breakfast. The tea and coffee were accompanied not only with bread, warm and cold, in the shape of loaves, cakes, and biscuits, with other varieties, and butter, but with every delicacy with which the morning meal, when sumptuously provided, is usually furnished."

The precise hour and minute at which this repast concluded, is not named; but it appears that it did not render the party incapable afterwards "of doing honour to a copious luncheon, which, at two o'clock, was presented at the Star."

And, again—the "hour of six" had "scarcely arrived" "When the company, invited by the Lord Mayor to dine with him, began to assemble."

By times, between these fierce exertions of delight, amusements of a lighter and more various character were served up:

"From raised crusts levelled, never more to rise,
From murdered ducks, and massacred mince pies,"

The strangers rose, and proceeded to nourish the mind as well as the body by viewing some of the curiosities and antiquities of the place.

Even, here, however, the peculiar tact of the Oxonians enabled them to select such objects for display, as were best calculated to touch the hearts (through the stomachs) of their visitors. The attention of Mr. Dillon himself seems to have been particularly attracted by the exhibition of—

"A large, old, curious *gridiron*, apparently about four feet square, supported by four wheels, used in former times for dressing whole joints, before spits and ranges were invented."

A lecture, illustrating the offices of "the teeth," and their peculiarly apposite location for all the various descriptions of "chewing," is pronounced to have afforded, at every second sentence, new insight into

"The wisdom and goodness of the Creator!"

But the crowning display of the whole appears to have been an exhibition, by Dr. Kidd, the Regius Professor of Anatomy, of an anatomical preparation of "a TURTLE!"—the arteries and veins filled with wax, and the absorbent vessels with quicksilver!

Upon the effect of such a display as this, to such a company—and before "luncheon" too!" it is unnecessary for us to speak. It must have acted upon a Lord Mayor of London, we take it—not to speak of its effect upon a Chaplain—as a provocative amounting almost to insanity.

"———Petit ille dapes———"

Oraque vana movet, dentemque in dente fatigat,

Exercetque cibo delusum guttur inani,

Proque epulis tennes necquicquam devorat auras."

But the joys of this world, alas! are fleeting. "Flowers!" says Mr. Somebody, the poet, somewhere—"why bloom?" And the answer is—

"To light us to our tomb!"

Or, as the writer of "Warnings," in the last "Amulet," more melodiously advises us—

"Beauty—remember that change and decay,
Will pursue in your path, as the night follows day.
Pride—bear in mind that your form is of clay,
And will rot with the meanest that stands in your way.
Wealth—that you are like the rainbow's bright ray,
Unsubstantial as clouds, and as fleeting as they.
Rank—let your name be as high as it may,
That the mandate, "Be dust!" even you must obey.
Power—what things are your life and your sway!
Which a breath can destroy, and a murmur betray."

Alas! alas! why does a man eat his dinner to-day, but to be hungry again to-morrow! And what does a Lord Mayor of London go to Oxford for—but to come back again!

On THURSDAY,

"While the morning was yet early (for the Lord Mayor had, the night before, requested his friends not to devote too many hours to repose), the sound of footsteps, passing and repassing, was heard through the inn, accompanied by *whispering consultations* among the servants, who were collecting, at every chamber door, the luggage of the party, in order that every thing might be in readiness for embarking as soon as the Lord Mayor had risen.

Long before seven o'clock, the whole city was in motion; and flocks of people were seen sweeping along the streets, and hastening to the banks of Christ Church meadow—the point from which the embarkation would best be seen.

The state barge—on the sides of which the ten splendid scarlet silk banners were brightened, as they waved gently in the rising sun, was attended by the shallop, of the Thames Navigation Committee of the City of London.

In another large boat, half-covered with an awning, was his Lordship's yeomen of the household, who had charge of the provisions for the Lord Mayor's party; together with *the cook*, who was, at the time of embarkation, busily engaged in preparing a fire in a grate, fixed in the bow of the boat.

About seven o'clock, signals of the approach of his Lordship's party were descried and heard! The populace, thickly stationed on the road through which the carriages were to pass, *caught up the acclamation*, and announced to all who thronged the margin of the river, that the Lord Mayor was coming. His Lordship and the Lady Mayoress alighted from the carriage at the bridge, and walked through the *respectful crowd*, which divided to give them passage; and were at once conveyed to the state barge, in the water bailiff's boat.

The whole party now quickly followed; and at a quarter after seven, amidst shouts of reiterated applause from the surrounding multitudes, the city barge, manned by the city watermen, in scarlet liveries, and all the other boats in attendance on his Lordship, were simultaneously launched on the broad bosom of the princely Thames."

The ingenious Tom Brown relates, that, being once much in love with a poetess, there came on him such a morbid appetite to write verse, as he could no way account for, and which he was only cured of by a very peculiar and not always safe operation. In the same way, at the very reading of Mr. Dillon's prose, we find the mania of poetry coming upon ourselves. We must resist the influence; but, nevertheless, we admit its power. If ever a laureate to "The Mayoralty" should be appointed, for this description of the embarkation alone, we decidedly give our vote that Mr. D. should be the man.

The beauties of the country about Oxford, as seen from the river, appear to have been something overlooked in the commencement of the civic homeward voyage. For our author states, with some seeming regret, that

"About nine in the morning, the party were all so unitedly engaged in the elegant cabin of the state barge, in doing honour to the delicacies of the Lord

Mayor's breakfast-table, that the beauties of Nuneham were not seen to the best advantage."

And, at Clifton, notwithstanding "the expense that had been incurred for the supply of water," the country having been "comparatively drained for several miles along the upper districts"—(it is well that great men do not travel very often)—it appears that the City Barge, or Shallop, "was detained a considerable length of time"—or, in plain English, we apprehend, stuck in the mud.

In the interim, the company amused themselves with throwing half-pence to the children as they ran along the banks of the water by the side of the barge; a diversion which has at least the recommendation of some charitable feeling about it, and in which Mr. Alderman Atkins is related to have entered with great spirit.

At half-past three, "dinner" again restores the exhaustion produced by this exercise; and at Caversham, where the river runs close along the side of the public road, a vast number of persons, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, were collected to see the barges as they passed, and afford entertainment to the voyagers.

"Among the equestrians, two are deserving that their looks and equipments should be alluded to in more than general terms. The animals they bestrode were a couple of *broken-down ponies*, gaunt and rusty, who had *possibly* once seen better days. The men, themselves, were not unsuitable figures for such a pair of steeds. They rode with short stirrups, that brought their knees almost under cover of the shaggy mane, that overspread the ewe necks of the poor creatures, and carried their short thick sticks perpendicular in their hands!"

Persons like these, were of course very proper objects for a display of civic wit. And, indeed, it turns out that

"So mightily pleased was the Lord Mayor with their uncouth and ludicrous appearance, that he hailed one of them, and asked him to be the bearer of a message to Reading, touching his Lordship's carriage."

The effect of this jest is very pleasantly described:

"The fellow seemed to feel as he never felt before! An honour was about to be conferred upon him alone—to be the *avant-courier* of the Lord Mayor of London—above and beyond all the other riders, drivers, and walkers, of whatever quality and degree, who had thronged to the view of the civic party. And no sooner had his Lordship flung him a piece of money, and told him to "make haste to the Bear Inn, Reading, and order the Lord Mayor's carriage to meet the barge at Caversham Bridge," than the fellow instantly *belaboured the starveling ribs of the poor animal* that carried him, with kicks and cudgel, who, in a moment, dashed briskly forward, snuffling and snorting across the fields. In the eagerness of his flight, the doughty messenger had much ado to maintain his seat; he sometimes slipped on one side of the saddle, and sometimes on the other; while the skirts of his unbuttoned coat fluttered far out behind him, &c. &c."

Again, we cannot too deeply regret, that our already copious extracts from Mr. Dillon's work, compel us to omit all account of the "*sumptuous supper*," which took place on this night at Reading, or even of the re-embarkation which followed it on the next morning. Similar oblivion must await the reflections at Cliefden, upon the character of the (Charles the Second) Duke of Buckingham, "whom Dryden," as our author says, "has doomed to a painful immortality," but whose crimes we cannot afford to immortalise any further.

It is right, however, that we should state, that reports having been circulated that—

"The Lord Mayor would *dine* at Cliefden on his way to London; preparations had been made for that *fête champêtre*, in a manner corresponding with the rank of the guests expected to be present."

That the Lord Mayor, and Lady Mayoress, took their seats "at the upper end of a long dining table, crowded with cold dainties;" that the children shouted and "threw up their hats;" and that the air "echoed with the sound of rejoicings;" and that the very Thames

"Seemed to *awe itself into stillness*, as if to *listen more attentively* to the high applause with which the arrival at this spot of its chief conservator was welcomed."

And, if the mere water felt all this—"what—will not every reader ask—must have been the sensations of the fishes?"

In giving these facts, however, we give nearly the last lines that we can afford; we must refer our friends to the book itself, for the comparison between Augustus Cæsar, and the late King George the Third; for the description of Windsor Castle, as shewn to the travellers, by Mr. Wyatville; for the tribute to the merits of the illustrious Monarch who now fills the Throne of these Realms; and for the prayer, that every man in England may sit down "eating of his own vine and fig-tree;"—in which event—to let the grapes pass—he must unquestionably eat the worst figs that are grown in all Europe.

All these matters (as regards their detail) must be omitted. Nor can we afford more than a word in passing to the column, which is *not* built at Runnymede, but which Dr. Akenside wrote an inscription for, against it is built—something the easier task of the two. To the visits to the "city stone" at Staines, round which the whole procession walks most mystically three times! at the end of which peregrination, Lord Henry Beauclerk, one of three

"*Nice little boys*, of the ages of nine, twelve, and fourteen, who were altogether devoid of that petulant volubility, which so commonly renders the young impatient of the conversation and company of their elders; and were so intelligent, so well-behaved, and unassuming in their manners, as to give great promise of their future eminence and deportment in life,"

"mounted the stone," and held the city flag, while the Lord Mayor broke a bottle of wine upon it, and drank—"God save the City of London!" (a prayer, heaven knows, at need!)—and "scattered abroad some hundred newly coined sixpences;"—and then, returning on board the barge, sat down, at three o'clock, to "a *cold collation*;"—which is the last MEAL commemorated by our author—(the Lord Mayor arriving at the Mansion-House a few minutes before ten on that same night)—and with which, it can hardly be necessary for us to add, his book draws near to a conclusion.

A few reflections follow upon "affairs in general;" and, among other matters, on the cause why this narrative has been written. Should this question be asked, there needs no other answer than that it records the adventures of a party of individuals, who "are never likely to meet again in this world, all together, and in the same society."

This lamentable truth, the force of which is, in general, too much neglected—notwithstanding the fact that it applies to every crowd that stands, though but for a minute, round a ballad-singer in the street—acquires fresh strength from the circumstance, that, before the sheets of the present work were at press, one of the groupe chronicled—an alderman too!—had been gathered to his fathers!

Downward, we may imagine—as the great bard sings of the departure of aldermen generally—

"Downward, a gormandizing ghost he goes,
And bears fresh fire to Tart'rus on his nose;
For Calipash explores th' infernal scene,
And fancies Phlegethon one vast tureen!"

Mr. Dillon finally concludes, by cautioning the rest of the aldermen—who met at Oxford, and who still remain alive—that there is but one way in which their ever meeting again can be ensured—which is—"to be included in the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in Heaven." In the promulgation of which most excellent and moral direction, we shall take leave of him, with many thanks for the entertainment which the perusal of his book has afforded. Time presses; and Mr. D. will be aware that reviews, as well as rural excursions, must have their ends; and we shall come to ours, in parodying the last verse of a work, which it is impossible not to see that he is deeply acquainted with, but which we pay him no compliment in saying he has entirely surpassed—the travels of John Gilpin to Edmonton. As the poet ceases his singing there, so cease we our saying here—with a wish in which we are convinced every one of our readers, and of Mr. Dillon's readers, will join us:—

"Now let us sing, long live the King!
The Lord Mayor, long live he;
And when he *next* to Oxford goes,
May *we* be there to see!"

THE WISH.

I ALWAYS think—I know not why—
There's nothing half so sad as I.

I wish I was yon glorious Star,
That shines so sweetly from afar;
It looks so beautiful and bright,
Shedding its soft and silvery light;
And gazing downwards, seems to say,
"I pity thee, poor child of clay!"

I wish I was yon little Cloud,
Along the sky so gaily driven;
I'd spread my milk-white sails, and, proud,
I'd plough the azure deep of heaven.

Oh! that I were yon glittering Bubble
That dances on the moonlight sea!
Without a thought, without a trouble,
It swims along so merrily.
The next revolving wave may sweep
The little sparkler from the deep;
And yet I would its fate were mine!
Better to live one happy day,
Than through a long, long life to pine
For very weariness away.

Oh! that I were some Water-Spright—
My dwelling-place a coral cave!
I'd weave my hair with gems so bright,
And ride upon the watery wave.
Ah! who can tell what I may be,
When death hath set my spirit free?
I may be one of Ocean's daughters,
And dwell beneath the bright blue waters.

LYRA.

THE CATHOLIC RESOLUTIONS.

THE Catholic Question has been brought on ; and has met with the fate which we anticipated, two months since (if it did come on) it must meet with. Sir Francis Burdett's " Resolutions " were negatived in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, the 6th of March, by a majority of four : being a division worse by thirty-one votes for the Catholics than that which they obtained last year, when a majority of twenty-seven voted in their favour. We confess that we are not very sorry for this result, although we wish heartily well to the removal of Catholic disabilities. A majority of four or five votes—or even of ten or fifteen—the other way, would have produced no practical advantage : the question would certainly have been lost (upon such a division) in the House of Lords. And it is possible that this unequivocal demonstration of the mischief, which their conduct during the last year has produced to their cause in the minds of the people of England, may open the eyes of the reasonable part of the Catholic community to the real nature of the course which they are pursuing. Men will be men sometimes, in despite of philosophy ; and the Irish people may rely upon it, that England will not be *bullied*. It serves very little to dispute about what *ought* to happen in any case, when every day's practice, and mere common-sense, are sufficient to shew us what inevitably *will* happen in it ; and the number of persons—in any country—whose politics are proof against all provocation, will be small. The Duke of York, their great supposed " enemy," is dead ; and the Earl of Liverpool, their other great " enemy," is (politically) removed ; and where are the claims of the Catholics—with all this accession of advantage—but cut and rejected more determinately than ever, by almost three people out of four throughout Great-Britain ?

The truth is, that the existing administration of the Catholic interests—as regards Ireland—is of a character which *will not do*. Mr. Shiel and Mr. O'Connell, and the minor speculators who are employed by or hang about them, delude themselves very abundantly ; but they can have no hope to delude any body else. They may believe that the parade-speeches which half-a-dozen orators give them yearly in the House of Commons, are evidence that the voice of the country is in their favour : but, if they have any such belief as this, they are most wretchedly mistaken. What title do they imagine they have, in fact, to any support from dispassionate people ?—what step have they ever taken on behalf of the Catholic claims which has not tended to bring those claims into ridicule or aversion ? If they really meant to serve that cause, what but insanity could lead them to connect themselves with Cobbett—a man notoriously obnoxious to every party in the legislature ; and whose utmost exertions—with all his talents—were unable to procure him a seat in the legislature himself ? Mr. O'Connell institutes an order of " Liberators " for Ireland ! gives his knight-hood a uniform, and makes his grandson (of a month old) a member, or grand master, of the party !—this may pass for business in Ireland ; but it would hardly escape being taken for burlesque any where else. Mr. Shiel makes a speech to the Catholics of Mullengar, in which the sufferings of the Duke of York—as he lay upon his death-bed—are made, laboriously, a subject for triumph and ridicule !—Is this the way to conciliate the good-will—or to rouse the anger, disgust, and indignation—of the people of England ? We will not dwell upon the continued language of insult and menace, that has been poured forth from the Catholic Asso-

ciation—language such as, used from one individual to another, would compel a man to refuse the very object which he might be about, even unhesitatingly, to concede. We will not say any thing of the unworthiness of that system of equivocation and misrepresentation which has brought men at last in this country to distrust every assertion coming from the heads of the Irish Catholic church, until they have themselves absolutely compared and examined it. We will not make any comment upon the *decency* of raising a “rent” from the poor peasantry of Ireland—that peasantry for whom charity, not three years back, was begged from door to door at the hands of the people of England—and proposing to apply a portion of the money so collected to examining the titles of those opponents to Catholic claims who may choose to exert even their common law and common reason right to eject unprofitable tenants from their estates. But we will ask—Is the *policy* of this conduct—no matter what its *morality*—any thing less than ruin to a cause, which must depend for its success upon the good-will and conviction of the Protestant interest, both in Ireland and in England?

Mr. O'Connell and his friends—we are afraid—have talked until, at last, they really believe that which they utter. They are accustomed to knock down all opposition with big words and thundering sentences, in their Catholic debates and tavern speeches; and they get a wild fancy that the same thing can be done in the business of life. All their opponents must be fools!—perhaps there is hardly a man who could make a seven hours' speech (without a new point from beginning to end of it) among them. As fools will pretty necessarily be cowards—an odd word or two about “blood”—and “foreign enemy”—and “nine millions in arms”—may come in pretty well, as the utterer fancies, now and then, by way of seasoning; as a “damme” in a coffee-house quarrel is esteemed to emphasise the discourse. And then the House of Commons receives petitions for Emancipation very attentively and civilly—as it does all petitions on any subject which are worded in civil language. And the people do not petition of late very much against the measure—because they feel certain that (under its present management) it is perfectly impossible it should be carried. And then we start in our debate—quite secure in the wisdom of a “new parliament”—making such an outcry about our triumph before it happens, that we have not leisure to notice any little quiet remark that any body makes about its being likely not to happen at all. We get a speech of six columns from Sir Francis Burdett; another, of six more, from Mr. Plunkett; twice as much again from Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning; and a cut-up of all the review and magazine politics of the last three months (to the tune of about sixty columns) from the minor Catholic supporters. And then comes a speech from Mr. Peel—very plain, and, to our view, of course, very clumsy; and a speech from the Master of the Rolls—altogether a sad failure; and a neat little episode of “facts” about our extreme madness, from Mr. George Dawson; which—as we cannot very well answer the whole of it—it is better to clamour at than to listen to. And then comes the DIVISION—at the beginning of which—though not a word worth a farthing has been said to our disparagement—we don't feel quite so bold as we thought we should do. And then comes the majority AGAINST us: which does not even give us the privilege of wasting two nights more in talking in the House of Lords. And then we discover that—“there must be a rebellion!”—and that “we will petition no more!”—and that, in fact, we have been floundering, when we thought that we were flying. And so, away, pell-mell, again to Ireland, to rant,

and rave, and vapour—and prepare matters for just the same sort of failure next year.

Now the threat of "rebellion" is very absurd. The great mass of the Catholics of Ireland—the peasantry—suffer no practical inconvenience from the existing disabilities. And, if those men who would have given up even the political rights that they have—who would have disfranchised the forty shilling freeholders—can rouse those freeholders into rebellion for Catholic Emancipation, then they will be able to accomplish the same work upon any future pretext, no matter how frivolous; the struggle will have to arise: and we may as well meet it on the instant. But, if it should come to this, the fault will never be attributable to any necessary unpopularity of the Catholic cause in England, but to the weakness and apathy of those fit and natural representatives of the Catholic community in Ireland, who shrink back, when they should step forward and take their cause out of the hands of men, who are carrying it with long and rapid strides, to its destruction. Of this the Irish Catholic proprietors may rest assured:—while the Catholic Association remains constituted as it is, and conducts itself as it has done, the removal of their disabilities never will take place. Whatever may be the intention of these persons, their conduct has done more mischief, in only the last year, to the Catholic interests, than three years of temperance, and prudence, and sober conduct will fetch up again. They have contrived—the two or three individuals who are heard of as the "leaders" of the Catholic Association—to associate with the name of "Catholicism" almost every idea that is repugnant to the minds of the people of England. Sedition—equivocation—bigotry—obstinacy—and vain boasting, are the only thoughts that suggest themselves to the minds of (numerically) three-fourths of the British people, when the claims of the Catholics are named. "Do you refuse us what we ask by a 'Resolution' one night?—we'll try you with a 'Bill,' and make you go through the debate again on the next. Do our meetings and our inflammatory speeches offend you?—we'll give you ten times more of them—and more furious—than ever. We sent you a thousand petitions;—you read them, and decided against us:—no matter; in six months more we'll send you two thousand;—see what you will say to *them*. We are refused by the House of Commons:—we'll try if we can't annoy the king. You will not give us Emancipation?—well! we shall go now for a 'Repeal of the Union.' If we can do nothing else, we will provoke and bait you: and—beware!—for, if debate does not answer us at last—'*action*'—'*legal, constitutional action*'—is at hand!" This is Irish Catholic argument, and conciliation!

It is trash for the Catholic noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland to say that *they* are not responsible for the acts or the conduct of the Catholic Association. They, many of them, support that Association: two-thirds of them subscribe to its funds: not one comes forward to reject and renounce the inflammatory matter that is put forth from it on their account; and, until they do this—whatever their own feelings may be—to talk of their not being responsible will be treated as a pretence.

Catholic Emancipation is a measure which *must* be carried sooner or later: but, if the present generation of Catholics are to see it carried, their proper leaders must come forward firmly, and take the cause out of those hands to which, by some fatal error only, it could ever have been entrusted. The majority of "four" in the House of Commons—taken as a fact of itself—would not be a circumstance worth naming: but it is a going-back—a

retrograding—a loss of *thirty-one* votes:—it is the decision of a fresh parliament, elected under the influence of those feelings which the Catholic administration of Mr. Shiel and Mr. O'Connell had excited in the minds of the people of this empire. If the Catholic gentlemen of Ireland dare do justice to themselves and to their country, they will not let their passions betray them into sanctioning this ruinous conduct any longer. The most moderate portion of talents, united with sobriety, patience, and integrity, would be sufficient to ensure the success of their cause: but every moment that its present representatives remain entrusted with it, places that success at a further distance, and widens that breach between the two parties, which wiser or more sincere politicians will have to fill up. The course of clamour, dogged pertinacity, and menace, may lead to insurrection; but England never will change her opinions to get rid of mere importunity, or be so mad as to answer an appeal to her fears with any other reply than—that she is prepared. It is not by employing advocates, at whose very names persons of sober meaning turn away with dislike; it is not by relying upon what may have been dreamed of two hundred years—or twenty years—ago—the hopes held out at the Union, on the true reading of the treaty of Limerick; it is only by shewing that the privileges which they demand may *now* be yielded to them with safety, that the Catholics can hope to do any practical good in England; and, unfortunately, almost every word that has been uttered for them of late years goes directly to the contrary of such a proposition. There is a distinction—if the Catholics of Ireland could find it—between pertinacity and perseverance. With men of only common character and conduct for its leaders, their cause cannot fail of eventual success; but—unless the thing is done by force—after the measures of the last two years—it is hopeless—it is impossible, that that success can be immediate. The temperate and influential friends—whether Protestant or Catholic—of the removal of Catholic restrictions in Ireland, must unite themselves into a body for promoting that object—if it is to be promoted—upon different principles from those on which it has been advocated of late. Their aim must be to convince—not merely to importune or to threaten; to shew the people of England the inconveniences which, practically, they suffer from the operation of the existing system—two-thirds of whom scarcely believe that (except for the purposes of an occasional oration) they labour under any grievances at all. This object will be more readily obtained, too—hard as it will be for some persons to believe us—by the exhibition of facts than by the utterance of harangues. The actual evils of Ireland—and not the beauties of Burke—must be the matter for demonstration. The species of motion—guardedly selected as to subject, and well followed up—which Sir John Newport has once or twice brought before the House of Commons, upon the state of the Church property and church “rating” in Ireland—would produce ten times more effect, for the next five years, in sapping the foundation of the existing system in that country, than a dozen debates upon Bills, Resolutions, or what not, proceeding directly for that object which the people of England are as yet not prepared to grant—for “Catholic Emancipation.”

SIMILITUDES.

WHAT can Love be likened to?—

To the glittering, fleeting dew ;
To heaven's bright, but fading bow ;
To the white, but melting snow ;
To fleeting sounds, and viewless air ;
To all that's sweet, and false, and fair.

Whereto can we liken Hope?—

To the arch of heaven's wide cope,
Where birds sing sweetly, but are flying ;
Where days shine brightly, but are dying ;
So near, that we behold it ever ;
So far, that we shall reach it never.

What can Beauty's semblance boast?—

The rose resembles her the most,
For that's the sweetest among flowers—
The brightest gem in Flora's bowers ;
And all its sweetness soon is past,
And all its brightness fades at last.

And what are Dreams, that light night's gloom?—

Doves that, like Noah's, go and come,
To teach the soul this orb of clay
Shall not its prison be for aye—
That Time's dark waves shall soon subside,
And brighter worlds spread far and wide.

And what's like Popular Renown,

When the destroyer it doth crown?—
The honey which the wild bee's power
Wings from the bosom of the flower ;
The harmless drones no honey bring—
They win the sweets who wear the sting.

And what is like Ambition's flight?—

The eagle, on his airy height ;
On whose broad wings the sunbeam plays,
Though from the world they hide his rays,
Drinking the dew before it falls,
For which the parch'd earth vainly calls.

H. N.

SONGS FROM THE FRENCH.

THE French wits have been long in the habit of meeting in pleasant clubs, where the order of the night, as at most clubs all over the world, is eating, drinking, and singing. They have, however, one merit which distinguishes them from our clubs of the same kind—which is, that they frequently publish the songs which they contribute.

The most famous (we believe—for, on such important points, we do not wish to hazard an unqualified assertion) is that called *Les Soupers de Momus*; but the *Nouveau Caveau*, and the *Caveau Moderne*, have no small share of reputation. Beranger—who is, beyond all contradiction, the first song-writer of France, and, in his own style, perhaps of Europe—belongs to the *Caveau Moderne*. In Galignani's reading-room, the heads of the chief members of these three clubs are exhibited in one plate; and, whatever may be the wit of the gentlemen, it will readily be owned that their claims for beauty are not conspicuous. An uglier set of people could scarcely be got together on any other principle.

The French have always had a great facility in composing songs on all occasions—many of which we, their more phlegmatic neighbours, would have suffered to be altogether unsung. Their *vaudevilles*—we mean the plays under that title—afford a striking proof of this. Every scene is absolutely crowded with songs—not merely for the sake of affording the singer, as with us, an opportunity of displaying his musical powers—but essentially conducing to carry on the piece; and as every French player, without exception, sings quite well enough for the purpose, the effect is very curious and agreeable. When these *vaudevilles* are transferred to our stage, as they are by the dozen, it is found impossible to retain the songs—for two good reasons: first, that the gentlemen who import the play have perhaps not the power, certainly not the inclination, of transferring the songs: and, secondly, because, even if they were introduced into English, we have nobody to sing them. Our singers, unluckily, cannot act, and our actors cannot sing; and the consequence is, that, in nine cases out of ten, the song has nothing whatever to do with the piece, but is inserted to show off the singer, who in general returns the compliment by destroying the part. Many a farce has fallen dead before an English audience on this account, which, in its original French author, was piquant and delightful. We may truly say, that “they order *these things* better in France.”

But this is wandering away from our more immediate purpose. The *Nouveau Caveau* of last year, being the eighth of its existence, is lying before us; and though it is not the most brilliant specimen of the song-writing powers of the Paris clubs, it will afford our readers some idea of the current wit in that line in the French metropolis. It contains 112 songs, contributed by sixty-three gentlemen—about fifty of whom belong to the *Nouveau Caveau*—the others being volunteer contributors from the other clubs. The *Nouveau Caveau* is quite loyal and Bourbonist, and the effusions on political subjects are, of course, in that vein. We are sorry to say, that, like almost all songs on that side of the question, they are very dull, and form, in that respect, as in every other, a lamentable contrast to the witty Jacobin or Buonapartist strains of Beranger: *ex. gr.*

“ LES ROIS DE FRANCE AU SACRE ;

OU,

LES PORTRAITS DE FAMILLE.”

It seems that the pictures of the most illustrious kings crowned in Rheims were hung up in the banquetting-room, on the occasion of the coronation of his Majesty Charles X. Among them were Clovis, Louis IX, Philip de Valois, Charles V, Charles VII, Louis XII, Francis I. and Louis XIV. On this hint the songster speaks.—

Des rois, dont son auguste enceinte
Vit bénir le sceptre et les droits,
J'ai vu Reims, dans la fête sainte
Entourer le meilleur des rois.
CHARLES, autour de ton image,
Ainsi ces monarques fameux
Semblaient unir à notre hommage
Celui de tes nobles aïeux.

And so on, to the end. Henri Quatre, who is uniformly introduced on all such occasions, happened, unluckily, not to have been crowned at Rheims; but the poet will not miss him for that. After regretting that Henry's picture could not appear among the rest, he assures him,—

Par une heureuse ressemblance
Un portrait au sien suppléa ;
Henri Quatre de ton absence,
CHARLES DIX nous consolera !

In which particular Charles X resembles Henry IV, it would, we think, be hard to discover; but a court poet must not inquire into such things too curiously. This song is from the pen of a Monsieur Ourry—editor, we believe, of the *Journal de Paris*—a gentleman whose muse is ever ready on such occasions. Last year he published a volume of poems, in which he made it a merit that he had sung the praises of the reigning dynasty since 1814; on which an opposition wag remarked, that there was a mistake of print in the date—as every body knew that Monsieur Ourry had sung the praises of the reigning dynasty, whatever it was, since 1804. The joke happened to be true; but many others in France are in the same predicament.

This song is not worth translating; and, with this specimen, we pass by all the politics of the volume. Some of the drinking-songs, in which, *à la Française*, love is almost invariably mingled, are clever. The following is by Beranger, who has, besides, contributed another:—

I.

Deux saisons régient toutes choses,
Pour qui sait vivre en s'amusant :
Au printemps nous devons les roses,
A l'automne un jus bienfaisant.
Les jours croissent, le cœur s'éveille ;
On fait le vin quand ils sont courts.
Au printemps, adieu la bouteille !
En automne, adieu les amours.

II.

Mieux il vaudrait unir sans doute
Ces deux penchans faits pour charmer ;
Mais pour ma santé je redoute
De trop boire et de trop aimer.

Or la sagesse me conseille
De partager ainsi mes jours:
Au printemps, adieu la bouteille!
En automne, adieu les amours!

III.

Au mois du Mai, j'ai vu Rosette,
Et mon cœur a subi ses lois.
Que de caprices la coquette
M'a fait essayer en six mois.
Pour lui rendre enfin la pareille,
J'appelle Octobre à mon secours:
Au printemps, adieu la bouteille!
En automne, adieu les amours!

IV.

Je prends, quitte et reprends Adèle,
Sans façons comme sans regrets.
"Au revoir," un jour me dit-elle:
Elle revient long-temps après.
J'étais à chanter sous la treille:
Ah! dis-je, l'année a son cours.
Au printemps, adieu la bouteille!
En automne, adieu les amours!

V.

Mais il est une enchanteresse
Qui change à son gré mes plaisirs.
Du vin elle excite l'ivresse
Et maîtrise jusqu'aux désirs.
Pour elle ce n'est pas merveille
De troubler l'ordre de mes jours,
Au printemps, avec le bouteille!
En automne, avec les amours!

Of which we venture the following attempt at translation:—

I.

Two seasons only, he who lives
For pleasure, life's true purpose, knows:
Spring, that the rose's perfume gives;
And autumn, when the vintage flows.
Love warms us, when the sun rides high—
Wine comes, when daylight hours are few:
In spring, I bid the glass good bye!
In autumn, to the Loves adieu!

II.

Better 'twould be, I'm well aware,
These two delicious balms to join;
But I can't boast of strength to bear
Excess at once in love and wine.
Led then by wisdom's dictates, I
At different times each joy pursue:
In spring, I bid the glass good bye!
In autumn, to the Loves adieu!

III.

In May, fair Rosa's eyes I met,
That glance her power suffice to seal;
What torments did the gay coquette
Condemn me for six months to feel!

But then my freedom's hour was nigh—
At last October came in view :
In spring, I bid the glass good bye!
In autumn, to the Loves adieu !

IV.

I meet and part with fair Adele
Without apology or pain ;
One morn she cried, " An hour's farewell !"
'Twas months ere she returned again.
Then 'neath the vine I chanced to lie,
And sung " the season's past for *you* :"
In spring, I bid the glass good bye!
In autumn, to the Loves adieu !

V.

But there is *one* enchanting lass,
Who changes all my plans at will—
Who gives new impulse to the glass—
Who all the year delights me still.
Fired by the magic of her eye,
I revel every season through ;
And never bid the glass good bye—
Nor ever, to the Loves adieu !

Jokes on the ladies abound, of course. We subjoin a couple :—

I.

Au sortir de l'église,
Je vois jeune Blondin ;
Qui d'un air de franchise,
Vient serrer ma main.
Cher époux, dit Amande,
Avec un ris malin,
Je vous le recommande,
C'est mon petit cousin.

II.

Six mois après la nœce,
Pour moi, quel heureux jour !
Je vois, d'un fruit précoce,
Cimenter notre amour.
De cet enfant, ma belle,
Qui donc sera parrain ?
J'ai tout prévu, dit-elle,
C'est mon petit cousin.

III.

Ce parent-là, j'espère,
Est un homme tout charmant :
Vraiment, tout comme un père,
Il chérit mon enfant.
De me faire tapage,
Si ma femme est en train ;
Qui sait calmer l'orage,
C'est mon petit cousin.

IV.

Ma femme m'est fidèle,
J'en ai de sûrs garans ;
Car, jamais, auprès d'elle,
Je ne vois de galans,

Et si faut que je sorte,
Je suis bien sûr, enfin,
Qu'elle n'ouvre sa porte
Qu'à son petit cousin.

V.

Vous que je vois sourire
De tant de bon foi,
Vous n'en pourriez pas dire,
Peut-être, autant que moi,
Hélas! en mariage,
Qui peut être certain
De n'avoir en partage
Qu'un seul petit cousin?

I.

On the day of my wedding, a handsome young blade
Caught my hand between his with a press most sincere;
My wife, when she saw him, smiled gaily, and said,
"I must introduce him—My cousin, my dear."

II.

In six months—for so soon came the source of my joy—
A dear baby was born our blest union to cheer;
I asked my sweet wife, "Who's to stand for the boy?"
"We've arranged it," says she; "'tis my cousin, my dear."

III.

He fondles the child, just as if 'twere his own;
His goodness of heart from this kindness is clear;
And when my wife's brow is o'ercast by a frown,
Who disperses the cloud? why, "my cousin, my dear!"

IV.

That my lady is chaste, I've no reason to doubt—
No flirting I see, no gallant ventures near;
And I feel very certain, that, when I go out,
She will let no one in, but—"my cousin, my dear."

V.

You smile, I perceive, at the faith I display—
But some smilers have less cause of boasting, I fear:
When you marry, my friends, are you certain, I pray,
That you'll have in your house but *one* "cousin, my dear?"

This song is by M. Foucart. The following is by M. Flamand—

I.

Le parque vient, dans son courroux,
De me priver de mon époux;
C'est ce qui me désole,
S'il fut joueur et libertin,
Il fit du moins très-bonne fin;
C'est ce qui me console.

II.

Il s'endettait, et chaque jour
Me privait d'argent et d'amour;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Malgré son infidélité,
J'étais très-sage, en vérité;
C'est ce qui me console.

III.

Je crains, dans mon affliction,
De tomber en consommation ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Cependant mes pleurs, mes regrets
N'ont pas encor flétri mes traits ;
C'est ce qui me console.

IV.

J'éprouve le plus triste sort ;
Point d'argent dans mon coffre fort ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Un jeune et savant médecin
Prend intérêt à mon destin ;
C'est ce qui me console.

V.

Cet aimable consolateur
Me trouble par son trop d'ardeur ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Il pleure avec moi mon époux ;
Il est décent, honnête, et doux ;
C'est ce qui me console.

VI.

J'accepte par nécessité
Ses soins, sa générosité ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Mais bien qu'il soit très-généreux,
Ma sagesse contient ses feux ;
C'est ce qui me console.

VII.

Je vois qu'il est brûlant d'amour,
Qu'il espère un tendre retour ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Je ne me livre heureusement
Qu'à l'amitié pour le moment ;
C'est ce qui me console.

VIII.

Ses discours calment ma douleur,
Et touchent mon sensible cœur ;
C'est ce qui me désole.
Ah ! s'il obtient un jour ma main,
Ce sera l'ordre du destin ;
C'est ce qui me console.

I.

The wrathful stroke of cruel fate
Deprives me of my loving mate ;
That fills my soul with grief.
Although he gamed, and raked beside,
Yet very piously he died ;
That gives my heart relief.

II.

He went in debt, and every day
Took both his purse and love away ;

That fills my soul with grief.
But though *he* broke his marriage vows,
I was a true and faithful spouse;
That gives my heart relief.

III.

I fear that my afflicted state
Insures consumption as my fate;
That fills my soul with grief.
But, spite of tears, I cannot trace
As yet a wrinkle in my face;
That gives my heart relief.

IV.

A sorry lot I own is mine—
My purse betrays a lack of coin;
That fills my soul with grief.
But my physician, young and wise,
O'er all my wants keeps watchful eyes;
That gives my heart relief.

V.

This kind consoler often shows
A warmth which troubles my repose;
That fills my soul with grief.
He weeps with me my husband dead—
He's gentle, tender, and well-bred;
That gives my heart relief.

VI.

Forced by necessity, I take
The generous gifts he loves to make;
That fills my soul with grief.
But though he's liberal, I own,
My prudence keeps his ardour down;
That gives my heart relief.

VII.

With glowing love I see him burn—
I see he hopes a soft return;
That fills my soul with grief.
But then, thank Heaven! my conduct tells
As yet of friendship—nothing else;
That gives my heart relief.

VIII.

His words assuage my mournful woes,
And touch my widowed heart too close;
That fills my soul with grief.
Ah! if the ruling fates have plann'd
That he one day should win my hand!—
That gives my heart relief.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN
LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

"There was a maid at Islington, as I've heard many tell,
And she would come to London town her apples and pears to sell.
Why would she so?—Because she knew it was the best market."—*Old Song.*

"THERE'S a divinity," the poet says, "doth hedge a King!"—the same privilege, or pre-eminence, beyond ill and danger, would seem to attach to a Capital! We hear, and read, on every side, of ruin and distress in England—who is there that—in LONDON—can detect the shadow of a symptom of it? We hear of distress, and of poverty. "Where," a foreigner might well ask, "are its evidences? Are they in your theatres, ten or twelve in number, that are open, and crowded, night after night, the "clowns" of which ride in their carriages, while the singing girls buy huge estates? Are they in your new palace buildings, and in your new church buildings; in your new streets, new squares, new parks, and terraces; in your new toys and exhibitions, devising every day, for all ranks to spend their time and money at? If we are undone, we are—like the Copper-Captain in the play—"the merriest undone people in Christendom." It is the very heart of the "season" now! and the furnished lodgings, at six guineas a week, are all "let," and the furnished houses at twenty guineas; and the *marchandes des modes* are putting on their best looks, and unpapering their best frills; and the lacqueys nod to each other as they whirl behind the carriages through Bond-street, and want kicking twice a day; and Mr. Ebers is joyful; and the hotel-keepers are as blithe as my landlady at Falmouth used to be ten years ago—"and would be," she said, "while the war lasted, and the wind set in shore;"—and all, in short, is joy, and ebullieney. Distress! look at the new street which joins the Regent's-park to St. James's; and the new town, which now joins the Regent-street to Hampstead. Does this look much like distress? Look at the shops—alas!—but of the retail—the mere selling (not producing) dealers—in drapery, jewellery, lutes, pianofortes, Leghorn hats, satin shoes, Italian paste, Martinique noyau—in coats, and cloaks, and silk, and velvet, and fruits, and ice, and lace, and feathers, and flowers, and scents, and wigs, and pickles, and plate-glass, and furs, and millinery!—these shops of Cheapside, Ludgate-hill, and Fleet-street, in the east; of Piccadilly, Bond-street, and Regent-street in the west; of Oxford-street in the north; and Covent-garden, Charing-cross, and the Bazaars in the centre—decorated merely to open for trade at a higher cost than would formerly have been held a decent capital to begin trade with—what is there in these that suggests the notion of distress? We have no account yet of those hourly multiplying contributors to luxury and delight, whose wares, being purchased less especially than the fore-mentioned upon display; do not so entirely demand to be exposed for sale within walls of looking-glass—the upholsterers, coach-makers, horse-jockeys, and wine-merchants—the publishers, whose very catalogues alone (assembled) might form a library—the painters, whose increasing works cry out every day for new show-rooms and institutions, to display them in—the dancing-masters, driving cabriolets, and keeping footmen in livery—the music-masters, taking a guinea a lesson for teaching the piano—the doctors, and still more the *branch doctors*, the "aurists," and "oculists"—and, more than all, the prodigies of modern success, the "surgeon dentists"—who flourish (to the superseding of vulgar "tooth-

drawers)" in the best streets and squares of the metropolis, levying incomes of five, and ten, and fifteen thousand pounds a-year! The people who support these—as a people—would scarcely seem to know much about distress!

Our "first estate"—the persons that pay Mlle. Brocard, and have built the club-houses—I find few signs of poverty among them; our second class—the stock-jobbers, barristers, and attorneys,—who have taken "Brighton" to themselves now as a "Fauxbourg"—making over Kennington, Clapham, and Hackney to the vulgar—I don't find one of these but must have some ornamental needlessness about his arrangements which his forefathers had not before him. And for the lower order still—the shopmen, clerks, and working artisans—how all the public-houses, and spirit-shops, and tea and coffee-houses, that one runs against at every step, contrive to exist—who it is that fills the "reading-rooms," and the "wine-rooms," and the "gymnastic clubs," and the "smoking clubs"—and who rides in all the hackney gigs, and "cabriolets"—and who drinks up all the gin that is made, and all the ale, and all the "Cape Madeira," at fifteen pence a bottle, that is stuck upon placards about the streets—not to inquire about the soda water, and ginger beer, that bubbles out from fountains at the chemists' shops, and at the oyster shops, or the Champagne sold in "samples" of "a single bottle," under the opera colonnade by Mr. Charles Wright—the very least of these questions seems hopeless, and puts even one's imagination to a stand still! But, now for one question in the way of "political economy." All this shew of prosperity is found in London—where the wealthy and noble of Britain are *residents*. If these were to become "absentees"—if the grass were to grow upon the pavement of Pall Mall, and the owl build in the chimnies and garrets of Portland-place—would this state of things continue? I should like to have Mr. M'Culloch's opinion upon this point; and, if he should favour the affirmative, I have a scheme for making all the universe "rich and happy to-morrow." But this affair shall be the subject of a future letter: at present, I must give up describing the state of appearances in London, to talk of the matters which are actually going on there.

The public mind has been brimful of politics during the present month. The corn question, the change in the ministry, our relations with Portugal, and the catholic emancipation, all were to be talked about. The Master of the Rolls has explained part of his bill for reforming the practice of the Court of Chancery; but, as to the effect of that measure, people were not very sanguine—and the event has borne out their expectation: they felt that the evils, both of law and of practice, in that court, were grown up into too strong an interest to be likely to be attacked to any material purpose. "The criminal law re-vision" bill has been brought in too; but that proceeding—though a great and valuable work—was not likely to excite any very peculiar attention; first, because there was a general confidence that Mr. Peel would perform it with discretion and ability; and, next, because the affair does not exactly press—the old machine "works well"—as it is—or, if any injury is done, it falls upon a description of individuals (the rogues) who would hardly find a great many supporters, if they complained of it.

Of the probable materials of the new ministry, or of the extent to which any change will take place, up to this day (the 28th March) I believe nothing is known with certainty. All kinds of men are named as

ministers; and almost all have their partisans—except that, I believe, every body has agreed in negating the sufficiency of the Duke of Wellington. I think there is a certain quantity of mistake about this. The full capacity of the Duke for such an office as that of prime minister in this country, I should be inclined to doubt; but the attempt to treat him as a mere soldier—a man merely capable of directing troops in the field—must occur either from ignorance or wilful misrepresentation. The mere military career in which the Duke of Wellington has been engaged, must have given him considerable knowledge of all the circumstances connected with the foreign policy and relations of this country. He possesses too—which is a point of no slight moment—in a very high degree, the confidence and esteem of almost every power in alliance with it. But, independently of these circumstances, it is absurd to attempt to treat as a mere director of sieges, or arrayer of orders of battle, the man who organized the whole defences, and disposed of the whole national resources, of Portugal; and afterwards exercised an influence scarcely less extensive, (with the most admirable success) over the powers of Spain; not to enter into the testimony of various foreign writers as to affairs and negotiations connected with his Grace's administration during his command of the Army of Occupation in France, which shew that he was just as much in the habit of contemplating, and often of estimating, accurately, his political as his military position. How far—I repeat—the Duke of Wellington might be qualified to share the direction of public affairs in this country—or even what pretensions he may have set up to such an effect—I do not propose to determine: but he could never have performed a great variety of the services which he has performed, if he had not possessed some of the qualities belonging to a statesman, as well as the mere faculties of a soldier.

The corn proposition has been brought forward by ministers, according to promise; and, like most moderate courses of policy, has satisfied nobody. The manufacturing classes say, that it gives them no relief, which most people will agree is perfectly true; and the ultra-agriculturists consider even the remotest possibility of peril to their interests as an arrangement of great aggression. The best circumstance in the new plan, seems to be, that it prevents any likelihood of corn ever reaching a very high price in this country: it scarcely ever can get above sixty shillings a quarter—hardly, perhaps, above fifty-eight shillings. The inconvenience is, that the system of weekly “averages” will be likely to lead to speculation and jobbing in the corn market:—this is the objection of my Lord Lauderdale, in his speech to the House of Lords; but his Lordship exaggerates the danger too much.

The proposition of the noble lord—as I understand it—runs thus:—when the average price of wheat in this country is sixty shillings a quarter, foreign wheat (according to the new system) comes in at a duty of twenty shillings; and as the home price on the average increases one shilling a quarter, the duty on the foreign importation diminishes two shillings; so that at sixty-one shillings (home average) the foreign duty is eighteen shillings; at sixty-two shillings, sixteen shillings; at sixty-three shillings, fourteen shillings; and so on till the average reaches seventy shillings, when the foreign corn comes in at a duty of one shilling a quarter. Then, his Lordship's fear is—Suppose a party of merchants to have one million quarters of foreign corn in bond at the end of the week, ending, say, on

the 7th of July, when the average in the home market is sixty shillings a quarter—these persons would then have a duty of twenty shillings a quarter to pay, on bringing in their foreign supply, or £1,000,000 on the whole venture. But, instead of paying that amount of duty, if, in the course of the next week, or fortnight, they suddenly make purchases to the amount of £300,000 in the home market, it will be easy for them, (says Lord Lauderdale) by this sudden speculation, to throw the average—say of the 14th, or 21st of July, up to seventy shillings; by which means they then bring their whole 1,000,000 quarters of foreign corn into the market at one shilling duty, instead of twenty shillings; inundate the country with foreign wheat, to the ruin of the agriculturist; and clear £950,000.

Now, I perfectly agree with Lord Lauderdale, that, if the merchants of the country could do this, to-morrow, they would do it. And here I don't think that his lordship casts any aspersion upon any particular class of men, because all the people of England, of late years, have become "merchants." There has been hardly a monopoly, or a speculation, in the last five years, by which money could hope to be made, in which "peers" and men of "honour" have not been found struggling which should take "usance" foremost. Colonel Congreve, who invented the bomb-shells, was *pars magna*!—the great gun—in the pawnbroking company; and Mr. W. Wilberforce, I see—whose father once redeemed all Africa from slavery—according to a police paragraph in the *Times* of the 15th instant—appears to have turned milkman! But, without doubting their disposition to do this, or any other piece of advantageous mischief, I do not believe that a combination of merchants *could* perform the transaction which Lord Lauderdale describes.

In the first place, the capital required for such a project could hardly be furnished by a very few individuals. Taking the one million quarters of foreign corn to be bought at thirty shillings a quarter, the whole sum employed in that purchase would be £1,500,000. In the next place, a certain quantity of loss must be at once incurred upon the £300,000 laid out in British corn, purchased to raise the home average from sixty shillings to seventy shillings; the corn bought, pending the course of such a rise, could not cost less than five shillings a quarter more than the natural market price; and here, therefore, there would be a loss, in the commencement, of £25,000. But the insurmountable difficulties have yet to come. It is contrary to all possibility, that one hundred thousand quarters of corn, purchased in the home market—no matter with what celerity—(and £300,000 would buy no more, at sixty shillings, than one hundred thousand quarters—subject to the supposed rise of prices to be produced, not so much)—it is hardly to be expected that *five times* that quantity of purchase, in the common order of events, could raise the price in the home market in any thing like the extent of ten shillings a quarter—from sixty shillings to seventy shillings!

An outlay of £300,000 would have scarcely any effect upon the average at all; and even if it might—this seems to me to be the most difficult point—his lordship never inquires what the *agriculturists* are to be about all that time? It is absurd to say that the agriculturists of the country *cannot* combine. They combine every day—and almost without knowing it. What was it that raised corn in our home market, from fifty-three shillings to sixty shillings a quarter, the very moment that the new propositions came out? There was no change in the seasons—no demand from abroad—to warrant

such an advance. Why, then, the Earl of Lauderdale's speculation could scarcely, by any probability, be a secret. The getting of a million quarters of foreign wheat in bond—the outlay of a million and a half of money in the home market—for, to talk of raising the average by a purchase to the amount of £300,000, I repeat, is almost ridiculous. It would be impossible for all this work to be done, without exciting the attention of the persons interested in the home trade—and the very moment this happened, a reaction would take place. The agriculturists—seeing what it was that was occasioning the rise in price—instead of availing themselves of it, would immediately oppose it—with the fact before their eyes, that they must be ruined for the next four years, if once they let the home average get up to seventy shillings a quarter. The throwing two millions of money into the market (instead of £300,000) would hardly insure inducing them to raise it to such a price. The great probability is, that any project like this—pursued with what cunning or means it might—would only end in saddling the speculators with a large quantity of foreign corn in bond, for which they would have no market; and with a good deal of English corn, bought at a shilling or two advance upon the regular market, which they would have to re-sell at the market price. And even if they succeeded—how would it be? Only by purchasing, *through thick and thin*, to raise the average in the home market. Or, in other words, becoming themselves holders, to a very large amount, of British corn, *purchased at advanced prices*; which corn they would have in their turn to *sell*, subject to the same *depreciation* to which their foreign importation might reduce the British agriculturists in general. Either my Lord Lauderdale's agricultural prejudices, I think, have misled him, on this occasion; or his sight into matters of trade and economy is not so clear and cunning as it used to be.

Upon the two other subjects that I named above, a very few words will be sufficient. The Catholic Emancipation question, after the usual quantity of speaking, was negatived by a majority of seventy-seven, in the House of Commons. This is really what every body (except the Catholics themselves) expected; and it would be scarcely less than miraculous, if their conduct had led to any other result. Portugal remains just in the same state as at the date of my last letter. The apostolic party has no power—against even the presence of England—to pursue the rebellion; and the constitutional government has as little power (of its own resources) to repress or prevent it. In the mean time, the country is getting more and more overrun with the bands of irregular troops, who (in the absence of a struggle) act openly as marauders; and as soon as the British troops are re-embarked, the contest—if it deserves to be called a contest—will begin again.

The following paragraph appears amongst the deaths in the *Times* newspaper, of the 11th instant. "On Thursday last, Mrs. Harriet Harris, of Goulston Square, Whitechapel; who was—as her *physician* once emphatically said—'an excellent woman!'" Now, "Good name," Iago very truly observes, "in man or woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls;" and it is no wonder, therefore, that persons, both for themselves and their friends, should be anxious to preserve as much, in the way of testimony to it, as possible. But the medical attendant, in this case, is not what a court of law would call the "best evidence." Mrs. Harris's virtues would have been more completely set up, if their affirmation had come—instead of the "physician"—from the parson of the parish.

"MISSING!"—No one can fail to have observed with what alarming frequency, of late years, this word "missing," printed in large letters, arrests people's attention, at the head of advertisements in the Newspapers, or of handbills, stuck against the wall, as they go along the street. And followed sometimes by a description of—"a young lady,"—with "light blue eyes," "flaxen hair"—dressed "in a straw bonnet, and pea-green shawl"—seems "about sixteen years of age," &c. &c.—the mystery of whose absence we may imagine sometimes reasonably well: but more commonly by a notice—*non est inventus*—of Mr. J——T——, of "the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch"—measures "about five-feet two inches high"—"pitted with the small pox, and stoops rather in walking"—"had on, when he went away"—"a brown coat, with basket buttons"—"corduroy breeches and short gaiters"—"a black kerseymere waistcoat"—and "a silver watch in his pocket—maker's name, 'George Standstill, Birmingham'"—a sort of person whom—people that are lost must be found?—and it is impossible to conceive any useful purpose he could be detained for! It is a curious fact, and *deserving of public attention*, how exceedingly these "missing" notices have multiplied within the last ten years. And a correspondent of mine, who commonly has good reason for that which he asserts, writes me that, *decidedly*, the numerous "sausage mills" about town ought to be subjected—in the same way with the slaughter-houses, and dissecting-rooms—to legal inspection.

A PLEASANT ECONOMY.—The *Times* newspaper, which I take of a morning, and which is crowded always with advertisements, gets a stock on hand, too great for endurance, every now and then, and is compelled to effect a relief, by the publication of what is called a "Supplement." This sort of proceeding, of course, makes a ferocious display of wealth, &c., but is attended with considerable pecuniary loss; because the "Supplement," which is given with the original sheet of the paper, costs not only the price of another sheet (paper and printing), but has the second stamp duties attached to it. The *Morning Chronicle*, however, the other day, being sadly anxious to make the same display, and yet, abominably withheld on account of the expense, was divided (in council), between pride and a sense of prudence, for near three hours and a half. Until, at length, the proprietor (it is said) himself, hit upon an expedient to evade both difficulties—which was literally acted upon—by publishing a "Supplement," and *charging an additional seven-pence for it!* In theory, certainly, this surpasses any thing that has been attempted. I have not heard how it answered in the practice.

It is the very devil's-own luck, for friendship or enmity, to have to deal with a wit! An assassin is a safer post-chaise companion, by half, than such a fellow; for, no matter which side you are of, if a good thing comes into the rogue's head—slap! the next time you come across him, you are sure to have the benefit of it. Lord Chief Justice Best, of the Common Pleas, is one of those people that a man is never quite safe with. Whenever I see him smile upon the Bench, and his eyes begin to twinkle—(or bite his lip, and look round viciously from a sudden twitch of the gout—it is no matter which)—I always know that—"there is a man gone!" Mr. Marriott, the barrister, once, in cross-examining a witness, on a trial for an assault, put a question rather too directly, and brought out the very fact that ruined his cause, and that the opposite counsel had been trying for half an hour to get on the examination-in-chief, but could not, because he could not put a sufficiently leading question. The same thing might have

happened to the best man in England; but, of course, it created a great roar in the court; and, in the next cause, Mr. Pollock, who was opposed to Mr. Marriott, happened to be trying very hard to lead his witness to some point that was important to him. "Never mind, Mr. Pollock," said Mr. Justice B. (who was then in the King's Bench)—"if *you* don't get it, Mr. Marriott will."

Mr. Marriott, who is a known good lawyer, as well as a good-natured man, could afford to stand such a hit as this; but the same sort of shot plays the deuce with a man who happens to be a coxcomb. The other day, in one of the towns on the Oxford circuit—I think it was Gloucester—where the same learned Judge was sitting for the assizes, the new "camel-leopard," who has been exciting such amazement all over France, was going about shewing, in a huge caravan, for some days through the county. On the second day of the assize, the Judges commonly give a dinner to the bar; and that at Gloucester happened to be very fully attended; and the Chief Justice, having had less gout that week than usual, was in high spirits—a good deal of real wit flew about, and various odd topics were discussed. Until, at length, a pause occurring, a gentleman "in the last row"—quite convinced that a tiger's tail must be the prettiest thing in the world to play with—because it flourished about so invitingly—and deluded, in the rashness of a third round of champaign, to his ruin—mustered courage to hazard an attempt at conversation with the Lord Chief; and, by way of a familiar *degagé* commencement, inquired—"if his Lordship had seen the *camel-leopard* that was going about, yet?" An ominous silence of three or four seconds followed this question; and several of the company took snuff, as not knowing very well how to get over it. But, in about a quarter of a minute, the learned personage addressed—who happened at the moment of the demand to have both his hands in his breeches pockets—without removing them, looked out the postulator, as it were, at the lower end of the table.—"What is that you said, Mr. M. *****? The camel-leopard—what—the show?—why, no—upon my word I have not. In fact I am rather afraid—as we both travel with trumpets—that we are standing upon ceremony, which should make the first visit."

What followed (in a minor key) at the lower end of the table, was not much worse.—"I say, Tom! he had us there!" whispered the annihilated man's clerk, to the factotum of the next juvenile near him, as they stood behind the chairs of their respective principals. "I don't know what he meant," answered the party addressed.—"Why, no more do I," returned the first speaker—"but I'm blowed if he hasn't pitched it into us!"

Lord Wharnccliffe gave an explanation of his proposed bill, in the House of Lords, on Wednesday, the 20th of February, for legalizing the sale of game, and making other improvements upon the existing system of our game laws; and the debate upon the measure of last night (the 19th of March) seems to afford considerable hope of its success. One fact seems to be perfectly clear: we may not—and, indeed, shall not, as the Lord Chancellor observed—while the present system of preserves and *battues* (which are the disgrace of true sporting) continues—ever get rid of the practice of poaching entirely; but, by legalising the sale of game, we, at least, do this—we cease to make poaching, and unlawful dealing, the *only* means by which the demand for game in the country—can be supplied. Men who are disposed to live by petty theft, or contraband trade, rather than by honest labour, will

still steal game, under an altered arrangement, as they would go on to steal any other kind of easily-come-at property; but when we feel quite sure as to every other species of depredation—nobody makes a question about it—that, if we could get rid of the *receivers*, we should soon get rid of the *thieves*, how can we fail to see that, by making game an article of regular traffic (instead of compelling the whole of it to be furnished by robbery), we should get rid—to speak upon the lowest calculation—of half the poachers, because more than half their market would be cut up? And, for the same reason, it would appear, that the precaution of making “licenses” necessary to deal in game is at least, in the first instance, rather a flying to the opposite extreme of our present system, than (as some persons seem to believe) abiding in a measure by the spirit of it. Because, if the apprehension be, that some dealers in game—even when the trade is legalised—will still purchase from the poachers—we admit this—and still see how the land-owner is benefited by the alteration—under the present law, ALL the dealers purchase of the poachers. Changing from our present ground, all that the raiser of game gets by the sale law—much or little—is pure gain; because, now, he gets nothing: and there need be no apprehension that such an arrangement will still open a market to the poacher, “by increasing the consumption of game in town;”—the supply of game, now, in the markets of London, is limited only to the greatest quantity that, at the price which it costs, can be consumed—every gentleman can, without going a quarter of a mile from his own house, purchase any quantity that he has occasion for. This is a question which deserves more detailed consideration than can be given to it here; but, I would just say one word more:—I hope that gentlemen of landed property—(because Lewis XI. of France certainly did hold counsel with his barber)—do not allow their minds to be influenced by the statements of their bailiffs, or game-keepers, as to the probable effect of any alteration in the laws respecting game? Because I am afraid these dignitaries would hardly be able, in general, to give an unbiassed opinion—one of the first effects likely to result from a measure legalizing the sale of game, being, that it would, annually, change the direction of a very considerable sum of money, from their own pockets into those of their masters. No doubt, there will always be a certain number of marauders in society, who will prefer any casual and irregular mode of livelihood—finding it none the worse for being seasoned with an occasional touch of romance and peril—to the ordinary pursuits of honest labour. And the multiplying of preserves, into which such a man may walk—without climbing over walls, or even breaking through fences—and seize the property of a person, in common with whom he can have no feeling, will hold out such temptation, that these persons will occasionally wire hares, instead of breaking into hen-roosts. But by organizing a system, which shall openly, and legally, supply the public market with game, a man must be almost insane who can have a doubt, that the great proportion of that demand, which now makes poaching a sure and profitable regular trade to a labourer, must be cut away? And, in fact, that demand would expire, as nearly as possible altogether; because the land-owner—the game being his *property*—has it, at least, at as cheap a rate, originally, as the man even who steals it from him. And, looking at the different course by which he would dispose of it—selling it by wholesale, and avoiding all the ruinous profits—of higgler, carrier, &c. &c.—which stand between the fraudulent obtainer, and the

town consumer, I think it is almost certain—setting aside the additional economy, induced by his having safety on his side through all the dealing—that the proprietor of game, shooting it by himself, and by his servants, on his own manor, would be able to undersell the poacher who robbed him of it, in open market.

CONNUBIAL TREACHERY!—A criminal trial, of a very singular description, came on last week, in the High Court of Justiciary of Edinburgh. An old woman, named Marian Brown, was indicted for compassing and contriving the death of her husband, Thomas Graham, by *hanging him up by the neck*—with intent to kill, &c.—*while he was asleep*. It appeared that the man, being half intoxicated, and the woman herself, probably, either intoxicated or mad, she had actually twisted a rope round his neck, as he sat asleep in a chair; tied him to a beam; drawn the chair from under him; and gone away, leaving him suspended. The jury found the poor wretch guilty; but recommended her to mercy—probably from a doubt as to her sanity: she was seventy-two years of age. There had been no recent quarrel; but the husband would undoubtedly have died, but for the accidental coming in of a neighbour, who cut him down. On being brought to himself, and questioned, he complained “that his neck was sore;” but had no knowledge whatever of the accident that had happened to him.

BON-MOT OF THE LATE DR. KITCHINER.—As the German Count C****, was walking down St. James’s-street the other day, in a pair of remarkably large trowsers, he ran against the Doctor, who was just going into Brookes’s.—“Who is that?” said Dr. K. to a friend whom he met on the steps.—“I forgot his name; but he’s a foreign officer—one of the marshals,” said the other.—“Marshal Sucks (*Saxe*), I should think, then,” was the Doctor’s reply.

I was speaking a little way back, upon the value of “character.” No doubt it is a precious jewel; but I think our nicety (as legislators) about protecting it is sometimes carried rather too far. As, for instance, in a late action for Libel, tried in the Court of Common Pleas, where a Jew bailiff prosecuted some poor rogue whom he had arrested, or endeavoured to arrest; and who took revenge for the act, or attempt—for I forget which it was—by writing a copy of verses upon him. In this case, the Lord Chief Justice is reported to have told the jury, that “they ought to find a verdict for the plaintiff,” (by the way, they found for the defendant) “because the lampoon was calculated to injure, and to bring him into ridicule.” Now, really, I think—to decide that every act shall be a crime, which tends to bring a person, who is at once both a *Jew* and a *bailiff*, into ridicule, is a little severe. The same failing, or weakness, may be fairly imputed to one man, which could not be charged without malice of another. As, for example, if I should say of a scavenger—“that he savoured not of amber;”—of a stock-jobber—that “east of St. Paul’s church-yard, I never believed a word of foreign news that he spoke;”—or, of an attorney, that I never believed, in any place at all, a word of any thing that he spoke;—none of these declarations (as it seems to me) could fairly be construed by the parties concerned into an affront. The fault—or the misfortune—lies, not in the man, but in his calling. I recollect a case of an indictment in the King’s Bench, brought to abate a nuisance. The complaint was, of a horrible smell that the defendant produced over all the neighbourhood, by making gas. A number of persons

were called as witnesses, who declared that they lived near the premises, and never found any unpleasant smell at all. This flat contradiction at first astonished every body; but, upon inquiry, it turned out that these witnesses were all nightmen! Now, to have questioned the accuracy of the olfactory nerves of these people, could hardly have been drawn into a sin! In the case before us, there is the double offence, by the party who calls himself libelled—the man is a pagan, and—not content with being a pagan—a lock-up house-keeper to boot. This simony, as it were, in sin—this monopoly of abominable quality—is material—because I heard the point urged once, with prodigious effect at a watch-house, in a quarrel between a footman and a Jew clothes-seller of Holywell-street:—“You won’t believe what that fellow says!” cried the valet, indignantly, to the night-constable—“why, he’s a Jew!”—“Vell,” returned the man of cast apparel—“and your mashter’s own friend—Baron Rothschild, vat you bow to every day—isn’t he a Jew?”—“Yes,” replied the other—“but he doesn’t keep an old-clothes-shop.”—The Israelite was silenced. So, I think, that there are callings in life—I alluded in one of my late letters to the cases of the hangman and the common informer—in which the less we say (unless in very extreme emergencies) about “character,” the better; and the doctrine that every written statement, given so as to be seen by third persons, if it go to injure, or bring a particular man into ridicule, shall be a libel—this doctrine, joined to the law, that, in a proceeding by indictment for such libel, the truth of the statement cannot be given in justification—in how many absurd and ridiculous positions, it might place us! For instance—looking at the possible case of a man like the present prosecutor—the Jew bailiff. Suppose a debtor, confined in a lock-up house; and robbed, as persons in such places commonly are; only to copy out in chalk upon the wall of his room, the *bill of charges* brought him from day to day by the landlord. There can be very little doubt that this would be a writing calculated to do more than ridicule—to injure—the bailiff:—that fact would give it the quality of a libel. It would be open to be seen by third persons; *i. e.* by future prisoners shut up in the same room:—this would amount to “publication,” and complete the offence! It might, perhaps, be attempted to be argued, for a defendant—that, the libel being written upon the *interior* walls of the plaintiff’s house, the keeper suffered no injury; because, though it would be read by future prisoners, yet it could only be seen by them, after they were already in his power. But, this plea would not do; because it would be replied, and truly, that the bailiff might still suffer damage; inasmuch as that prisoners (seeing this writing) might remove themselves, at once, to the prisons of the King’s Bench, or the Fleet, who would otherwise have remained in his lock-up house. And the serious fact is, that a defendant, indicted under these circumstances, *must*, as the law stands, be convicted; for, although he should have the very bill, in the plaintiff’s own hand-writing, from which he had copied the libel, in his pocket, he could not—in a case of prosecution—produce it in his defence. Now this case, extreme as it appears, is not quite hypothetical. A dispute, pretty nearly similar, did arise; and a proceeding at law was contemplated—in which the defendant certainly would have been worsted. But the cause never came to issue; for a scullion wench of the lock-up house, either influenced by some unusual fit of cleanliness, or bribed by the defendant’s attorney, walked up stairs one

morning, unperceived, with a disclosure; and, just as the pleadings, I believe, were settled, wiped away the cause of action.

SYMPATHIES OF SPIRIT.—It is curious to observe the species of "freemasonry"—the intuitive appreciation and understanding, as it were, of each other—which exists among persons who are attached to the same amusements, or who follow the same professions. Your fox-hunter—your fisher—your smuggler—and your pick-pocket, are all "hail fellow, well met!"—when they encounter a brother of the art; and intimacies are formed, like the loves and friendships in German plays, with a celerity quite incomprehensible to the uninitiated. There was a charge at the police-office at the Mansion-house, a few weeks since, against a young lady of the name of "Harwood;" who, finding the attentions of a Mr. Randall, a coal-merchant in Friday-street, less constant than she had encouraged herself to hope, bought a pistol, and resolved to shoot her deserter. Not being much used to field sports—although it appears that she practised a little previously, in a wash-house—Miss Harwood's pistol only flashed in the pan, when she fired it in Friday-street, and her person was taken into custody. Some question about a "breach of promise of marriage" arising, and an "action,"—Mr. Randall, I believe, eventually agreed to forego prosecution, and give a sum of money to be clear of the affair. But a morning paper, describing the lady's being brought up from prison to be discharged, &c. under this arrangement, sums up with the following paragraph:—"Miss Harwood seemed *in high spirits*; and, it is said, intends to go into the country with 'Miss Stafford,' a young female who attempted a few nights since to hang herself to some area railings in *Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn*,—Miss H. being much pleased with her society." "Miss Stafford," it appears, was herself then liberated (the acquaintance between the parties having commenced in the Poultry-Compter) upon a friend's promising to be security to the magistrate, that, when she hanged herself next, it should not be in the city!

Sir Walter Scott has acknowledged the authorship of the Waverley novels, since my last, which is made a clearing-up of great importance, by those who are cunning in such questions of identity. I confess I don't see the great marvel; for there could hardly be ten sane men in England who had any doubt about the fact. If any body *else* had acknowledged writing the books, it might have been something.

New publications have not been striking in the last month. Mr. Colburn is, as usual, the greatest artist as to quantity; but his "Vivian Greys," and "Truckleborough Halls," are mere hashes of the gossip of the day, and are hardly remembered from season to season. Mrs. Johnson's *Elizabeth de Bruce* will outlive twelve generations of these: I like that novel much; and it will sell better five years hence than it does now. "Marriage" was not read by the million until Sir Walter Scott noticed it.

Voilà de vos arrêts,

Messieurs les gens de goût,

L'ouvrage est peu de chose,

Et le nom fait tout!"

Lord Byron's voyage to the Sandwich Islands, to carry home the bodies of the late king and queen of those realms, is out. It is a dull book; feebly written; and conveying very little new or interesting information; and printed most extra extravagantly—it has a margin broad enough to be a winding sheet.

The people of the islands seem to have been highly grateful for the attention shewn to their late sovereign; and perfectly satisfied as to the manner of his death. There are also some notices of the conduct of Mr. Starbuck, the master of the ship that brought the king and his party to England; who seems to have been a very incomprehensible sort of personage.

The late high winds have done considerable mischief in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Chimney-pots and the houses they belonged to, in several cases, dissolved partnership without any notice in the Gazette; and ladies, by a process far more summary than that of the Ecclesiastical Court, were in many instances divorced from their cloaks, and gentlemen from their umbrellas. Only on Thursday night last, a gentleman walked into the watch-house beyond Waterloo-bridge, and said—"Here is a hat that I have found blowing about the road." And as he was turning round to go out, a watchman came in, saying—"Here is a gentleman I have found blowing about the road, that I dare say it belongs to."

I am glad to find, by the proceedings of a Common Council, held on the 15th instant, that Mr. Alderman Venables has given notice of a motion, for "considering the state of the nightly watch in the city." This is an inquiry which has very long been wanted; because, if we are to have the institution of a "street police," it is fit that we should have the advantage of its operation, in one part of the town as well as in another; and it so happens now, that, in one of the very greatest thoroughfares in town—the ward of Fleet-street—we have practically, after ten o'clock at night, no "street police" at all. While the law in other parts of the town is strictly enforced, which obliges publicans to shut their doors at eleven o'clock, and stop their trade, almost every public-house in the ward of Fleet-street is allowed to be turned into a common gin-shop; into and out of which all kinds of disorderly and infamous characters are passing and re-passing, until two or three o'clock in the morning. It will hardly be credited by persons not resident on the spot, that, from the hour when the theatres break up at night until two or three o'clock in the morning, Fleet-street is paraded by gangs of pick-pockets, mixed up in parties with the lowest description of prostitutes, to such a degree as, before twelve o'clock, renders it wholly impassable to decent persons: with all which riot and violation of law, the police of the city never seems at all to interfere. Now without going into any abstract question as to the possibility, or policy, of removing particular nuisances, it would be feasible, I think, to confine them within some moderate bounds; and there does seem to be no very good reason, why one part of the streets of London should, at a particular time of the twenty-four hours, be especially delivered over to the sovereignty of thieves and vagabonds, any more than another! Why it should be impossible (particularly) for a man resident in Ludgate-hill, or in Bridge-street, to walk from Temple-bar after eleven at night with his wife or daughter, without subjecting them to offences too gross and horrible to be described? I rather hope that there is some mistake in the opinion, that this disgraceful state of Fleet-street ward, has been suffered to continue by those authorities who should have put it down, from a tenderness (founded upon electioneering views or expectations) for the interests of the several publicans who profit by it. Independent of the monstrous corruption and injustice of giving any particular set of traders an exemption from restrictions imposed upon others, carrying on the same business, it is too much—exerting

ourselves, as we are every day, to put down the suburb fairs—prosecuting chandlers and butchers for selling goods on the sabbath, &c. &c.—to tolerate such a nuisance of immorality and disorder, for the advantage of any men. The evil, as it exists, can neither be doubted nor denied, by any man who will walk from St. Clement's church to Fleet-market, between half past eleven at night and two in the morning. It proceeds from no causes that are questionable, or difficult to be got rid of; and the inhabitants of the city will owe a service to Mr. Alderman Venables, if he succeeds in removing it.

REFORMS IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY.—I observed, in the beginning of my letter, that the Master of the Rolls had brought in his Bill, for reforming the practice of the Courts of Chancery. But the person from whom, I think, the best practical hint for the amendment of these courts has proceeded, is the Vice-Chancellor himself. On the 27th of February, in the course of a sharp dispute, upon the propriety of letting cases "stand over," whenever it did not suit the convenience of counsel to be present to argue them—His Honour having, very properly, expressed his determination to strike entirely out of the paper all such causes in future—the following dialogue is reported (by the *Globe*) to have taken place between the Judge and Mr. Sugden, who has lately been made a King's Counsel:—

"Mr. Sugden observed, that, if his Honour was determined to persevere in this new rule, it *would be better that he should have a bar of his own*, which he (Mr. Sugden) was of opinion, however, that there would be some *difficulty* in forming.

"His Honour (looking over the numerous assemblage of barristers behind the bar) intimated to Mr. Sugden *his* opinion, that *there would be no difficulty at all* in forming a bar to carry on the business of this Court."

His Honour, here, has spoken out "the right." A great part of the delay and mischief, which occur in the Court of Chancery, arises from the habit of crowding a few particular barristers with three times as much business as they can attend to; while younger men—just as competent, and of necessity far more able, as well as inclined to be active—are starving. The result is, that, while a man is capable of exertion, he is compelled to sit still as a junior counsel, and see business slovened over, or neglected, by other people—merely because they are older than himself. If he is fortunate, in time he changes his position; and, in his turn, neglects, or slovens over business, while younger people sit still and look at him.

The theatres have not done much lately that has been interesting. An alteration of Shirley's comedy of *The Gamesters* has been acted at Covent Garden, but without much success. These new versions of old plays—unless where the piece happens to have been peculiarly *dramatic*—seldom do good. Our writers of Shirley's day depended upon other matters than "stage effect" for the success of their dramas; and upon points of strength, three times in four, which we are not now permitted to resort to. The picture—as it was painted—is a glorious work, though objectionable; but, when we have struck out half the incidents, and washed off two-thirds of the colouring, the impression, upon the operator's own mind, may still be vivid; but to the spectator who sees it for the first time, there is not much value in what remains. In Paris, two pieces of considerable popularity have been brought out: one, from Sir Walter Scott's novel of Quentin Durward, called "St. Louis at Peyronne;" and the other, "*La Chatte Métamorphosée en Femme*." The last is a sort of fairy tale, in which Mlle. Jenny

Vertprée plays the part of the *femme-chatte*; and electrifies the Parisians almost as much as Mazurier did in the man-monkey.

The King, it appears, has left Brighton—and, I take it, for ever. Nothing but his Majesty's ignorance of the real present state of that ultra resort of cockneyism could ever have induced him, six weeks since, to go there. Brighton has got up—under the patronage of “fashion”—sufficiently now—independent of fashion—to live. The convenient distance from town; the excellence of the roads; and the great perfection of the conveyance organised; must—particularly while the extent and population of London goes on, as it does, increasing—insure its safety. Great numbers of persons in business, now keep houses in Brighton all the year round; and, by merely rising at any day at six in the morning, are in town time enough to transact business upon 'Change at twelve. This could not be managed, if the distance were only twelve miles farther, or the coaches one mile in the hour slower; and besides—the great work is done—the place is built, and frequented, and ready. Still, the King, I suspect, has seen his last of it; and how—with such a residence as Windsor at his disposal—he could be expected to endure a smoke and confinement, equal to that of Holborn, or Red Lion Square; with cake-house company, crowded, and vulgar affectation, worse than that of the Star and Garter at Richmond, or Hampton Court, on a Sunday; it is difficult almost to imagine! For myself, I think it, incomparably, the most detestable sojourn in all England. But this is only the necessary result of the popularity which it has enjoyed. If the mountains of Wales could become “fashionable,” in ten years they would be just as filthy.

A new Diorama, said to be of extraordinary merit, is exhibiting now in Paris. The subject is a view of Edinburgh; and the artist has chosen the night of the great fire (which occurred two years since) for the moment of his design; exhibiting, at once, a bright moonlight sky, with the red glare of two hundred burning houses flashing against it. The management of these very difficult mixed lights; with the breaking out of the flame occasionally in new parts of the picture, and the rolling of the thick columns of smoke, mixed with sparkles and flakes of fire, over the city, are said to form one of the happiest effects that have yet been produced in this very beautiful style of exhibition.

Speaking of “burning,” I notice that the Protestant students of Trinity College, Dublin, have burned Mr. Plunkett, the Irish Attorney General, in effigy, for supporting the claims of the Catholics. Really a man who is compelled to live in Ireland has rather a difficult game to play, just now! the Catholics would have burned the honourable and learned gentleman—perhaps not in effigy—if he had voted against them.

The French *Globe*, of the 1st of March, gives a curious account of an experiment lately made upon M. Vallance's new plan for air carriage;—to exemplify which, I believe I mentioned two or three months ago, Mr. V. has constructed a tunnel, or cylinder, upon a small scale at Brighton. It appears that this model—if I may so call it—of the thing to be done, consists of a cylinder, twenty-seven feet in circumference, and two hundred feet long; from one end to the other of which, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Holland, and a French gentleman of the name of Flahaut, were carried, by the operation of Mr. Vallance's principle, upon a sort of car, with wheels, but at the rate only of six miles an hour. The relator observes, that the principle was far from having fair play; inasmuch as

that the cylinder is constructed only of wood, covered with canvass (which would be more pervious to the outward air than brick); and that the exhaustion was extremely incomplete—the barometer being affected only very slightly. But this result is precisely that which one would look for: it will never be possible to accomplish the exhaustion in a *sufficient* degree; but *six* miles an hour, is very far short, indeed, of a *hundred*. One part, however, of Mr. Vallance's scheme is rational and well imagined. He proposes to come to London, and make an experiment, by constructing a cylinder from London to Blackwall, with a view to carrying the heavy goods, which are at present brought in waggons from the East and West-India Docks. A work like this would come, in the way of expense, within reasonable compass; and, as regards the carriage of goods, the plan would seem to be free from many difficulties which would attach to it in the carrying of human beings. The transit, too, is so constant, that, if Mr. Vallance's plan succeeded, there could be no doubt of his getting immediate remuneration.

The same paper contains a curious illustration of the uncertainty of medical knowledge, in a paper read, or sent, by Dr. Magendie to the Académie des Sciences. The subject is the exhibition of the concentrated preparation of bark, the sulphate of quinine; of which the doses given, a little while back, in cases of ague and intermittent fever, were twenty-four grains. Dr. Magendie finds, now, that exactly the same effect is produced by the administering of *two* grains. This is odd! But—as the French say, whenever there is a monstrous discrepancy between their statement and yours—*c'est égal*.

There is no science, perhaps, that leads its votaries into so many jack-a-lantern scrapes, and blunders, as “political economy.” It hardly ever happens that two men, even who fancy themselves on the same side, discuss it, without presently finding that—by a discipline as happy as that of the allies in King John—

“From north to south,”

like Austria and France, they

“Shoot in each other's mouth!”

In fact, the whole system of letting loose these “fixed principles” or abstract free action, in a state of society, in which all original principle, of freedom of action, has long been sacrificed and abandoned, in favour of vested interests, is as impracticable as it would be to talk of manœuvring a regiment of cavalry upon ground intersected at every ten yards by walls and ditches; or of riding a steeple-chace, in the month of August, across the counties of Buckingham or Bedford, without ruining the inhabitants, because it so happens that we could perform the same exploit without mischief on Dartmoor. Two discussions in the House of Commons, in the course of the last month—which arose within four days of each other—involve a curious example of the danger of these sweeping maxims; and of the tendency which a principle in political economy has—like the fabric they call a “shot” silk—to change its appearance entirely, as we change the position in which we happen to look at it. Mr. Secretary Peel, on one evening, in a conversation with the honourable member for Montrose, upon the propriety of receiving certain petitions from labouring mechanics who desired to have a tax upon machinery, laid down a principle—as to the force of which no economist will endure even to hear a doubt—“that the

true course for securing the wealth and prosperity of every country, was to give all possible encouragement, not merely to the invention of machinery, but to every exertion—no matter in what shape—of the ingenuity of its inhabitants." Now, in its full extent, and taken practically, I doubt the truth of this principle very much. I think if a man could, to-morrow, by his "ingenuity," discover the secret, in England, of *making gold*, we should find that we had no choice left, but—against law, and humanity, and political economy—to assassinate him. And, to apply this principle only to the case of the invention of machinery! Suppose that I could invent to-morrow such engines for use in the cotton trade, the woollen trade, or the iron trade; as should effect the production of goods, in those trades, with half the quantity of human labour now employed, and, at a reduction, as to price, say of twenty per cent. upon their present cost—what other operation would this "invention" have upon the wealth and happiness of England, than to add four millions more of starving paupers to the million, or million and a half, that we have without work, or much chance of work, already? It will hardly do, in answer to this *certain* evil, to tell me of a *possible* good:—to wit, that our lower cost of production, allowing us to undersell other people, will give us the custom of all foreign nations; because, in the first place—let us assume this to happen after we have already the custom of these foreign nations;—not to speak of our free principle, which allows the *exportation* of these very same machines to foreign nations, in order that they may be enabled to produce for themselves. But the most extraordinary answer to this proposition is given by a Minister in person—it appears in Mr. Wilmot Horton's speech upon the Emigration question, delivered only a night or two before or after this declaration by Mr. Peel. By way of shewing—for he is a political economist too—the absolute necessity of emigration, to relieve the distress of Ireland, Mr. Horton refers to evidence shewing the state of that country, and quotes a respectable authority upon the state of labour there, substantially to the following effect.—"Low as the rate of wages given to labourers is, in Ireland, to perform any given piece of work there costs at least as much as it would in England." And the cause of this expense is, "that the tools and machines with which men work in that country are so unimproved as, compared with ours at home, that it takes a greater quantity of time and labour, to perform the same amount of task." Then, what says Mr. Horton, inferring from this fact?—Not that the exertion of improvement, or ingenuity, will remedy that state of things, and give Ireland "wealth and happiness;" but that improvement will have the *very contrary effect*. He says—"Here is a state of things in which emigration *alone* can help us; for, to make the least *improvement* in the rude engines and machines with which the people of Ireland work, would only be to *add to the misery of the country*, by making a less quantity of human labour requisite in it than it now finds room for, and consequently increasing the extent of its unemployed and starving population." Now I am quite convinced that we cannot, by any legislative enactment, check the use of machinery: but it is impossible for me to believe, looking at the various relations of civilized society—that the mass of people in any country are always necessarily benefited, by any event or arrangement which makes their labour capable of being dispensed with.

THE ASSIGNATION

A BALLAD.

WITH hound and horn, and huntsman's call,
They chase the fallow deer;—
And thou, the noblest of them all,
Why dost thou loiter here?

Thou canst not deem within her bower
Thine own true love to see:
Dost thou not know at matin hour
I ne'er can come to thee?

My sister's voice is on the stair,
All in her maiden glee;
My mother's flitting every where,
And calling still on me.

My father's by the southern wall,
Pruning the old vine-tree;
My brother's playing in the hall,—
And all are wanting me.

Then off, and mount thy gallant steed,
To hunt the fallow deer;
Off, off! and join the chase with speed,
Nor loiter longer here.

At eventide my mother sits,
Her knitting on her knee;
And wakes by starts, and dreams by fits,—
But never dreams of me.

At eventide my sister fair
Steals to the great oak tree;
I may not tell who meets her there,—
But nought want they of me.

At eventide beside the bowl,
With some old comrade free,
My father many a song doth troll,—
But never thinks of me.

Off, then, with hound and echoing horn,
To chase the fallow deer!
Nor deem again, at peep of morn,
To meet thy true love here!

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Travels in Mesopotamia, by J. S. Buckingham; 1827.—This new volume is decisive of Mr. Buckingham's qualifications. His pretensions must, in this case, be undivided. He was unaccompanied by any European, and therefore can have plundered no European fellow-traveller's collections; and of fleecing any oriental's, he will not, we suppose, be suspected. Mr. Buckingham comes before the public now not only unimpeached with respect to the present journey, but cleared of all former suspicions, by the open or implied confessions of his calumniators. He has successfully swept away all unworthy suspicions; and we venture to say, the volume before us—affording as it does ample proofs of industry and research, of observance abroad and diligence at home, of sound sense and cultivated intellect, with no ordinary powers of description—will, at the same time, be welcomed with all the confidence for which his expurgation has paved the way.

This third volume describes his journey from Aleppo to Bagdad, by the way of Beer, Orfah (the ancient Edessa, and traditionally the still more ancient Ur of the Chaldees), Mardin, and Mousul—along the northern and eastern frontiers, that is, of Mesopotamia—understanding by Mesopotamia the territories lying between the Euphrates and the Tigris. This is not the customary route of the caravans to Bagdad, but—what is better for the curious, for those who like to know what is in this world of ours—it is one, which conducts the traveller through all the principal assemblages of people in these regions—crossing also plains of considerable extent, occupied by tribes of Arabs and Turcomans, friendly or hostile to each other, some more stationary than others, but all of a roaming description, and more or less unsafe to encounter; and besides—what is even of more permanent interest,—presenting the vestiges of ruined cities and empires—Roman, Grecian, Assyrian, upward to the deluge—scenes, too, that have seldom been visited by Europeans, and still seldomer described.

These are not regions that offer attractions to the tourist. A man must have some strong compelling motive to urge him over arid plains and sun-burnt wastes—utterly destitute of shade, and often even of water; subject to exactions from every person in power, superior or subaltern, and to plunderings from the flying squadrons of lawless hordes—exposed, moreover, to insult, and mockery, and degradations from the hard and bigotted religionists, impatient of the Christian creed, and intolerant of European customs. These are hazards which, of course, the *dilettante* traveller will not incur. The missionary, if he visit similar scenes, is intent upon other objects; and the man of business has no eyes for one-half of the objects, that we, who sit snugly at home, and, content with reading

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about dangers, instead of encountering them, desire to know something about. We wish to be enabled to compare the state of things now, with the state of things formerly, with the state we read they were in two or three thousand years ago—to correct or confirm our old conceptions—to estimate the value of the advance, or the causes of retrogression;—we wish to be furnished with facts, not merely relative to buildings and numbers, but to domestic habits and public institutions—to prevailing opinions and modes of thinking—to principles, prejudices—whatever will put us in possession of the actual condition of society. These are the things that present materials—the best materials—for comprehensive conceptions of human nature—that enlarge our views and extend our grasp—and ultimately bid us be content with our own lot, or teach us how to mend it.

In furtherance of these purposes, Mr. Buckingham has done every thing, that the circumstances of his journey, and his short intercourse of three months, would allow. He has the traveller's qualifications in abundant measure. He was no stranger in the east. He had besides collected and compared all authentic accounts of the countries he was going to visit; and was thus in possession of the useful from the days and books of Xenophon, Diodorus, and Strabo—not neglecting the careful researches of D'Anville, and Rennel, and Gibbon—nor the accounts of travellers, from the old Spanish Jew, who traversed the country in the twelfth century, down to Niebuhr, who visited some parts of it sixty or seventy years ago—the last of any eminence. Yet the information thus collectively obtained was, he found, scanty and imperfect, leaving ample space for new observers. Mr. B. also had superior facilities for surveying the country. For the greater part of the journey, he travelled with a caravan of considerable strength—of course moving slowly—under the protection of its chief, a wealthy merchant, returning from Mecca—thus covered with the shield of sanctity, and with all the advantages of respect and confidence from those around him, as he himself says; and with sufficient leisure and safety to enjoy, unmolested, opportunities of recording whatever appeared worthy of observation, before one series of impressions was obliterated by another train of objects and thoughts. He had besides the advantage of speaking—not the language of the country, precisely—for generally he found the Turkish more in use than the Arabic—but a language generally understood, and thus of being his own interpreter; and what, at least in his case, was no disadvantage—he had no European friend, companion, servant, or attendant of any sort; but, adopting the dress, manners, and language of the country, the whole of the way, was screened from suspicion, for the most part, by his familiarity

with the customs of the people, and from insult by the influence of his protector.

Among the more remarkable parts of the volume, are his descriptions of ancient cities, of what is believed to be Nineveh, Nisibis, Arbela, Ctesiphon, Seleucia, and Babylon; and of these, the most memorable are his researches relative to Babylon. Among the existing masses of masonry, one he conceives to be a relic of the celebrated wall, which had eluded the research of former travellers. We must bear in mind that this wall was surrounded by a deep foss, or the obliteration of it will seem perfectly incredible; the materials of the wall filled up the ditch, and all was thus left comparatively level. A pyramidal mass had been recognised by Mr. Rich, the resident English Consul at Bagdad, at the time of Mr. B's visit, as the temple of Belus. Niebuhr beheld it at a distance only, and took it for a watch-tower; but an after-perusal of Herodotus led him to conjecture it might prove to be the ruins of the temple of Belus. Mr. Buckingham examined it with great attention, and left it with an impression corresponding with Niebuhr's conjecture, and Mr. Rich's conviction. It is a pile of two hundred feet high, on a basis of about one hundred yards square, and on the top of it is a tower of fifty feet high—the very dimensions given by Herodotus, and, after him, by Strabo.

To trace Mr. Buckingham particularly along his route would be useless, and indeed, with our limits, quite impracticable. An estimate may be formed of his power of general observation by an extract or two.

With the people of the east (he remarks), religion acts as a detractive cause, and hinders the natural progress of their understanding, by corrupting it with errors in its course. In boyhood, they are sensible, acute, and rational. In manhood, they are weak, credulous, and prone to error. They see nothing in any books they read to induce them, either that the power of God to work miracles, his inclination so to do, or the necessity of their existence to convince the unbelieving, has ceased; so that they continue to believe in the occurrence of events, as miraculous as those with which the pages of the books used by them in the studies of their infancy abound. The Mahomedans, equally convinced, with their Jewish and Christian neighbours of the east (for nearly all the Asiatics are alike immersed in superstition) of the immediate superintendence of genii and guardian-spirits, as well as the influence of their prophets in heaven, say—"What! if angels could perform such wonders in the days of old, can they not now, in a similar way, protect the fish of the Lake of the Patriarch * from the operation of fire, and make them resist every process that may be tried upon them, to convert them into food?" In Protestant countries, the devout are content to believe in the miracles of the past, and look on the art of working them as having closed

* The *frayability* of the fish of this lake—the Lake of Abraham, at Orfah,—is steadily denied, by high and low, and alleged as a proof of the care the Patriarch still takes of his native city—Mr. B. had the evening before partaken of some stolen, in company with some Christians.

with the closing page of revelation. As to the grounds on which they reject a belief in their existence since that period—whether it be from any failure of power, or want of inclination—(what occasion for levity?)—in the Deity, or from the absence of a necessity for their occurrence since the commencement of the Christian era, all men are not agreed;—but certain it is that modern education teaches Europeans to measure the events and opinions of their own day, by a very different standard from that used in judging of the history of earlier times. And though, on events of a certain degree of antiquity, the indulgence of much freedom in inquiry is thought to be dangerous, yet on the affairs of our own times, and on matters more nearly affecting our business and bosoms at the present moment, it is courted and encouraged. It is thus that, with us, religion does not, as in the east, obstruct the progress of our general knowledge.—P. 105.

Speaking of Dervishes, and Fakirs, and the general hangers-on upon caravans—

The number of these men, throughout Turkey, is more considerable than any one could venture to assert, without being thought guilty of exaggeration. In every caravan, they form almost the major part, and consist of men, who, under pretence of either going to, or returning from the pilgrimage, wander from place to place, and live entirely on the liberality of the pious. These are generally strong and healthy individuals, capable of earning their living by labour, were they acquainted with any branch of art or manufacture; and are distinct from the halt, the lame, and the blind, who are always objects of charity. The former, however, by carrying about them a koran, some talismans, beads, and charms, make a more profitable business of it than those who have nothing to recommend them to the commiseration of their fellow-creatures, but their real sufferings, and absolute incapacity of remedying them. The number of unproductive beings thus preying upon the rest—who are are themselves but barely a remove beyond them, from their extreme ignorance of the improved methods of labour, and their natural aversion to activity—occasions a great mass of poverty, which nothing but the wealth that nature has bestowed upon their climate and soil, the fruits of which may be said to grow up spontaneously to their hands, could at all support. The military and the officers of the government, with a few of the merchants, more active than the rest, who extend their speculations, and move from place to place, are the only rich people in the country. These, however, invariably support a vast number of dependents, who are free from every concern, but that of eating, drinking, praying, and sleeping; so that if the higher orders of society know nothing of those refined pleasures which afford so much delight to our circles, the lower orders, from their temperate habits, their familiarity with the rich, and their freedom from the common cares of life, are certainly more at ease than ours.—P. 115.

Of the people of *Mousul*, he remarks:—

I thought I could observe a cast of countenance in them, sufficiently peculiar to mark them as a race nearly allied to, and long settled and intermixed with each other. The shape of the face is rounder than that of either Arabs or Turks, and the hair is universally black, and the eyes small, sharp, and pe-

netrating, while the complexions are like those of the south of Spain.—P. 291.

Two or three times he has occasion to speak of the Yezedis—wandering tribes of Arabs, who roam over the plains and mountains of Sinjar—in Mesopotamia—who are said to worship the devil—at least, profess the profoundest respect on the ground of his acknowledged potency, and will not tolerate any disrespectful language concerning him;—but we have not space to quote.—P. 116, 162, &c.

Through the whole volume, in short, the reader will find—in addition to the details of the journey—much to arrest his attention, and make him forget the bulk of the volume.

Voyage to the Sandwich Islands, by Captain the Right Honourable Lord Byron; 1827.—Lord Byron is not the author. The purpose for which that nobleman's name is thus paraded in the title-page, is rather unworthy of the publisher. The narrative of the voyage is drawn up from the papers of the officers and others, who accompanied Lord Byron to the Sandwich Isles. The editor is understood to be *Mrs. Maria Graham*—*Mr. Bloxham*, the Chaplain of the *Blonde*, being prevented, it is stated, by the suddenness of his departure from England, to fulfil his duty in a distant colony, from arranging his own papers, and those of his companions. What might he be about during the long voyage homeward? Though thus compiled, and no doubt carefully, from original documents, the narrative confessedly loses the benefit which the local knowledge of an eye-witness could have given it; and indeed it manifestly has not the tone of one who has seen, or can well conceive the really rude state of the people.

The narrative is preceded by a sketch of the history of the islands, from their discovery to the death of their last sovereign, in London, in 1824. We use the received phraseology; but really the application of these terms of royalty to the barbarian chief of a barbarian and naked people—and a people too not amounting, probably, altogether, in the whole eleven islands, to 300,000, is perfectly ridiculous; and England is perhaps the only country in the world where it could be done gravely.

Of the origin of these people, nothing is satisfactorily known; and no means of discovery seem to exist but in the traditions and songs of the islanders. From these, should the people ever be able to give intelligible expression to them, something may yet be learnt. Captain Cooke, it should seem, was not the first European who had appeared among them. They have a tradition—so far as it can at present be gathered from them—that a person, whom they call a priest, came and settled among them with his gods, and whose posterity still remains; and of a vessel, with white men in it, with whom this priest was able to converse. The period is not marked with much precision; but it is said to have been during

the life of Kukanaroa, or Kahoukapu, or some other unutterable name—the sixth chief previous to the arrival of Captain Cooke. About the year 1790, Tumehamohā, a chief of one of the smaller islands, rebelled against his superior lord, and in the end successfully established an undisputed dominion over the whole eleven islands, constituting what are now marked in our maps as the Sandwich Isles. He advanced the career of civilization very considerably, and at his death, after a reign of thirty years, had actually several small vessels trading to China and America. His son, Riho Riho, succeeded to the throne, and by an act of extraordinary promptitude—or fortitude, at least equal to the “*Sum Cæsar*,” secured his authority; but, with no more islands to conquer, and being eager to emulate his father's exertions and glories, he resolved, like another Peter, to visit Europe, and study the sources of her superiorities, and thus qualify himself to improve the condition of his people. The fair editor gives this bold, but unlicked barbarian, full credit for the most philosophical views—deliberate and definite purposes. She endows him with all the elevated qualities of a patriot king, is jealous of all imputations on his virtues or his abilities, and talks with the utmost gravity of the propriety of his manners, and the dignity of his demeanor, through the whole of his residence in London, whether grinning at the lions in the Tower, or the ladies at Mr. Canning's—and not a word of his Majesty, and her Majesty, my Lords the Chancellor, the Treasurer, the Admiral and the rest of the suite, being found mounted, cross-legged, on the chairs at the Adelphi—decorously, and as becometh the lords of the earth, riding a cock-horse.

The voyage, as every body knows, was undertaken for the purpose of conveying the bodies of the King and Queen home. It was signally successful, and uneventful—the vessel only touching at Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, Callao, and Gallipagos, in its course. At Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands, and the seat of the government, they found the regent Karaimoku, and were received by him with due honours. The royal remains were committed to the earth; the younger brother—quite a boy—of the buried sovereign, who, on the report of His Majesty's death, had been named King, was confirmed in his appointment, in a full assembly of the chiefs, and Karaimoku continued in the regency—Lord Byron attending the important assembly, and giving his sanction to the whole proceedings. As soon as these matters were satisfactorily adjusted, my Lord Byron was asked if the King of England—who it seems is lord-paramount of the islands—approved of the settling of the American mission in the islands? To which question it was discreetly replied, that so long as the mission did not interfere with political or commercial concerns, but confined themselves to their sacred duties, the King of England could have no possible objection. The chief missionary

was present, and openly disclaimed all concern with temporal matters. The missionaries, however, were manifestly very influential persons—the chief of them was acting plainly as secretary to the regent.

The mission has now been established some time, and the greater part of the people have already professed, or will soon profess, the Christian religion. Tamehameha was, as we have seen, the great reformer of the islands. To check the power of the priests, he himself assumed the office, and contemplated the adoption of Christianity, but died before his purpose was ripe. One of the first acts of his successor, was to renounce idolatry, and the idols were all quickly consigned to the flames; Taboo was broken up; and the interdictions, which forbade women to eat with men, removed. The women, as usual, were most forward and zealous in the work of conversion. The act of Kapiolani is of a high character, and worth recording.

Kapiolani, a female chief, of the highest rank, had recently embraced Christianity; and, desirous of propagating it, and of undeceiving the natives as to their false gods, she resolved to climb the mountain (a volcanic mountain, with a burning crater of prodigious extent) descend into the crater, and by thus braving the volcanic deities in their very homes (the prevailing belief was, that the gods of the islands resided in these fires) convince the inhabitants of the islands that God is God alone, and that the false subordinate deities existed only in the fancies of their weak adorers. Thus determined, and accompanied by a missionary, she, with part of her family and a number of followers, ascended Peli (the mountain); at the edge of the first precipice that bounds the sunken plain, many of her followers and companions lost courage, and turned back; at the second, the rest earnestly entreated her to desist from her dangerous enterprise, and forbear to tempt the powerful gods of the fires. But she proceeded, and on the very verge of the crater, caused the hut we were now sheltered in to be constructed for herself and people. Here she was assailed anew by their entreaties to return home, and their assurances, that if she persisted in violating the houses of the goddess, she would draw down on herself and those with her certain destruction! "I will descend into the crater," said she, "and if I do not return safe, then continue to worship Peli; but if I come back unhurt, you must learn to adore the God who created Peli." She accordingly went down the steep and difficult side of the crater, accompanied by a missionary, and by some, whom love or duty induced to follow her. Arrived at the bottom, she pushed a stick into the liquid lava, and stirred the ashes of the burning lake. The charm of superstition was at that moment broken. These, who had expected to see the goddess, armed with flame and sulphureous smoke, burst forth and destroy the daring heroine, who thus braved her in her very sanctuary, were awestruck when they saw the fire remain innocuous, and the flames roll harmless, as though none were present. They acknowledged the greatness of the God of Kapiolani; and from that time few indeed have been the offerings, and little the reverence, offered to the fires of Peli.

Lilliah, the wife of Boki, both of whom were in England, has of course adopted the profession of Christianity. On nearing the islands, the Blonde came up with some fishing vessels:—

Though we found that, in her youth, Lilliah had been accounted one of the best swimmers of the island, and was particularly dexterous in launching her float-board through the heaviest surf, yet now her sense of modesty, awakened by her residence in a civilized country, induced her to withdraw into her cabin at the sight of her almost naked countrymen. And let us observe (proceeds the narrative very happily), that besides what may be attributed to the native modesty of the sex, which no sooner perceives decorum than it adopts it, the gentle and docile character of the whole race of those islanders was agreeably displayed by our fellow-passengers. In dress, occupations, and amusements, they endeavoured to conform to our habits, and that in the manner of a rational imitation, and not bearing any mark of savage mimicry; unless indeed we accuse them, in the case of Kuana, the Treasurer, who, being by nature somewhat of a dandy, had acquired a habit of pulling up the corners of his shirt-collar; so that his countrymen, who are quick observers, and make great use of gesture in speaking, soon learned to designate him by mimicking that action.

Lilliah, the lady of whom we were speaking, endeavoured immediately to introduce dress among her female friends; and at first they were delighted with the black silk robes she brought them; but they were soon found all stripped, and at ease again. She herself still retained her dress; her feelings of shame, as was observed, had been awakened by her long residence among Europeans, and were not, when the Blonde left, yet lulled again. The young King's sister, who has, almost from her birth, been attended by the missionaries, refuses to appear, but in full dress.

Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, by Dugald Stewart. Vol. III.; 1827.—Of Mr. Stewart's ponderous quartos, it never was an easy task to furnish an abstract—not that a few words might not fully embrace the leading purposes of any of them, and even the pith of the main discussions—and especially may this be said of the volume before us; but many of even our thrifty pages would be required to give the reader a tolerable conception of the multitude of topics touched upon, referred, deferred, resumed, and referred again, together with quotations, hints, recollections, criticisms, that are sprinkled over every page, in large type and in small, and in smaller still—to some persons perhaps refreshing the dryness, and fertilizing the barrenness; but to others, ourselves included, incumbering the ground, and retarding, sometimes frivolously and vexatiously, our arrival at the facts, on which he builds his—not always important—conclusions, and claims, a little too dogmatically, too much *ex-cathedra*, the assent of disciples rather than readers.

We have considerable respect for Mr. Stewart; but really his demands, when he does come forth with a quarto, are somewhat too exacting. He writes a great deal too much like a gentleman at ease, perfectly disengaged, and expecting his readers to be fully as much at leisure as himself. His are illustrated works; and, as it is with other illustrated works, the ornaments are more attractive than the matter, and as often usurp or distract the attention as they inform or direct it. It is agreeable enough, often very agreeable, in an idle hour, to be thus reminded of persons and opinions long gone by—of opinions too, in their author's own phraseology, and to which, otherwise, in this short life of ours, we should have little chance of ever voluntarily recurring again; but these are not what the student wants—the maximum of knowledge—real, substantial knowledge—in the minimum of space—he himself caring little from what quarter that knowledge comes; while Mr. Stewart piques himself upon scrupulously observing the principle of literary justice, and would, if he could, trace and record the most obvious maxims, significant or insignificant, of science or morals, to the far-off originator.

Mr. Stewart's object, those who are acquainted with his former volumes will remember—or, if they have forgotten, they may very well be excused—was a review of our "Intellectual Powers," according to a separation and analysis of his own. This review the present volume completes—not that he is confident he has exhausted them, and indeed on the principle of his divisions, there really could be no ground for such confidence,—that principle consistently leading interminably to scores of other powers. Some might reasonably doubt, whether there be any grounds for making any such insulations as he has made; but he has no doubt at all upon that point, and assumes the foundation of his analysis to be indisputable—incontrovertible. Taking him then as we find him, the volume before us closes the list of powers or faculties discussed in his former volumes, with an examination of what he terms auxiliary faculties and principles—these are LANGUAGE and IMITATION. This examination exhausting the list of intellectual powers, supreme and subordinate, he proceeds to consider some varieties of intellectual character, resulting from different combinations of these same faculties before defined; and concludes the whole mass of his subject with a brief comparison between the faculties of man, and those of animals. At the end of the volume follows a reprint of all the information he had before published relative to Mitchell, the blind, deaf, and dumb boy, to which are added the latest accounts he had received of him.

These are the general contents, and we can only glance at particulars. The faculty of LANGUAGE is the first topic, occupying—with all that seemed more or less to concern the subject—150 pages. Language is either

natural or artificial. The natural consists of expressions of countenance, gestures of body, and tones of voice. The interpretation of this language has been commonly attributed—particularly by Priestley, and men of his school—to experience solely. Mr. Stewart ascribes it mainly to an instinctive intelligence, and he is neither without facts nor reasons for his opinion. The establishment of artificial language must be the effect of convention; and convention implies a previous understanding, and whence can come that understanding, but from an instinctive perception of natural signs?—Then follows the origin and history of language—which amounts to nothing more than a few remarks, of no weight or even propriety, relative to Adam Smith's and Horne Tooke's speculations—with the information, that Smith has made a mistake or two, and that Tooke was a better grammarian than philosopher.

Language, considered as an instrument of thought, comes next; but this topic, somewhat strangely, had been anticipated by Mr. Stewart, and he now therefore only refers to several passages dispersed over his former volumes, hither and thither. He drops, however, upon Michaelis's Essay on the Influence of Opinion on Language, and of Language on Opinion. The illustrations furnished by Michaelis, he finds are confined to the abuse of words in the science of botany, &c., a circumstance which Mr. Stewart is at first disposed to regret, but presently consoles himself with the recollection that the effects on discussions upon mental phenomena must be analogous, and of course will be more or less observable by every reader. He himself, on this point, also, specifically, in other places, has scattered divers remarks; and he once thought, it seems, of bringing them now all together, but he contents himself, and we are thankful, with one long self-quotation on the perils of metaphor.

In the rear of these chapters follow sundry miscellaneous considerations—one relative to the practicability of tracing the origin and migration of nations by the aid of etymology. The more languages are understood, and the greater the number too, the more resemblances—affinities—are discovered, and affinities have already been exhibited to a "miraculous, or next to a miraculous extent," by Adelung and some of his successors; and Mr. Stewart knows not what may be done by-and-by, by following up the growing scent from nation to nation, and tribe to tribe—coupling this profession of ignorance, in his way, with a warning, nevertheless, against aiming at what is beyond the comprehension of our limited faculties. But how are we to know where these limits are till we try?

Another of the miscellaneous discussions, relative to language, concerns the original imposition of names on surrounding objects. This, it has been supposed, was determined by the qualities of these objects. As usual with Mr. Stewart, this opinion seems not altogether unfounded, but still little progress

has been made in establishing the point; and he himself has nothing whatever to add.

The whole question of language is at last brought to a close with a subject not at all coming within the legitimate limits of Mr. S.'s inquiries; but as the dissertation was written, as it must be somewhere inserted, and as no better place presented itself, why should it not be thrust in here?—That subject is the *Origin of Sanscrit*. The discussion is, in our opinion, not merely irrelevant, but unsound; it is, however, evidently a favourite with Mr. S., and, so careful and circumspect as he usually is, he is entitled to some indulgence, if he chooses for once to "break bounds." But we must have a word or two with him upon it.

The Sanscrit was long ago said to be very like the Greek. This was first started by Halhed, Jones, and Wilkins. They were surprised at some resemblances. The Sanscrit has a middle voice, so has the Greek. It has the *alpha privativum*, so has the Greek—aye, and great numbers of words, which, with some twisting, are very like, and some few, with no twisting at all, are quite like the Greek. Then again, the prosody—what? Why Sir William Jones said, "almost (he did qualify here, which was not at all in his way) all the measures of the Greeks may be found in it; and what was (he added), remarkable, the language runs very naturally into sapphics, alcaics, and iambics." Now those who know any thing about these Greek measures, well know that even Greek does not run easily into them; Sir W. Jones himself well knew—nobody better—that this facility, attained by whom it will, is the laborious result of close and servile imitation, and long and harassing practice. And who, we ask, has tried the Sanscrit? Not Sir W. Jones himself; and no one to our knowledge—though Sanscrit is better known in our days than in his—has ever been adventurous enough to make the same remark since. Mr. Stewart, however, relies still more on the extravagant statement of David Brown, Provost of Fort William,—to hear whose account, we must suppose the two languages are really one—only written perhaps in a different character.

But taking these things for gospel at present, how can the fact be explained? Had they a common origin—or did one steal from the other—and if so, which was the thief? We must turn, with Mr. S., to the authority of history. Did not Alexander invade India? Did not his successors found the kingdom of Bactria; and did not that kingdom last for two centuries? and must not the intercourse of that handful of people, hovering on the north-west corner of India, have been perpetual and spreading over the whole continent of India;—and of course, the whole continent of India, unable to retain its own language, be compelled to mould their own by that of the *parvenus* in the north, if they did not voluntarily and wholly adopt it? Mr. S. does not say all this. No; he says, the Sanscrit was the learned language of the country;

that is, it was only the language of the priests, and of the priests only. He does not pretend the language was ever general, or any way common to the people and priests. Then is it less likely, say we, to be borrowed of the Greeks.—There were priests before Alexander. Oh, but they wanted a language to talk in among themselves, unintelligible to the people. Had they no such language, then, before?—But how did these priests set about the invention? Why, they took the current language of the country, and gave it the inflexions, both of verbs and nouns, used by the Bactrian Greeks; and that not being enough to preclude detection, they smuggled in lots of Greek words, and thus effectually baffled the idiots around them. Very satisfactory! But what prompted them to invent this precious language at all? The opportunity of a foreign language in the neighbourhood, to be sure. But, in sober reason, what, we may ask, do we actually know of the Hindoos and their language, or that of their priests, at the period in which the new language is supposed to have originated?—or how know we, that it never was any thing but the language of the priests, or how know we *when* it began? The whole speculation, in a word, is one of the most cobweb construction, and will bear no handling, rough or smooth. The truth is, the more Sanscrit is understood, the greater prove to be, not the resemblances, but the discrepancies. This is the latest opinion. But then what account will you give of the still acknowledged similitude? Nay, we are not bound ourselves to account, though we feel it our right to sift the accounts of others.

We come now to IMITATION, of which Mr. S. discourses at length, and as usual, at leisure: first, on the principle or law itself; then on our propensity to imitation; then on our power; then on some phenomena resolvable in part into this principle; and finally on the advantages resulting from this constitution of our nature. Of course, he does not speak of imitation in the popular sense; but of what must be termed instinctive—insensible imitation—the principle by which we make in childhood our first acquisitions in speech, and which, in every period of life, exercises a strong influence over our accent, mode of pronunciation, and forms of expression—and if so, we may safely venture to add, over our opinions. The effect of this spontaneous principle is visible in all our assimilations. We insensibly reflect the sorrows or the smiles of those we meet with; we gape, when others gape; and even if in solitude we conceive the expressions of emotion, the effect of the conception is visible in ourselves. The painter cannot transfer the glowing pictures of his imagination to the canvass without exhibiting in his own features the external expression of them. The same is eminently remarkable in musicians. We copy too the voice, tones, accents, &c. of our intimate acquaintance; and from the effects of this principle of our nature, in the private,

the public, the general intercourse of society, come peculiarities in families, trades, professions, and, on a larger scale, in tribes and nations.

The propensity has been often remarked, but the power by which the imitation is accomplished—Mr. S. claims to be the first philosopher, whose notice it has attracted. What is this power then? Instinctive. But what say we of the mimic? His is instinctive too. What does he do? Are his efforts merely tentative? No, says Mr. S.; generally, he succeeds at once; his correctness he ascertains, not by a mirror, but by consciousness. Effort may contribute to perfection; but an approximation at least is generally prompt; and approximation in this matter is as remarkable as complete assimilation. The effect is often instantaneous, and with scarcely any effort; the mimic knows at once, and internally, whether he succeeds or not. It is not the result of experience. Here then is something original—instinctive. But this is not a whit more surprising than what we experience in every voluntary motion. I will to move my arm, and the requisite machinery is instantly arranged, and put into motion, for the purpose. All I think of is a particular end. The means by which it is accomplished are neither combined by my reason, nor are they subject to my scrutiny. So the mimic, adds Mr. S., when he attempts to imitate the countenance of another, conceives strongly in his mind the portrait he wishes to exhibit. He thinks only of the end, and a few efforts to accomplish it conduct him, by a process which philosophy cannot explain, to the effect which he aims at.

But further; this power of imitation is intimately connected with the interpretation of natural signs. Imitate the signs of rage, and you will experience more or less of the feeling. Of course this must not be carried too far. Nobody, it seems, must suppose that by copying the looks of a Bacon, or of a Newton (these names are of eternal recurrence), a mimic would feel himself inspired with any portion of their philosophical sagacity.

Medical men refer different kinds of enthusiasm, convulsions, hysteric disorders, panics to this principle of imitation; many of which, however, are correctly assignable to imagination, and must not be confounded. Mesmerism, probably, and the effects produced by Whitfield and Wesley. This constitution of our nature, Mr. S., on due consideration, ventures to conclude, is "subservient to beneficent and important purposes,"—as we may with perfect safety predicate of whatever is strictly natural. It is, he conceives, of the highest importance in the education of children. Set before them good models, and they will copy them more or less, as they will bad ones. In this way is best caught whatever is graceful in utterance or gesture. With the conviction of the extensive operation of this principle, who can

hesitate upon the advantages of public education? "By what means, *but by the society of their fellows*, is it possible for youth to acquire that command over the external expressions of their capricious humours, which is to furnish them, in future life, with one of the most powerful restraints that reason can call to its assistance in mastering and subduing the passions."—The use of ventriloquism, Mr. S. inclines to refer more to imagination than to imitation. If the ventriloquist imitate the signs of distance, the imagination may be made to supply those of direction. "Suppose a ventriloquist to personate a father, in the attitude of listening from a window to the voice of his child, who is exposed to some sudden and imminent danger below. It is easy to conceive him possessed of such theatrical skill, as will transport in imagination the audience to the spot where the child is supposed to be placed, and so rivet their attention to what is passing there, as will render his imitation of its feeble and distant cries a much more imposing illusion than it would otherwise be." Suppose again, the performer to carry on an imaginary dialogue up a chimney with a chimney-sweeper in danger of suffocation. A very imperfect imitation, aided by the excited imagination, will produce an effective scene.

So much then for the two faculties of language and imitation reviewed in the volume before us. These, with the powers considered in the former volumes, make up what be termed the constituents of the human mind. These constituents exist, in different individuals, in different degrees of capacity, or intensity, and of course produce different results. Different combinations of them constitute the varieties of intellectual character. Mr. S. decides not on the question of original equality. Were these faculties originally the same, different circumstances must speedily produce different results. The superior intensity of these powers severally direct some individuals to one pursuit, and some to another. One set is employed by the metaphysician, another by the mathematician, and another by the poet. Mr. S. very carefully points out the tendencies of exclusive occupations, and suggests the usual barriers and remedies, as every body does and has done, we were going to say, from the creation of the world. But then, with respect to the sexes,—Plato says, there is no natural difference between the sexes, but in point of strength. In this opinion, says Mr. S., I have no doubt Plato is right. The intellectual and moral differences between the sexes seem to me to be entirely the result of education; using that word, in its most extensive sense, to comprehend not merely the instruction received from teachers, but the habits of mind imposed by situation, or by the physical organization of the animal frame. But *physical organization* is a very wide phrase, Mr. S., and the cause of differences, probably, with which education, in any intelli-

gible or admitted sense of the word, can have nothing to do.

One question yet remains—in what consists the difference between man and animals? Man has much that animals have, and animals have much that man has. The animal again has something which man has not, and man a good deal which animals have not. This is about all that is said by Mr. S. through sixty or seventy pages, determining scarcely any thing. Animals have the use of reason to a certain extent, but then they cannot speak; and if one individual improve, he cannot spread or communicate the improvement, &c.

The last hundred pages are filled with a disjointed account of the boy Mitchell—now indeed thirty years old—born blind, deaf, and dumb. This case has occupied much of Mr. S.'s attention. The taste and smell were the only channels by which intelligence could be conveyed. Many of the common feelings of mankind these seemed unable to awaken, or but feebly to exercise. Mr. S. had been desirous of applying especial pains for his education, to see what could by possibility be accomplished in his defective state; but, in spite of all efforts, his purpose has been defeated.

We have already greatly exceeded our limits; but we cannot refrain from directing the reader's attention to the note C, relative to the late Dr. Brown, Mr. S.'s successor in the moral chair at Edinburgh. It exhibits no pleasant view of Mr. S.'s temper—but that is his concern. It shews too plainly he can bear no rival near the throne; and Dr. Brown had shaken his sovereignty: though gone, his works remain, and Mr. S. cannot forbear. In his opinion, then, Dr. Brown was an admirably clever, ingenious, accomplished person, but no metaphysician. He had not the requisite power of *patient thinking*; he was too confident in his own judgments; if he did not see difficulties, he did not believe they existed; he did not know how to stop when at the end of his tether; he thought, when he got to the end of his own sounding line, he had reached the bottom of the ocean; but great powers will not master any subject without great thinking, &c. &c. *Prophudor!*

A Vindication of Certain Passages in the 4th and 5th Volumes of the History of England, by Dr. Lingard.—To contribute what we can to the publicity of Dr. Lingard's defence is, in our opinion, a duty, and one which we trust every independent review in the kingdom will promptly perform. Dr. Lingard is a Catholic, and has been assailed on all sides—by high church and low church—by such as were resolved to find him wrong. The Vindication before us is a temperate and careful reply to his three principal opponents—the *Edinburgh*, Mr. Todd, and Mr. Todd's backer, the *Quarterly*. The *Edinburgh*, in an article of unusual length—after flinging out the most contemptuous phrases upon the whole perform-

ance—fastens, to prove the worthlessness of the whole, upon Dr. Lingard's account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. What, does Dr. Lingard deny the reality of the massacre? No; but he denies it to have been the result of a preconcerted plot—he represents it to have arisen from the sudden impulse of personal fears. Generally, historians speak of the plot as one that had been most elaborately concerting for a couple of years at the very least. Dr. Lingard found reason, on referring to the original authorities, and on contemplating the circumstances of the massacre, to doubt the accuracy of the usual representation; and he rests his doubts of this two-year-old plot, first upon the want of contemporary authority; and next, upon the probabilities of the case—upon admitted circumstances, which militate against the common conclusion—the King's intimacy with Coligni—the attempt on the life of Coligni two days before the massacre—and the King's visit to the bed-side of the wounded Coligni. The massacre took place, as all the world knows, on the 24th August (1572). The object was of course the destruction of the Huguenots, of whom Coligni was the acknowledged leader. On the 22d, Coligni was struck by an assassin in the streets of Paris. If the general massacre was to occur in two days, or at all, why alarm the party by the murder of their leader? Was it not the very thing to put them on their guard? But who assassinates? An agent of Catherine's, the King's mother. Why? To get rid of one, whose growing influence with her son she was jealous. He had been for some time notoriously on terms of great intimacy with the King, and had urged him to shake off his mother's yoke, and act for himself. But then, how account for the general massacre, the very extent of which implies some preparation? To prevent exposure. On the 23d, the morning after the attempt on Coligni's life, the King visited him at his bed-side—the Queen forced herself in his company; but Coligni still whispered the King, and warned him of his mother. On the morning of the 24th, witnesses were examined before the privy council. The assassin had escaped, but left behind him his horse and weapon. The horse was recognised, and the weapon proved to belong to the guards of the Duke of Anjou, the King's brother; the Queen and her son Anjou were suspected—evidence thickened—the Huguenots assembled, and two of them did all but charge the Queen to her face; and on the following morning the leaders of the party resolved to demand justice of the King in a body. Exposure seemed inevitable. No time was to be lost. The Queen and her counsellors determined on the massacre that night, the 24th. They persuaded Charles that his life was in danger from the treacheries of the Huguenots; they succeeded in alarming him—he was but about twenty—of an impetuous and excitable disposition; and he concurred. The massacres that followed in other towns of the kingdom were the result

of fanatic fervour, stimulated by what was believed to be the warrant of the court—such were the combustible feelings, from previous exasperation, it was but setting a match to the mine;—they were not contemporaneous with that of Paris. Proclamations were forthwith issued, contradictory as to the causes of the massacre, but concurring in commanding the authorities to arrest the assassins. The very want of simultaneousness in the country towns is conclusive against the general and preconceived plot.

This is but a very imperfect view of the argument; but, in our judgment, Dr. Lingard prostrates the reviewer, and makes out his case—or, at the very least, he shews good grounds for questioning the usual confident assertion of a long premeditated plot—a plot, which to believe, we must first believe that very considerable numbers, in almost every part of the kingdom, had kept the dark design close within their own bosoms for two long years; that the Huguenots—who, as an oppressed party, may be presumed to have had all their eyes about them—never got the least glimpse of it; and that Coligni—a man practised in business, in stratagems, in dangers, acquainted with the world, and knowing his enemies—was the dupe of a woman he had reason to suspect, and of a headlong boy of twenty—plotting against himself, though labouring to promote the very object of that boy's ambition—independent controul.

But the Doctor now turns from the prostrate reviewer to another opponent—Mr. Todd, who seems scandalized at the treatment which Cranmer has received at the hands of this Catholic historian. Now the fact is, that few historical characters are so assailable as Cranmer's;—his hypocrisies and retractions are so well ascertained, that none but the most resolute panegyrist would ever think of defending them. Cranmer has great merits, and justly, in the eyes of the friends of the English Church; but why are those merits to blind us to his faults? Notoriously he *temporized*, and that is what Dr. Lingard charges him with doing. He took the oath of obedience to the Pope, and protested in private. No, says Mr. Todd, he did it in the presence of many witnesses. No matter: the protest was not made to the Pope, nor meant to be made known to him, and therefore the act was *evasive*. Dr. Lingard also charges him with playing a hypocritical farce in the subject of the divorce. Immediately after his appointment to the archbishoprick, he urged the King, by letter, to permit him, for the exoneration of his conscience, and the performance of his duty to the country, to examine and determine the great cause of the divorce—though this was the very purpose for which he had been appointed. The King of course granted the request. But Mr. Todd—not questioning, be it observed, the authenticity of this letter, which is still extant—thinks every candid reader of this

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letter will believe the assertion of one of Cranmer's biographers, that the *Archbishop was shocked* at his request being granted. The fact is, that persons of particular connections and views really believe it necessary, for the safety of the Protestant Church, to maintain the immaculateness of its authors—not perceiving that, by this indulgence of their zeal, they are injuring their own credit, and deserting their duty as the moral teachers of society. Why not represent facts and persons as they really are, and trust to the native and inseparable force of truth to work its own blessed effects?

But Mr. Todd found a faithful backer in the *Quarterly*; and the reviewer himself—not liking to play nothing but second—turns his own rusty weapon—just to shew his strength and sagacity—upon Dr. Lingard, and hacks with might and main at the historian's account of Anne Boleyn. Dr. Lingard, on pretty good authority, states that Henry had intrigued with Mary Boleyn, and with Anne had anticipated his conjugal rights. The facts are these—Henry expels his own wife; sends for Anne from her father's, gives her apartments contiguous to his own, insists on his courtiers paying her the respect due to the Queen, and suffers her to interfere in matters of state, and share the distribution of favours. For three years they are under the same roof, and always together; they eat together, ride together, hunt together, go together from residence to residence; nor can the King go even to Calais without her. Add to all this, Du Bellay's Letters, which express the fact; and Henry's own, which as unequivocally imply it. Then look to Henry's temperament, and the conclusion is—inevitable. But the shock to the purity and piety of the reviewer throws him quite into a flutter, and, in his trepidation, he involves himself in the most ludicrous contradictions.

The Doctor, in short, in each case, has fought a good fight, and has given his critics a drubbing, that will at least teach them to approach him, another time, with more respect. They, however, will scarcely appear again in the field.

[We were mistaken. Since the above sketch of the controversy was written, the reviewer in the *Edinburgh* has re-appeared, and in *propria persona* too. Well, what says he now? Essentially, just what he said before. To repeat must be to confute, or the case stands pretty much where it did. The probabilities seem still to be these—that the Queen's party had often, perhaps even before the Bayonne conferences, contemplated the practicability of exterminating the Huguenots; but no definite scheme had ever been planned, much less decided upon;—that the assassination on the 22d, of Coligni, is in itself, almost conclusively a proof of the non-existence of any such plan;—that the purpose to be answered by the Admiral's destruction, was his removal from the councils of the King, and the embarrassment of the Huguenots;—and that the massacre was

finally; and suddenly determined upon, as the sole security against the exasperation of the Huguenots for the attack upon their chief.]

We have since seen a P.S. from each of the combatants. The chief point, in both, concerns the quotation from Tavaignes. Allen has now given the whole quotation, and is, beyond all farther question, right in that matter. Still the general result is very slightly, or rather not at all affected by it.

Napoleon in the Other World; a Narrative written by Himself, and found near his Tomb in the Island of St. Helena; 1827.

—Though not raised to the highest pinnacle of felicity—though not classed with the benefactors of mankind, yet Napoleon has the good fortune—good fortune, for it is not for a moment supposed to have ever been his aim—to obtain a very respectable position in the realms of bliss. His guardian-spirit quickly appears, and explains to him the condition of his being:—

Supreme justice cannot give thee the same rank it assigned to Socrates, Titus, Julian, Marcus Aurelius, Newton, Pope, Washington, Confucius, Galileo, Fenelon, and other great philosophers; for thou hast never felt even the thought of imitating them; thou hast wished to follow the tracks of Cæsar, of Alexander, Charles XII., and other ambitious madmen; it is with them thou shalt be permitted to pass the boundless period of eternity. Take courage, however; with this exception, thou shalt enjoy a happy existence; the only punishment thou shalt feel will be the endless remorse of having had it in thy power to be what no other ever became—of having had it in thy power to regenerate and ennoble mankind—while, blinded by a contemptible ambition, thou hast more than ever thrown it back into ignorance and slavery.

Napoleon expresses his sorrow and repentance:—

Napoleon (replied the spirit), the Supreme hearkens to repentance even after the death of the sinner; he calls thee not to account for the blood thou hast caused to be shed, the tears and misery of the peaceful inhabitants of the world, who have been ruined and despoiled by the ministers of thy caprices. These things all belong to the decrees of the Eternal, and it is not for feeble mortals to investigate them. I am the agent of his will: I am ordered to conduct thee to thy new abode; but that thou mayest praise for ever the clemency of the Great Being in thy favour, thou must first of all visit, under my direction, the fields of the reprobate. These would have been infallibly thy portion, if thy heart had not been often accessible to virtue, &c.

In these regions of woe, he meets and converses with the distinguished and conspicuous characters of all ages—for the greater part of them were unhappily there. The air was filled with clouds of owls of all sorts and sizes, crested with tiaras, and mitres, and caps, and crowns. One of them sweeping close by him, he caught it in his hand. This proved to be Madame de Maintenon. At the same instant, the Jesuit Le Tellier flew round, making horrible grimaces at her; and then suddenly fell, like a lump

of lead, on a pointed rock, and was dashed to pieces. "This," said Madame de Maintenon, "will be my fate in a few minutes." "But tell me," says Napoleon, "the cause of these transformations and penalties."—

All the owls (replies Madame) you see, have been more or less famous on the earth, by means of fraud and imposture. You will find amongst them almost half of the popes. There, now, is Pope Paul V; the other is Gregory IX. There is Sixtus IV.; and that is a late pope, called Pius VI. His successor ought to be there, from what I have heard. A monk of the propaganda, who has lately arrived, informs us that the present Pope, Leo XII. surpasses in imposture all his predecessors. If that be the case, he will be condemned to dash his head to pieces against the rocks, thrice every twenty-four hours, which will amount to a thousand and eighteen times a year. My royal husband is also here; the dragonings and the revocation of the edict of Nantes have obtained him this. That long and thin crowned owl is the Emperor Constantine. All the kings of Piedmont are here, and most of the emperors of the House of Austria, except Joseph II., and Leopold, who were enlightened and liberal monarchs. That other pale and thin owl, also crowned, is Henry II., King of France. The one that follows him, with a cowl in his hand, and a crown in his claws, is Charles V. The others are James II. and his ancestor, John Lackland. The ferocious Louis XI. is also here; but he has not the power of flying; he is stupidly perched in the hollow of a rock, where he is besieged, every twenty-four hours, by venomous serpents. His fate is constantly to be on the watch against their bites; but if by accident he opens his mouth, a serpent fixes on one of his teeth; and, by repeated shocks, pulls it out by force, after making him suffer the most horrible agony.* &c. &c.

The machinery of these penal worlds is of far too complicated a kind for us to attempt to describe it. It is enough to say, generally, the punishments are made to correspond with the crimes of the individuals. Our Henry VIII., with some other monarchs, as liberal of the axe, undergo decapitation once a month; and Queen Elizabeth, three times a year, for her murder of the Queen of Scots.

In the course of this agreeable tour with the invisible spirit, Napoleon is joined, first by Cipriani, whom he finds high in office—president of a circle—afterwards by Cardinal Maury, who procures, in the course of the survey, a pardon—the grounds of it are not very obvious—and gets transferred to the worlds of happiness;—and finally by Louis XVIII., whose condition is miserable enough, but who is not left without hopes of ultimately bettering it. With these companions—still guided by the guardian-spirit—Napoleon proceeds through all the complexities of the place, and encounters multitudes of acquaintance—all the more remarkable personages of the Revolution—with whom a good deal of conversation follows. All parties speak the undisguised truth; and of course, ample opportunities are thus made of shewing them up in the light most fa-

* The punishment he inflicted on the young Ar-magnacs.

yourable for the author's purposes. Generally, it may be truly said, the contrivances are clumsy, the dialogues without point, the discussions insignificant—conveying the most hacknied notions on the most hacknied topics of the times; while the several characters are treated with severity or lenity, according as they are admirers of Napoleon, or partizans of the Bourbons and the jesuits. The book will make no sensation in England, whatever it may have been calculated to do in France.

Dame Rebecca Berry. 3 vols. 12mo. 1827.

—The eventful story of Dame Rebecca is built upon tradition. The child of very humble parents, in very early infancy she is withdrawn from their protection by a sudden fancy, which their landlord, Sir Ambrose Templeton, takes to her. He, poor man, has been shamefully jilted; and, in consequence, forswears all future communion with the wicked sex, devotes himself to the study of astrology, and lives the life almost of an anchorite. After the child had been with him a year or two, and had completely won his fondest affections, he unluckily consults the stars as to her destiny, and finds it indissolubly linked with his own—he is to marry her. Shocked at the prospect of a *mesalliance* of this kind, and having no fear of God before his eyes—as it seems an astrologist, and, of course, a fatalist cannot have—he resolves, in the very teeth of science and his convictions of the infallibility of the stars, to get rid of her, and effectually so, by drowning her himself. He does the deed clumsily, and she is rescued from the water by a fisherman, who kindly takes charge of the little orphan. When about the age of fourteen, she is discovered accidentally by Sir Ambrose; his alarms revive; he again gets possession of her, and devotes her to destruction; but this time she is rescued—unknown to Sir Ambrose—by his brother. This brother, quite an old gentleman, takes a fancy to Rebecca, as she ripens into womanhood; and is actually on the point of marrying her, when Sir Ambrose appears. He had heard of his brother's intention to marry some young, unknown *protégée*, and he hastens to expostulate with him. To his horror and amazement he recognizes Rebecca again—now full grown, beautiful, accomplished, enchanting; her charms soon to strike him with admiration—he will have her himself. High words ensue between the brothers; neither will give way. Sir Ambrose claims her by the ring she wears, which had been his, and which he affirms bears a charm within it. At this declaration, he tears it from her, and throws it through the window into the Mersey—“If ever you recover it, I will marry you, but never till then.” A compromise at last takes place; she refuses both brothers, and removes to some friends of her protector. The agitation of the scene, throws the old man into a fever; he dies, and leaves Rebecca £10,000, and an estate at Stratford-le-Bow.

To escape from Sir Ambrose's renewed

importunities, she withdraws privately to some friends of the family she is with, at Bristol, where she forms an attachment for Sir John Berry, whom she marries. He, within a few short months, is killed in battle, and leaves her a splendid estate in Leicestershire. Not long after her husband's death, she, quite unexpectedly, encounters Sir Ambrose again, at a dinner. No explanations, or recognitions take place; but at table, Sir Ambrose assists Rebecca to some fish—a whole one—there was but one, by the way—which, on the cutting up, presents to her view, and his view, to the equal amazement of both, the very ring she had thrown into the Mersey! He claims her promise, and she is true to her word.

Sir Ambrose now returns to the world, and brings up his wife to town. There she is introduced at once into the brilliant and licentious circles of the court—that of the profligate Charles. Here we are introduced to Buckingham and Rochester, and have long and particular details of Rochester's pranks, during the king's displeasure against him, for some months, when he played the conjuror in the city, and astonished and alarmed the ladies of the court, by his superhuman acquaintance with all their peccadilloes. Dame Rebecca is immediately and universally an object of admiration, and Buckingham is planning to entrap her simplicity. Rochester and he contrive to perplex and plague Sir Ambrose, who quickly gets alarmed, and soon leaves the country. In crossing to the continent, he is wrecked and dies. The lady, a second time a widow, still young and beautiful—more fascinating than ever from the recent polish of higher society—the possessor of three magnificent properties, returns to England, and in due time, and on mature consideration, marries again; and lives virtuously and happily—honoured, respected, and beloved—till the year 1694, and lies buried in Stratford church; where may still be seen a tablet, with the fish and ring below the inscription.

The tale is rather unequally executed. The London scenes are, however described with considerable animation and felicity. It betrays a want of familiarity with the times, and mistakes here and there occur—some pretty broad ones. The writer will improve historically—that requiring only a little labour. The story will not class with Walter Scott's and Horace Smith's, but there are respectable positions below them, which it will be no contemptible distinction to occupy. We predict better things from another effort.

Almack's, a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. 1827.

—The great impelling principle of human nature—whether we look at society in the lump, or in portions, or in detail, is to make the most of advantages within its grasp. If a nation have power, it uses that power; if an individual have authority, he does the same; wealth must command; beauty will not throw away its charm, and accomplishments know their own value. Be these ad-

vantages what they may—birth, or station, or money, or talents, or acquirements—if they can be made available for the augmentation of power, they will be employed in augmenting that power, and they are fairly so employed. So long as a prejudice exists in favour of birth, those who possess the superiority will be desirous of retaining, or rather of extending, the privileges, which such prejudice creates. If that, or any other quality, be one which few only can possess, the distinction is the more valuable; and if it be one quite unattainable by art or industry, such as the accident of birth, or some of the exclusive graces of exclusive society, it is of higher value still, and makes the proud possessor more resolute in repelling encroachments. All attempts to place advantages of a different, but more common, and of an acquirable character, on a level with them, is naturally opposed. Thus birth and connection, which cannot be purchased, will, of course, in self-defence, resist the contact and invasion of mere wealth, which may be won by any body. The set, who figure at Almack's consist, or wish to consist, of persons of a certain degree of *éclat*—if not peremptorily of the higher families, yet certainly of those who have the superiorities resulting from intercourse with the higher society, and unattainable in any other quarter,—of those, who have made the best use of the best opportunities, which such intercourse presents,—of those, who are conspicuous for grace, or beauty, or accomplishments, or cultivated and exhibitable talents. The first principle—the binding quality of the institution—is to keep out vulgar competitors, and repress the presumption of such as are not content to rest in *proprié pelle*.

The novel before us, which has already reached a third edition, has made a considerable sensation, as the phrase is, by laying open to the public gaze, the mysteries of this institution, and exhibiting the principles on which its exclusive dominion is wielded. After all, little, indeed, was there to tell. We have had “fashionable novels” before—many of them, no doubt, written by such as had only had occasional glimpses of what was passing behind the scenes, but some, nevertheless, of acknowledged fidelity—read, relished, and approved by the parties they profess to describe, and therefore such as may be safely regarded as faithful exhibitors of scenes—not accessible, nor at all approachable, by numbers; and for that reason, the object to many of intense curiosity. This story of Almack's is pretty manifestly the production of one who mingles with those he or she portrays. If not, the matter is *bien imaginé*, and that is, the next best thing to reality. There is an ease and quietness about the thing, generally felt to be the effect and characteristic of familiarity. The whole tone of it is natural—no exclamations, or wonderments—no reprobatings, or palliations; but every thing seems to proceed from a state of feeling, quite unperturbed,—not spurning the

opinions of others, or affecting carelessness about them,—but not thinking about them: all such considerations being unawakened, from the party mixing with equals, and those of the highest class.

The scene is laid first in the country. The neighbourhood consists of a few families of rank, and some of respectability—all visiting—with one family of low origin and vulgar conceptions, but of prodigious wealth; whose great aim and ambition, at least that of the queen of the family, is to compete with the grandest. All parties look forward to the season in town; and Lady Birmingham's point is admission at Almack's. She sets skilfully and resolutely to work; she throws out her nets on all sides; spreads her cards profusely, though not at random; gives the most splendid and princely parties—and splendid parties are irresistible things, even to those who seem almost to live in them; and finally, in spite of all opposition on the part of the exclusionists, she triumphantly carries her point. The tale is of slender construction; nor is there any one scene of very remarkable felicity. The scene at the Abbey is the most so. The greater part consists of dialogue—and dialogue not distinguishable for point or vivacity. The book, however, is very far, indeed, from being unreadable. The writer possesses no little tact and ability, with a power of observation, and of communicating too, of no common occurrence.

A Table of Logarithms from 1 to 108,000, by Charles Babbage, Esq. &c. &c. &c.—There is something very ridiculous in finding that the French, who, of all the nations of the globe, are the fondest of submitting every question to analytical investigation, and of pushing their calculations to a length unwarranted by the observations on which they rest, never yet published any mathematical work in which the slightest dependance could be placed on the formulæ. Sometimes, as in the case of Lagrange's *Mécanique Analytique*, a whole series of terms disappear, the printer's devil, we suppose, having lost the copy. Then there is Legendre, demonstrating a proposition, by affirming as true the identical fact which he intends to prove. This is sheer negligence. Then again, from the appearance of the calculation in De Lambre's *Astronomy*, we have often been led to suppose that the different sheets of the manuscript had got mixed together in the hands of the printer, who was unable to rectify the confusion he had made. We need not extend the list. The same want of care is manifest in their tables as in their formulæ; and whoever has had occasion to employ the former, well knows the extreme caution with which alone they can be used. To the proverbial inaccuracy of the French tables, there is, however, a single exception in Callet's stereotyped logarithms, which, by gradual corrections during more than thirty years, have attained comparative perfection. We have nevertheless remarked that the edition of one

year for example, sometimes contained the errors which had been pointed out in the preceding one. Still, there was nothing in the rest of Europe to compare with them when the author of the work before us undertook to supply the deficiency. Of his competency to the task there cannot be two opinions; and of the singular fidelity with which it has been discharged, the work itself is an irrefragable proof. To make the numbers true to the last figure, recourse has frequently been had to original calculations; while general accuracy has been insured by independent comparisons with the best collections of logarithms extant. The work is printed on yellow paper, as being more grateful to the eye than white; but we have not space to detail the various arrangements by which the ingenious editor has facilitated the use of his work, and endeavoured to diminish at once the labour of the computer, and the sources of error to which he may be exposed; however, we state with pleasure that we never have seen a work so well adapted to the end for which it was designed.

The French Cook, by Louis Eustache Ude, late Steward to H.R.H. the Duke of York. The Eighth Edition: with two hundred Receipts. London, 1827:—The Italian Confectioner; or Complete Economy of Desserts: containing the Elements of the Art, according to the most Modern and Approved Practice, by G. A. Jarrin, Confectioner, 1827.—The French Cook!—the Italian Confectioner!—one's mouth waters at the auspicious sounds! If there be in the world a talent truly national, it is that of the French for cookery. If one art be, more than another, naturalized to the south of the Alps, it is not painting, not music, not sculpture—but confectionery! Sooth to speak, it has survived the decay of these its precursors, and, instead of retrograding with them, may now be considered as having reached its Augustan Age, in these our days.

We were very learned, a month or two ago, in a "Dissertation on Dinners;" but *our's* was merely the general prattle of the amateur scholar, which "pales its ineffectual fire" before the Porsonic condition of Ude. This finished artist—for such in his art he is—has just put forth the Eighth Edition of his work! This is even more astonishing than the enormous sale of the books of Mrs. Rundell and Dr. Kitchiner. (Alas, poor Yorick!) These were adapted to the meanest capacities, and to moderate kitchens—whereas, M. Ude comes upon us, gorgeous in all the magnificence of patrician and royal households, and laying bare before us mysteries very little short of those of alchemy. We must say, however, that he unfolds them with the lucidness of a real professor. When once he does admit the general gaze into the secrets of his laboratory, his learning is equally displayed by clear and brief explanation, as it is by the value and rarity of the thing explained.

But, though this is probably the most scientific cookery book extant, yet it is but an improved species of a genius already numerous. Cookery books—some good, some indifferent, and some very bad—we have had ever since the days of Mrs. Glasse, and probably much earlier. But a separate treatise, devoted to the art of confectionery, was yet unknown in our tongue. It was a want, indeed, of which the extent was probably never fully known till it was supplied;—for M. Jarrin's book, now we have it, we should be exceedingly sorry to part with. It will, we are very sure, not only furnish many a dainty which our palates would otherwise have never known, but it will also save the unhappy subject—whose digestion is not of the strongest—from many a heart-burn, caused by unfit ingredients, more unfitly mingled together. In the single article of *liqueurs*, M. Jarrin deserves the thanks of all lovers of good living. That we have not been guilty of mere inflation of style in calling confectionery an *art*, will be apparent from the following passage, which shews it indeed to be rather an union of many arts:—

That part of the work which regards the DECORATION OF THE TABLE, necessarily treats of the articles which compose the various ornaments used for this purpose; as *gum paste*, and the most approved mode of MODELLING flowers, animals, figures, &c.; of *colours* for confectionery, with full instructions how to prepare them; of varnishing and gilding; of MOULDING, with directions to enable every confectioner to make his own moulds; of *works in pasteboard, gold and silver papers, borders*, &c. &c.; and, to complete the whole, and render the confectioner independent of every other artist, the manner of ENGRAVING ON STEEL, and on WOOD, is fully explained.

The various arts of drawing, modelling, engraving, carving, moulding, and many other pursuits, usually considered foreign to the practice of the confectioner, have been closely studied by the author for many years; and the very numerous processes described in his work (many of which he invented) have all been employed by him with the most complete success.

This is, indeed, assuming high ground—but it is well kept throughout the volume—so well, indeed, as thoroughly to justify its assumption. We are sorry that we cannot lay a specimen before our readers; but it would truly be judging of a house by a brick, to form an opinion of a work embracing from five to six hundred receipts, by the extraction of one or two of them.

For the future, these works, we think, ought always to go together. If dinner be, as we fully admit, the most important business of the day, the couple of hours after it must rank as its most important pleasure. And where shall we find such able guides to each as Messrs. Ude and Jarrin? Truly, they deserve the gratitude of all who in any degree eat or drink (as the Baron of Bradwardine phrases it) "*quia causâ*, for the oblectation of the gullet."

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

We are happy to hear an opinion is very prevalent that the Right Honourable Robert Peel will be called to the chair of this Society, which we shall congratulate on the creditable though tardy appointment of a liberal and enlightened President. At the meeting, on January 25, a paper by Davies Gilbert, Esq., was read "on the expediency of assigning specific names to all such functions of simple elements as represent definite physical proportions, with the suggestion of a new term in mechanics: illustrated by an investigation of the machine moved by recoil; and also by some observations on the steam engine." The new term is "efficiency," which it is proposed to substitute for the word "duty," employed by Mr. Watt, which word "duty" is to be retained for a similar function indicative of the work performed.—Feb. 1. There was read an account, by Dr. Harwood, of a new genus of serpentine sea animals. This animal was taken up at sea, in latitude 62 N., longitude 51 west. From its continued endeavours apparently to gorge a species of perch of greater circumference than itself it was in a very exhausted state, and scarcely made any efforts to resist its capture. It is about four feet six inches in length, is very slender, and the tail has a filamentous termination, occupying about two inches of the entire length of the animal; this begins at the termination of the dorsal fin, which, like all the other fins, is small. The colour is a purplish black, the filamentous portion of the tail being lighter than the rest. Dr. Harwood assigns to it the generic appellation of *Ophiognathus*, with the specific name of *ampullaceus*, with the following generic character: *corpus nudum, lubricum, colubriforme, compressum, sacco amplo abdominali*.—On the 8th of February, a paper was read, entitled "an examination into the structure of the cells of the human lungs, with a view to ascertain the office they perform in respiration, by Sir E. Home, illustrated by microscopical observations, by F. Buer, Esq."

MEDICO BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The anniversary meeting of this Society was holden on Tuesday the 16th of January, 1827. Sir James M'Grigor, M.D., President, in the chair. The President addressed the Society at considerable length; and informed the meeting that their council had awarded, in which he had no doubt they would concur, the gold medal to John Frost, Esq., F.S.A., F.L.S., for his valuable communication on the *Ipecacuanha*; and the silver medal to John Peter Yozy, Esq., for his paper on the *Menyanthes trifoliata*. The ballot for the council and officers having been closed, and the lists examined, the following gentlemen were de-

clared unanimously elected:—*President*, Sir James M'Grigor, M.D., F.R.S., K.C.T.S.; *Vice-Presidents*, Wm. Thos. Brande, Esq., F.R.S., Prof. Chem. N.I.; Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., F.R.S.; Sir Alexander Crichton, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.; Major-General Sir Benj. D'Urban, K.C.B., F.R.S.; Edward Thos. Monro, M.D.; *Treasurer*, Henry Drummond, Esq., F.S.A.; *Director*, John Frost, Esq., F.S.A., F.L.S.; *Auditor of Accounts*, Wm. Newman, Esq.; *Secretary*, Rd. Morris, Esq., F.L.S.; Hon. Libr. Dr. Monro; *Prof. of Bot.*, John Frost, Esq.; *Prof. of Toxicology*, George G. Sigmoid, M.D., F.L.S.; *Conserv. of the Coll.*, John Peter Yozy, Esq.; *Council with the above*, Henry Brande, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., Peter Cosgreave, M.D.; Thos. Gibbs, Esq., F.H.S.; Thos. Jones, Esq.; Wm. Yarrell, Esq., F.L.S.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—Meeting of 18th December.—M. Aime Lemoine presented a copy of the new edition of the work of Galin, inventor of the Meloplast, requesting, in the name of the editor, that it might be referred to a commission, for which M. Prony was appointed. Dr. Deleau forwarded to the academy a work of his, printed in 1823, being a description of an instrument for re-establishing the hearing in many cases of deafness. The author remarked that this instrument is the same that was presented at the last meeting by M. Segalas, for the examination of the bladder. M. M. Audoin and Milne Edwards delivered for the archives the physiological part of their work on the circulation of the crustaceous animals. A memoir was sent on a method of throwing the light upon topographical maps. M. Gelfroy St. Hilaire read a note on the identity of two nominal species of ornithorynchus. M. Majendie was elected to the chair of medicine, vacant by the death of M. Laennec. A favourable report was made by M. M. Prony and Favier on M. M. Vernet and Gauwin's process for generating steam. M. Gironde Buzareingues was named correspondent in the section of moral economy. M. Majendie read the second part of his memoir on the liquid which is found in the skull and the dorsal spine of man and mammiferous animals: he also shewed an anatomical preparation in wax, by M. Dupont, and which perfectly represents the objects to which his researches extended. On the 26th, M. Le Noir presented a memoir on the levelling circles and the ruler for calculating, with specimens of the latter. The minister of the interior forwarded some documents collected by the prefect of the Tarn, on an aerolith, which fell in that department. M. Buntén, who has constructed some barometers of a new form, requested the academy

to examine them—referred to M. M. Gay Lussac and Arago. M. Cauchy read two mathematical memoirs. M. Martins, of Munich, was elected correspondent of botany. M. M. Thenard and Chevreul made a favourable report on two memoirs of M. M. Bussey and Lecanu, on the distillation of fat bodies and chemical experiments on the oil of palma-christi. M. Brougniart read, for his son, a memoir on the generation and development of the embryo in the phanerogamous plants. M. Seguin read a note, entitled "Extract of a Memoir on Steam Navigation.—January 3, M. Dulon was nominated vice-president for 1827. M. Brougniart, vice-president the preceding year, entered into his office as president for the year 1827. Dr. Heurteloup wrote to the academy on the subject of Dr. Segalas' instrument, for examining the human bladder. A memoir on the comparison of meteorological instruments, was delivered by M. D'Hombre Firmes. M. Gambard wrote from Marseilles, that on the 27th December, he had observed a new comet a short distance from β Herculis, having $16^{\circ} 34'$ R. A., and $21^{\circ} 27'$ N. D. A memoir was read, of M. le Baron Portal, on the seat of epilepsy, which he places in the brain. M. Labillardiere made a verbal report on a general flora of the environs of Paris, by Dr. Chevallier. An analytical memoir of M. Fournier was read; also one by M. G. St. Hilaire, on a glandular process, recently discovered in Germany, in the Ornithorynchus, situated on the flanks of the abdominal region, and falsely considered as a mammary

gland; on this subject a dispute arose, between the author and M. De Blainville. Mr. Scoresby was elected correspondent in the section of geography and navigation, in place of the late M. Loevenhoern.—8th. The approximate elements of the last comet were delivered from M. Gambard. A memoir of M. A. de St. Hilaire, was read, on the linear series of polypetalous plants, and particularly those belonging to the Brazilian flora. M. Girard commenced a memoir, entitled, "Researches on Highways, Navigable Canals, and particularly on Railways." M. Nicod read a memoir on the polypi of the urethra and the bladder.—15. M. Serailles presented a memoir on new compounds of brome, hydrobromic æther, and cyanure of brome. M. Dutrochet, a correspondent, informed the academy of some new experiments which he had instituted, and which give him reason to conclude, that the effect which is produced by two heterogeneous liquids, when separated by a thin partition permeable to water; is a phenomenon of general physics, and does not belong only, as he had at first thought, to a state of organization. M. G. St. Hilaire read the first chapter of his memoir on the sexual organ of the ornithorynchus. M. Dupont read some statistical researches on the comparative instruction and morality of different departments of France. M. Cauchy read some observations on the same subject. M. M. Audoin and Milne Edwards read the first part of their memoir, entitled "Anatomical and Physiological Researches on the Circulation of the Crustaceæ."

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Remarkable Effect of Refraction.—The most singular instance of refraction upon record is perhaps one that has recently attracted much attention in the neighbourhood of Chislehurst. During part of January and February, and as late as the 14th evening of the month of March, the planet of Jupiter—being, for some time past, in a region of the heavens where it has been unaccompanied by any conspicuous star—has been observed, between the hours of eight and ten, and when at an elevation of from eight to nearly thirty degrees, to have an undulatory or vibratory motion; describing, at one time, an arc of from about one to four degrees—appearing to start suddenly from its place towards the horizon, in a direction, sometimes perpendicular and sometimes oblique, towards the right and the left, and then to return as suddenly. The situations from which this phenomenon has been observed are nearly contiguous to each other, and are such only as enabled the planet to be seen when immediately rising above a wood in the neighbourhood, belonging to the manor of Scadbury, the property of Lord Sydney. To persons unacquainted with the phenomena of nature, this account may appear paradoxical or incredible; but the evidence on which it rests is such, that,

if it be rejected, there can hereafter be no evidence by which any other fact can be established. The concurrent, but independent testimony of respectable individuals, must surely overbalance any preconceived notions, which can be founded on little besides hypothesis; and, in this case, numerous individuals—some of the highest respectability, and equally intelligent—have simultaneously remarked the motion of the planet, though, from the singularity of the appearance, disposed to doubt even the testimony of their senses. We have not room to enter more into detail regarding the particulars of the evidence on which this fact is established; but an account of it will be given to an eminent society; and, should it not have ceased with the easterly winds, which have lately been so prevalent, we may furnish, in this Journal, some further notice on the subject.

Scientific Blunders.—The Copley medal, from the Royal Society of London, and the Lalande medal, from the Paris Institute, have been awarded to Captain Sabine, for the patience and zeal he displayed in his experimental researches upon the pendulum. A short time since it was discovered, that the value of each division of the level of the re-

penting circle, made for the occasion, by order of the Board of Longitude, to show the superiority of very small instruments of that kind, which the learned Captain had estimated at a single second, amounted, in fact, to ten seconds; so that all the results depending upon observations, made with this instrument, were vitiated throughout. The same circle was subsequently employed by Lieutenant Foster, in the northern expedition. We know not what to think of the accuracy of, or the dependence to be placed upon gentlemen, who can employ an instrument in all parts of the globe, without ascertaining its corrections, or verifying its adjustment; but we appreciate the discrimination, as highly as we estimate the judgment, of two scientific bodies, who have immortalized a series of exemplary blunders, by the well-merited distinction of an honorary medal.

Wonderful Effect of Lightning.—The following account of a miraculous effect of lightning is contained in Professor Silliman's valuable journal:—On the evening of June 3, 1826, during a heavy shower of rain, a clap of thunder burst, with a tremendous explosion, over a house in Wethersfield, Connecticut. The lightning ran down the chimney to the ceiling of the front room, where it came through, leaving a hole nearly an inch in diameter—tore off the paper and plaster from the wall—descended on a row of nails in the lathes to a picture—melted all the gilding—burned and tore one side of the frame—and, again rending its way, ran upon the nails to the fire-place, separated the breastwork from the chimney; and from thence taking a horizontal direction, attracted by an umbrella in the corner of the cupboard, a small line is to be seen, from a nail to a bolt, in an opposite closet. From the umbrella it went off at an angle, and came out over the fire-place in a lower room, in nine holes, the largest the size of a common gimblet, scorching and slightly tearing the paper. It entered at the corner of a picture, melted the gilding, blackened the frame, and, passing off at another corner, separated again into several lines, intersecting each other, until they centred in a nail in the shelf: it passed down the back of the moulding, tore away a hard cement below, threw forward a false back of brick and iron, split the floor on each side of the hearth, rent off splinters two feet in length from the under-floor in the cellar, and went east and west through a stone wall into the earth. The greatest force was exerted in the chamber-closet. The point of the umbrella was brass; and just beneath the wire which connects the whalebone, it was burnt off; and the silk, the stick, and the whalebone were nearly consumed. Several folds in some woollen carpets were burnt, leaving not a vestige for a yard in a place; a fur muff, a cloth coat, and some other articles were also much injured; a sleeve and part of the waist of the coat were destroyed—while the cotton lining, to which they were stitched, was left whole, and, ex-

cepting a small piece, was not even tender from scorching. A black sulphureous smoke arose from the spot, and filled the house. A lady was in the closet, with the door shut, and but a foot distant from the course of the lightning. The sound was dreadful, like cannon, at her ears, and the heat inexpressibly great, as if she were in the midst of flames. She spoke at first of intense light; but all consciousness of that has since passed from her mind. In this terrific and awful situation, she was preserved unhurt, came out immediately, and closed the door. It may be remarked, that she was clothed in cotton, and a roll of carpeting stood between her and the umbrella. Five boards were thrown down, and four rooms were filled with the smell of sulphur and covered with soot. The electrical fluid entered four closets adjoining the room in the lower story—ran round china cups, plates, &c.—raised and dissolved the gilding, or converted it into the purple oxide of gold—and, leaving a dark bluish path next to a nail, where it splintered the partition, escaped through the back of a door to a hinge. In a closet, without paint, it discoloured the wood three inches in width, broke four dishes, and drove out nine nails, four of them from a hinge; in a third, it left an aperture, as large as a bullet-hole, in the ceiling, split the floor three feet, and tore up four inches, about an inch wide; in a fourth, it overturned, tossed out, and broke large vials of medicines, pill-boxes, wafer-boxes, &c., drove four nails partly out of the hinges, and rent off a piece of the casement. On the top shelf lay several iron articles. It pierced the ceiling in the back room, came down in two branches, and so completely dissipated four cents, weighing about 165 grains, which lay upon a nail in the moulding, that, except a metallic stain on the lead paint of the shelf, not a trace of them remained; they appeared to have flashed away like gunpowder. In the chamber, eight feet from the chimney, it came out over the corner of a looking-glass in three places—the largest like a gimblet-hole—split the back-board of the glass into three parts, melted the gilding, and went off at an opposite corner, in one large place and nine small ones, through the wall to a window in the room beneath—splintered the casement, by a nail, into five or six small pieces—and killed a rose-bush, which was tied to a nail on the outside of the house. Opposite, and fifteen feet from the chimney, hung a piece of embroidery; three small holes are left in the wall over one corner of it; two-thirds of the top of the frame, which is of mahogany, is split up to a corner, where it appears as if the fluid ran down the back of the glass to a basket wrought with gold thread, and, blackening it, passed off at another corner, through three small places in the wall, and came out in five points, like nail-marks, in the ceiling over a looking-glass in the first story, ran all over the gilding, and went off through the wall by the nails which support the glass. The

paint in the chamber was turned of a very dark colour, with a metallic cast; the paper was red and blue; the red, excepting near the floor, has entirely disappeared. There was no lightning-rod on the house.—[Since writing the above, the chimney has been examined. A hole, an inch long, is found in the garret, four feet from the ceiling of the chamber where it came through: no crack or any other fracture is to be seen. The *rending* effects of the lighting were not more conspicuous than they often are in similar cases; but the delicate selection made of metallic articles, the manner in which they were affected, and the minuteness of the ramifications of the fluid through the apartments were very remarkable].

Scourges of Agriculture in the Isle of France.—It is well known that all the islands in which the sugar-cane is cultivated are subject to the most destructive visitation of rats, which multiply in an almost incredible degree, and attain the most extraordinary size and ferocity. Besides this scourge, the latest accounts from the Isle of France inform us, that it has been ravaged by granivorous birds, which, at the time of harvest, entirely stripped the fields of rice; and to such a height had the twocalamities increased, that the colonial government offered a reward to those who would assist in the destruction of these two species of animals. In execution of this measure, eight of the arrondissements of the island transmitted to the governor, in a single month, 830,473 rats' tails, and 930,549 heads of birds, as a proof of the destruction of 1,769,022 individuals of these two destructive races.

Level of the Ocean.—A gradual subsidence of the waters of the Baltic in particular, and perhaps of the ocean generally, has been asserted and denied by many very eminent natural philosophers. That an æstuary formerly extended nearly to Canterbury seems evident upon an attentive examination of that part of Kent; and tradition and historical documentary evidence support the hypothesis. Very many other places might likewise be pointed out, as situated on the water's edge, which are now more than ten miles distant from the sea. Mr. Robberds, who has recently published some Observations on the Eastern Vallies of Norfolk, has now been led, both from physical and historical proofs, to conclude that all the eastern vallies of Norfolk were formerly branches of a wide æstuary, and that their present rivers and lakes are the remains of that large body of water by which their surface was overspread even in times comparatively recent, a change resulting from a depression of the German Ocean itself.

Natural History.—In some of the earlier numbers of this journal for last year, we announced the discovery of some new species of Batracian animals. A new species of Siren has recently been discovered in America, by Captain Le Conte, who has denominated it "Siren Intermedia." In its colour,

it resembles the *S. Lacertina*; and in its gills, *S. Striata*.

Rural Economy.—An eminent foreign journal has stated that the result of the following experiment upon feeding cows has been entirely successful, and that animals fed in this manner have yielded the same quantity of milk in winter and in summer without its quality being deteriorated:—Take a bushel of raw potatoes, break them, and place them in an upright barrel, a layer of potatoes alternating with a layer of brau—a small quantity of yeast being introduced into the middle of the mass;—allow this to ferment during eight days, and before the vinous fermentation has ceased—but when the taste thence arising has pervaded the whole mixture—let it be given to the cows, who will eat it with avidity.

Atmospheric Phenomenon.—Mr. Atwater, an eminent American naturalist, in a paper, relating to the state of Ohio, published in Professor Silliman's Journal, has recorded the following atmospheric phenomenon. Before a storm here (Ohio), I have often noticed in an evening of the latter part of autumn, and sometimes in the winter, a phenomenon not recollected by me to have been seen on the east side of the Alleghanies: some one spot or spots near the horizon, in a cloudy night, appeared so lighted up, that the common people believed there was some great fire in the direction from which the light came. I have seen at once two or three of these luminous spots not far from each other; generally there is but one; and a storm, invariably proceeding from the same point near the horizon, succeeds in a few hours.

Disputed Inventions.—We really think Professor Leslie one of the most unfortunate beings in existence. For some time after the appearance of Dr. Brewster's Edinburgh Journal, a section of almost every number was devoted to the investigation of the learned Professor's claims to different inventions, which were uniformly adjudged to be untenable. In the Annals of Philosophy for April 1826, an account was given of an instrument for ascertaining the specific gravity of powders, recently contrived by Mr. Leslie. The Annals of Philosophy (incorporated with the Philosophical Magazine) for March 1827, contains an extract from Ferussac's Bulletin des Sciences, &c., in which it is stated that this streometer was invented, twenty-nine years ago, by a French engineer of the name of Say, who fell in Egypt; that drawings and a complete description of it are contained in the 23d vol. of the Annales de Chimie; and that it has been frequently used, and still exists in the Ecole Polytechnique. All this may be true, and the Professor be guiltless of piracy. We do not believe that a man who has so much of which to be justly proud, would endeavour to defraud another of his right. We do not think that any man possessing common sense, could have acted with the degree of weakness which his opponents ascribe

to Mr. Leslie. But we do conceive, that the notoriety to the rest of the world that some of the discoveries which he has announced as new had been previously known, is a proof that he has rediscovered them himself; and if, in some instances, he have no title to the claim of originality, he is certainly not to be branded as a pirate. We appeal to the experience of every individual who has thought upon subjects connected with the arts, whether or not innumerable ideas and inventions have not occurred to his mind, which more extensive reading or more accurate accounts have not proved to have been long reduced to practice by others. The case of the pendulum is one in point, and we could cite many similar instances. Intentional plagiarism deserves no pity; but when two men make the same discovery, if priority of invention be accorded to one, surely the other is exempt from reproach.

Physical Strength of Man.—The result of experiments with a dynamometer, instituted by Peron, in his voyage to Australia, is expressed in the following scale:—**Manual Strength.**—Inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, New Holland, Timor, France, England. The ratio between the first and last, being 5 : 7. **Strength of the Loins.**—The

order of the people is the same, but the ratio between the extremities is as 5 to 8.

Superficial Temperature of the Ocean.—A series of observations, made in the vicinity of New Holland, has led to the same conclusions as those of Marsigli, in the Mediterranean, viz. At the surface, in the morning and in the evening, the sea and the air have the same temperature. The sea is colder than the air at noon, and warmer at midnight.

Vivaciousness of Sharks.—The two following instances of tenacity of life in the shark are recorded by the French traveller M. L. de Freycinet. A fish of this species, about ten feet long, and from which the head and entrails had been removed, was left upon the deck of a vessel, apparently dead. In about ten minutes, the sailors who were preparing to wash the deck, seized the fish by the tail, to drag it forward, when the creature made such violent efforts as almost to overthrow the persons around it. In the other instance, the animal had been completely eviscerated more than two hours, but sprang up several times upon the deck, when a sailor laid hold of its tail, designing to cut it off with a knife. A hatchet was necessarily had recourse to for the operation.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Captain Andrews, who went out as a Commissioner from the Chilian Peruvian Mining Company, to engage mines in South America, has prepared a Narrative of his Journey from the Rio de la Plata, by the United Provinces, into Upper Peru; thence by the Deserts of Coranja, to the Pacific, which will shortly appear.

The Historical and Biographical Commentaries, on which the Author of the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature, has been so many years engaged, will be completed (unless other engagements imperiously interfere) some time next autumn. They will occupy three closely-printed octavo Volumes.

Mr. Colnaghi will publish, in a few days, a highly-finished engraving, by Cochran, from a beautiful portrait by Ross, of the Rt. Hon. Lady Chetwynde; being the 28th of a series of portraits of the Female Nobility.

A Print of Fishermen on the Look-out, from a picture in the possession of the Earl of Liverpool, painted by W. Collins, R.A. and engraved in the line manner by Joseph Phelps, will be published in the spring.

A Treatise on the Natural History, Physiology, and Management of the Honey Bee, by Dr. Bevan, will be published this month.

The Author of "Head Pieces and Tail

Pieces, a series of Tales, by a Travelling Artist," is preparing for publication a moral tale, in one volume, to be entitled, "A Peep at the World, or the Rule of Life."

Nearly ready, a Historical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Account of Kirkstall Abbey, illustrated with highly-finished Engravings in the line manner, by John Cousen, from drawings by Wm. Mulready, esq. R.A. and Chas. Cope.

A new work, by G. Poulet Scrope, esq. F.R. and G.S.S. on the Geology of Central France, and particularly the Volcanic Formations of Auvergne, the Velay, and Vivarais, in 4to. accompanied by an Atlas, containing numerous coloured plates, and two large maps, will be published in a few days.

The copious Greek Grammar of Dr. Philip Buttman, is nearly ready for publication; faithfully translated from the German by a distinguished scholar.

The Rev. John Bardsall is preparing for publication, an edition of a scarce and valuable work, entitled, *The Sinner's Tears, in Meditation and Prayer*, by Thomas Fettiplace.

Theology; or, an Attempt towards a Consistent View of the Whole Counsel of God; with a Preliminary Essay on the Practicability and Importance of this Attainment. By the Rev. J. H. Hinton, A.M. of Reading.

Mr. John Hawkesworth is preparing a History of the Merovingian Dynasty; being the first part of a new History of France.

In a few days will appear, in foolscap 8vo. *Oligiati Tragedia di Giovanni Battista Testa di Trino.*

Godfrey Higgins, esq. Author of a Treatise entitled *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, has nearly ready for publication a work called the *Celtic Druids*. It will consist of one volume, 4to. and be elucidated by upwards of fifty highly-finished Lithographic Prints of the most curious Druidical Monuments of Europe and Asia.

H. T. de la Beche, esq. has in the press, a *Tabular and Proportional View of the Superior, Supermedial, and Medical (Tertiary and Secondary) Rocks*. To contain a list of the rocks composing each formation; a proportional section of each; its general characters, organic remains, and characteristic fossils—on one large sheet.

The *Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism* are in the press; exhibiting an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Circuits in its connexion, the names of the Preachers who have travelled in them, and the yearly order of their succession, from the establishment of Methodism to the present time: accompanied by interesting plates of Autographs, &c., and numerous pleasing memorials connected with the Origin and Progress of Methodism. By John Stephens.—Also, a Comprehensive Statement of its principal Doctrines, Laws, and Regulations: carefully compiled, expressly for this work, from the most authentic sources, by Samuel Warren, LL.D.

The *Life, Voyages, and Adventures of Naufragus*; being a faithful Narrative of the Author's real Life, and containing a series of remarkable Adventures of no ordinary kind, in one vol. 8vo.

Miss Edgeworth has in the press a Volume of *Dramatic Tales for Children*, intended as an additional volume of *Parent's Assistant*.

The *Book-Collector's Manual*; or, a Guide to the knowledge of upwards of 20,000 rare, curious, and useful Books; either printed in, or relating to, Great Britain and Ireland, from the earliest period to the present time.

Preparing for publication, the *History and Antiquities of the Town and Honour of Woodstock*; including Biographical Anecdotes, &c. By J. Graves, esq.

Sir Hudson Lowe, it is stated, has sent for publication to this country, a Memoir of all the Transactions at St. Helena, while he was Governor of that Island, and the Custodian of Buonaparte.

The Rev. Greville Ewing has completed a new edition of his *Scripture Lexicon*, considerably enlarged, and adapted to the general reading of the Greek Classics.

No. II. of Robson's *Picturesque Views of all the English Cities* is nearly ready.

The first number of a work, to be entitled *The Quarterly Juvenile Review*; or, a Periodical Guide for Parents and Instructors in their selection of new Books, is announced.

Heraldic Notices of Canterbury Cathedral, with Genealogical and Topographical Notes, &c. in 4to. by Thomas Willement, Author of *Regal Heraldry*, is nearly ready.

Nearly ready, *Absurdities, in Prose and Verse; with Humorous Designs.*

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In the press, in two volumes, 8vo. *The Lives of the Bishops of Winchester, from the first Bishop, down to the present Time.* By the Rev. Stephen Hyde Cassan, A.M. Author of the *Lives of the Bishops of Salisbury*. The work will contain a verbatim Reprint of an exceedingly scarce volume, known as *Sale's History of Winchester*, though chiefly written by Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

Mr. Gilchrist, of Newington Green, is preparing for the press a work, to be entitled, *Unitarianism Abandoned; or, Reasons assigned for ceasing to be connected with that Description of Religious Professors who designate themselves Unitarians.*

Mr. Gutch, of Bristol, has in the press a very interesting volume, entitled, *Second Thoughts on the Person of Christ; on Human Sin; and on the Atonement*; containing Reasons for the Author's Secession from the Unitarian Communion, and his adherence to that of the Established Church. By Charles Abraham Elton, esq.

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To Nathan Lucas, and Henry Ewbank, of Mincing-lane, London, for an improved process to be used in the dressing of paddy or rough rice—10th March; 2 months.

To Lemuel Wellman Wright, of Upper Kennington-lane, Surrey, engineer, for certain improvements in the combination and arrangement of machinery for making metal screws—17th March; 6 months.

To Benjamin Rotch, of Furnival's Inn, esq., for a diagonal press for transferring perpendicular to lateral pressure—22d March; 6 months.

To James Stewart, of Store-street, Bedford-square, Middlesex, pianoforte-maker, for certain improvements on pianofortes, and the mode of stringing the same—22d March; 6 months.

To James Woodman, of Piccadilly, perfumer, for improvements on shaving and other brushes, which improvements are also applicable to other purposes—22d March; 6 months.

To Jacob Perkins, of Fleet-street, for certain improvements in the construction of steam-engines—22d March; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in April 1813, expire in the present month of April 1827.

7. John Bennett, Bristol, for his metal dovetail joint, applicable to portable and

other furniture, and any framework requiring strength and durability.

— James Timmins, Birmingham, for improved hothouses and all horticultural buildings; also pine-pits, cucumber lights, and church windows.

13. Robert Lewis, Birmingham, for a method of making brass chimney-pieces, plain or mounted, &c.

— Charles Plinth, London, for an improved machine, called "Regency Portable Fountain," for soda water, cider, perry, and other liquids.

— John Rangeley, Leeds, for a method of constructing and working engines for lifting weights, turning machinery, and capable of being applied wherever mechanical power is required.

— Robert Campion, Whitby, for an improved method of making double canvass and sail-cloth with hemp and flax, without starch.

14. Charles Augustin Busby, London, for improved canal locks, by which the water now lost will be saved.

28. Richard and Frederick Coupland, Leeds, for the manufacture of shawls, kerseymeres, and milled cloths, from a mixture of animal and vegetable wool, prepared and spun into yarn without oil.

— Joseph Hamilton, Dublin, for improvements in machines for making bricks, tiles, and earthenwares.

— Thomas Mead, Scot-street, Yorkshire, for his Endless Chain, of a peculiar construction.

— Samuel Whitfield, Birmingham, for improved mountings or furniture, for culinary and other utensils.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

GENERAL CAULAINCOURT.

Armand Augustine Louis Caulincourt, the descendant of an ancient family, was born in Picardy, in the year 1772. Devoted to the profession of arms, he was, at the commencement of the revolution, an officer of cavalry. He did not emigrate, but served under the revolutionary standard; and, after making several campaigns as a colonel of dragoons, he became aid-de-camp to Buonaparte, when first consul. Having obtained

the confidence of his aspiring master, he was regarded as a suitable agent for the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien; an honourable mission, which several officers, of more squeamish principles, had refused. In the course of the same year, he was named Grand Ecuyer of France, made general of division, and presented with the grand cross of the Legion of Honour. He subsequently received various orders of knighthood from Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, Russia, and Austria. At the time when Buonaparte was carrying on his plans

against Austria, Caulaincourt was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg. He was four years ambassador at the Russian court, where he received from the Emperor Alexander the cross of the order of St. Ann of the first class. Regarded, however, with dislike by the Russian nobility, he was subjected to various mortifications; and, at length, under the well understood pretext of ill health, he solicited and obtained his recall. He returned to France in 1811. In Buonaparte's mad and infamous expedition against Russia in the year 1812, Caulaincourt was his chosen aid-du-camp and companion; and, after a narrow escape from fire and sword, and frost, he returned with his crest-fallen master in a sledge.

After the desperate battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, in 1813, Caulaincourt was appointed to negotiate with the Russian and Prussian plenipotentiaries. The armistice, to which he was a party, was soon broken; and the defeat of Buonaparte, at Leipsic, ensued. After hostilities had been removed from Germany to France, Caulaincourt, who had been elevated to the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs, was sent to negotiate with the allies at Chatillon; but, on some temporary success, achieved by Buonaparte, he was instructed to raise his claims. The consequence of which was, that the allies broke off the conferences, and marched to Paris.

On the abdication of Buonaparte at Fontainebleau, Caulaincourt, then Duke of Vicenza, was the abdicator's chief negotiator; and he signed the treaty of the 11th of April between the ex-ruler and the allies.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, Caulaincourt became a private man; and, before a month was at an end, he made an attempt to justify himself respecting the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien. On this subject he published a letter from the Emperor Alexander; his object in this was to shew, that when the arrest took place, he was employed at Strasbourg on other business—that General Ordouner was the officer who arrested the prince—and that Ordouner alone was employed in that affair. Soon afterwards, however, a pamphlet appeared, with the title—"On the Assassination of Monseigneur the Duke d'Enghien, and of the Justification of M. de Caulaincourt." The pamphlet was anonymous; but it was forcibly written; and, by references to diplomatic documents, it formed a decisive refutation of Caulaincourt's assertions.

Caulaincourt, about the same time, married Madame de Canisy, a lady who had been divorced; and, with her he retired into the country till Buonaparte returned from Elba. He was then (March 21) made Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was extremely active in his endeavours to re-establish the Corsican dynasty; and he was incessant in his assurances to all the foreign ministers—whose missions were, in fact, at an end—that Buonaparte had renounced all projects of conquest, and that his only desire was

peace. He addressed circular letters, of the same tendency, to all foreign courts, but equally without effect. One of those circulars came afterwards, with a letter from Buonaparte, to his present Majesty, who was at that time Prince Regent. These curious documents were both laid before parliament. A conciliating and even humble letter was sent by Caulaincourt to the Emperor of Austria; but, like the others, it received no answer.

On the 2d of June, Caulaincourt was named by Buonaparte, as a Member of the Chamber of Peers. On the 17th, he announced to that body, that hostilities were on the point of commencing. He was again employed as one of the commissioners on the final deposition of his master.

When Louis XVIII. was reinstated, Caulaincourt quitted France, and, for some time, resided in England. He at length returned to his native country, where he died at his hotel, No. 57, Rue St. Lazare, on the 20th of February. He endured a long illness with great fortitude. His funeral took place on the 28th of February, in the church of Our Lady of Loretto.

WILLIAM MITFORD, ESQ.

William Mitford, Esq., whose name will descend to posterity, as that of the historian of Greece, was the elder brother of Lord Redesdale, a descendant from the Mitfords, of Mitford Castle, in Northumberland; a very ancient family, the original name of which was Bertram. He was the son of John Mitford, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, by his wife, Philadelphia, daughter of Wm. Revelly, of Newby, in the county of York, Esq., and first cousin of Hugh Percy, first Duke of Northumberland. He was born in London, on the 10th of February, 1744. The early part of his education was received at Chelmsford School, Surrey, whence he was sent to Queen's College, Oxford. There he made great progress in his studies, and became inspired with an ardent taste for ancient literature.

On leaving college, he commenced the study of the law; but quitted that profession, on obtaining a commission in the South Hampshire Militia, in which regiment he afterwards was Lieutenant-colonel. His father died in 1761, when he succeeded to the family estate in Hampshire. As early as the year 1766, he married Frances, daughter of James Molloy, Esq., of Dublin, whose wife, Anne, daughter of Henry Rye, of Farringdon, in the County of Berks, Esq., was related to the noble family of Bathurst.

About the year 1774, Mr. Mitford published anonymously an octavo volume, entitled "An Essay on the Harmony of Language, intended principally to illustrate that of the English Language." A second edition of the work appeared in 1804.

In 1778, Mr. Mitford was chosen *Verdurer* of the New Forest. The house which he rebuilt there, about twenty years ago, and

in which he was accustomed to reside during part of the year, is delightfully situated, in the neighbourhood of, and between Lymington and Southampton, on the shore of the west channel, or Solerit Sea, nearly opposite Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. The beauties of the place have been illustrated by the pencil, and also by the pen, of the picturesque Gilpin.

While in the militia, Mr. Mitford published a "Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly of the Militia of the Kingdom;" and, in 1791, while the public mind was agitated with a grand national question, relative to the means of supplying the country with bread, he published another tract, entitled "Considerations on the Opinion stated by the Lords of the Committee of Corn, in a Representation to the King upon the Corn Laws, that Great Britain is unable to produce Corn sufficient for its own Consumption," &c. It was Mr. Mitford's opinion, that it was not only possible, but easy, for our Island to supply a sufficient quantity of wheat for the use of its inhabitants.

It was in the year 1784 that the first volume of Mr. Mitford's "History of Greece," in 4to. came before the public. The favourable manner in which it was received by the ablest and soundest critics, encouraged the author to proceed. The second volume was published in 1790; the third in 1797; but the work was not completed till the year 1810. As a whole, this production displays great research, and is executed with much judgment.

Mr. Mitford was twice elected M.P. for the borough of Beeralston, in Devonshire; thirdly, for New Romney, in Kent. He first became a member of the Legislature in 1796; but he does not appear to have spoken in the House until 1798, when he delivered his opinion on a proposition, brought forward by Mr. Secretary Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, for increasing the number of field-officers in the militia, &c. He opposed the measure in its different stages; contending that the militia should be governed by the militia laws, and not by those of the regular army; and strongly recommending a salutary jealousy, relative to a standing army in this country. On a subsequent occasion he again advocated the cause of the militia, and strenuously opposed certain innovations which were then contemplated.

By his lady, Mr. Mitford had a family of six or seven; of whom his third son, Henry, after attaining the rank of a captain in the Royal Navy, perished in the service of his country. Mr. Mitford died in the month of February.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Dr. Walker King, Bishop of Rochester, was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he took his degree of A. M. in 1766, and B.D. and D.D. in 1788. He was several years preacher to the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn, and private Secretary to the

Duke of Portland, through whose interest he was, in the year 1808, promoted to the See of Rochester. He held, also, the office of provincial chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, a Canonry of Wells, and a Prebend of Peterborough.

Dr. King was the only surviving executor of Mr. Burke. It was always understood, that the late Dr. French Lawrence, Burke's steady friend, and coadjutor in drawing up the historical part of Doddsley's Annual Register, was to publish the life of the departed statesman. At Dr. Lawrence's death, however, his task not having been accomplished, all the requisite MSS. and documents were consigned to Dr. King. That prelate edited the latter volumes of Mr. Burke's works; and it was his intention to close his editorial labour by a life of their author. The life, indeed, has been repeatedly announced as nearly ready for publication.

The only works, we believe, that the Bishop ever published of his own, were two sermons. His Grace was a member of the Society of Antiquaries. He died at Wells, on the 21st of February.

WILLIAM KITCHINER, ESQ. M.D.

All who knew Dr. Kitchiner—the whimsical, the eccentric, the kind-hearted Dr. Kitchiner—will join with us in the exclamation—"we could have better spared a better man!" The worthy Dr. had three grand hobbies; respecting either or each of which his modes of management and riding would afford ample *matériel* for a highly amusing volume. Necessarily, however, our notice must be concise.

William Kitchiner was the son of — Kitchiner, Esq., an eminent coal-merchant, resident in the Strand, and subsequently one of the magistrates for the County of Middlesex. With the year of his birth we are unacquainted. He represented himself at eight-and-forty; but we have seen his age variously stated at fifty-one and fifty-four; and, judging from appearances, he certainly could not have been far from his grand climacteric. He was educated at Eton. His father had a strong *penchant* for music; a similar taste, if not inherited, was acquired, at a very early age, by the subject of this sketch; and, if we mistake not, it was at one time in contemplation to cultivate his scientific talent, by placing him under one of the leading professors of the day. From choice, or accidental circumstance, however, he adopted the medical profession. He took his degree of M.D.; but whether he ever practised as a physician we know not. Fortunately for him, his father is understood to have left him an unencumbered property, to the amount of sixty or seventy thousand pounds; and, as Dr. Kitchiner's establishment and habits of life—living in a comparatively small house, and keeping only a coachman, footman, and two or three maid servants—were not of a nature to indicate the expenditure of his full income; and, as he must have made con-

siderable sums by some of his literary undertakings—the probability is, that he has left a larger fortune than he inherited.* Dr. K. married many years ago; but his match was an unsuitable one, and a separation soon ensued. His wife, by whom he had no family, is still living. A natural son of the Doctor's, who has been educated at college, and is now about the age of one-and-twenty, will come into possession of the bulk of his property.

Dr. Kitchiner's love of music accompanied him through life; and, to the last, he played and sang with considerable taste and feeling. Though always an epicure—fond of experiments in cookery, and exceedingly particular in the choice of his viands, and in their mode of preparation for the table—he was regular, and even abstemious in his general habits. There were times, indeed, when, according to his own statement, his consumption of animal food was extraordinary. The craving was not to be repressed, nor easily to be satisfied. It had nothing to do with the love of eating, abstractedly considered, but was the result of some organic and incurable disease. Dr. Kitchiner's hours of rising—of eating—of retiring to rest—were all regulated by system. He was accustomed to make a good breakfast at eight or nine. His lunches, to which only the favoured few had the privilege of *entrée*, were superb. They consisted of potted meats of various kinds, fried fish, savoury *pâtés*, rich *liqueurs*, &c. &c., in great variety and abundance. Whatever credit these *piquant* and luxurious repasts might reflect upon his hospitality and gastronomic taste, we confess that, in our estimation, they said little for his medical judgment, or for his kindness towards the digestive functions of his friends. His dinners, unless when he had parties, were comparatively plain and simple; served in an orderly manner—cooked according to his own maxims—and placed upon the table, invariably, within five minutes of the time announced. His usual hour was five. His supper was served at half-past nine; and at eleven, he was accustomed to retire. His public dinners, as they may be termed, were things of more pomp, and ceremony, and *étiquette*. They were announced by *notes of preparation*, which could not fail of exciting the liveliest sensations in the epigastric region of the highly favoured *invités*. One of these *notes* we have before us; and, though it may have been seen by some of our readers, it is a curiosity in itself, and is well entitled to preservation:—

"Dear Sir—The honour of your company is requested, to dine with the Committee of Taste, on Wednesday next, the 10th instant.

"The specimens will be placed upon the table at five o'clock precisely, when the business of the day will immediately commence.—I have the honour to be, your most obedient servant,

W. KITCHINER, SECRETARY."

August, 1825.—43, Warren-street,
Fitzroy-square.

"At the last general meeting, it was unanimously resolved, that—

"1st. 'An invitation to ETA BETA PI, must be answered in writing, as soon as possible after it is received—within twenty-four hours at latest,' reckoning from that on which it is dated;—otherwise the secretary will have the profound regret to feel that the invitation has been definitely declined.

"2d. 'The Secretary having represented, that the perfection of several of the preparations is so exquisitely evanescent, that the delay of *one minute* after their arrival at the meridian of concoction, will render them no longer worthy of men of taste;

"Therefore, to ensure the punctual attendance of those illustrious gastrophilists, who on grand occasions are invited to join this high tribunal of taste—for their own pleasure, and the benefit of their country—it is irrevocably resolved, 'That the janitor be ordered not to admit any visitor, of whatever eminence of appetite, after the hour which the secretary shall have announced that the specimens are ready.'—By order of the Committee,

"WILLIAM KITCHINER, Sec."

Latterly, Dr. Kitchiner was in the habit of having a small and select party to dine with him, previously to his Tuesday evenings *conversazione*. The last of these delightful meetings was on the 20th of February. The dinner was, as usual, announced at five minutes after five. As the first three that had been invited entered his drawing room, he received them seated at his grand piano-forte, and struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes!" accompanying the air, by placing his feet on the pedals, with a peal on the *kettle drums* beneath the instrument. This, to be sure, was droll; but, at all events, it was harmless.

For the regulation of the Tuesday evenings' *conversazione* alluded to, Dr. K. used to fix a placard over his chimney-piece, inscribed:—

"At seven come—
At eleven go."

It is said, that upon one of these occasions, the facetious George Colman, on observing this admonition, availed himself of an opportunity to add the pronoun *IT*, making the last line run—"at eleven go *it*!" At these little social meetings, a signal for supper was invariably given at half-past nine. All who were not desirous of further refreshment would then retire; and those who remained descended to the parlour to partake of friendly fare, according to the season of the year. In summer a cold joint, a lobster salad, and some little *entremets*, usually formed the repast; in winter, some nicely cooked little hot dishes were spread upon the board, with wines, liqueurs, a variety of excellent ales, &c. As these parties were composed of the *littérati*, and of professors and amateurs of all the liberal arts, it will readily be imagined that the mind as well as the body was abun-

dantly regaled—that “the feast of reason and the flow of soul” were never wanting. So well were the orderly habits of the Dr. understood, that, at the appointed time, some considerate guest would observe, “’tis on the stroke of eleven.” Hats and cloaks, coats, and umbrellas, were then brought in; the Dr. attended his friends to the street door, looked up at the stars—if there were any visible—gave each of his friends a cordial shake of the hand, wished him a hearty good night, and so the evening was closed.

Dr. Kitchiner possessed the estimable virtue of never speaking ill of any one: on the contrary, he was a great lover of conciliation, and to many he proved a valuable adviser and a firm friend. In manner, he was quiet and apparently timid. As we have said, however, he had three grand hobbies: these were cookery, music, and optics; and, whenever he ventured upon either of them, he was full, cheerful, and even eloquent. His books—of which he wrote many—were all whimsical, all amusing, and all abounding, amidst their eccentricity, with useful points of information. His *Cook’s Oracle* (of which a new edition was completed just before his death)—his *Practical Observations on Telescopes and on Spectacles*—his *National Songs*—his different works on Music—his *Housekeeper’s Economy*—his *Pleasure of making a Will, &c.*, are well known to the public; and the last, we presume, will speedily be increased by the *Traveller’s Oracle*, and the *Horse and Carriage Keeper’s Oracle*; both of which were nearly ready for publication at the period of their author’s decease.

This inoffensive, amiable, and ever useful man, dined at his friend Braham’s, on Monday the 26th of February. He was in better spirits than usual; as, for some time past, in consequence of a spasmodic affection and palpitation of the heart, he had been occasionally observed in a desponding state. He had ordered his carriage at half-past eight, but he remained at Mr. Braham’s till nearly eleven. On his way home, he was seized by one of those violent fits of palpitation which he had of late frequently experienced; and, on reaching his house in Warren street, Fitzroy-square, he alighted, ascended the stairs with a hurried step, and threw himself on a sofa. It would be as painful as unavailable to dwell upon the parting scene. Every assistance was immediately afforded, but without effect, and, in less than an hour, he expired, apparently without consciousness, and without a pang.

Dr. Kitchiner’s remains were interred in the family vault at the church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand, but, from some want of management, the funeral was neither so respectably nor so numerously attended as the station in life and extensive connexions of the deceased required. A monument, it is understood, will be erected to his memory, in the new church of St. Pancras, in which parish he had long resided.

M.M. New Series.—Vol. III. No. 16.

Dr. Kitchiner made a will about sixteen years ago; and we have been informed by a gentleman who was one of the attesting witnesses, that the instrument was as remarkable for its eccentricity, as are any of the published productions of the testator. From some family differences, as we have heard, the Dr. had been lately induced to make another will, with a very different disposal of his property. It had been intended for signature on the Wednesday following the Monday that he died. It was fortunate for at least one individual, that death timed his stroke as he did.

M. PESTALOZZI.

M. Pestalozzi, who may be regarded as a benefactor of the human race, was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, in the year 1745. Though of patrician birth, he devoted himself, at an early period of life, to the service of the humbler classes. He saw and pitied their ignorance, and resolved to meliorate their situation. He produced a novel, entitled “*Leinhard and Gertrude*,” the object of which was to interest the feelings of the poor by a picture of their occupations, necessities, and desires; while, at the same time, it inculcated a love of virtue. The work became popular in Germany as well as in Switzerland, and the author was encouraged to renew his exertions. Between the years 1781 and 1797, he published his *Weekly Journal for Country Folks*, *Letters on the Education of the Children of indigent Parents*, *Reflections on the March of Nature in the Education of the Human Race, &c.*

After the abolition of the ancient Swiss Governments, and the meeting of the Helvetic Legislative Council at Aarau, M. Pestalozzi addressed to the council a tract, entitled, “*Reflections on the Wants of the Country, and principally on the Education and Relief of the Poor*.” Soon afterwards, he was appointed principal editor of the *Helvetic Journal*, a paper devoted to the moral and religious interests of the people. In 1799, he was nominated director of an orphan institution, which the government had established at Stantz. This appointment enabled him to reduce some of his theories to practice; at Stantz, he became at once the teacher, steward, and father of the institution; and there he formed the plan of interrogative education, which has since been known throughout Europe by his name. When the establishment was dissolved, the government assigned him a mansion at Burgdorf, that he might be enabled to carry on his system with boarders. Afterwards he removed to the castle of Yverdun, which was presented to him by the Canton of Vaud. There he continued to prosecute his honourable labours; and, subsequently to his removal, he published many works on the important subject of education. Some of the latter years of his life were occupied in preparing his numerous publications for a complete and systematic edition. His last pro-

duction was entitled "Advice to my Contemporaries."

In the year 1803, M. Pestalozzi was one of the deputation which Buonaparte summoned from the Swiss Cantons to deliberate on the means of restoring tranquillity to Switzerland; but he returned home before any arrangement could be effected. This worthy man died at Brugg on the 17th of February, after a few days' illness.

M. FELLEBERG.

M. Fellenberg, the friend and countryman of Pestalozzi, was born at Bern, in the year 1771. His mother, a great grand-daughter of the celebrated Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, was accustomed to repeat to him, in his early youth, this excellent advice:—"The great have friends in abundance; be you, my son, the friend of the poor, the support of the unfortunate and oppressed." The early part of his education was conducted with great care at home; subsequently, he was sent to the public establishment at Colmar, in Alsace, in France; but his ill health obliged him to return, some years afterwards, into Switzerland. There he accustomed himself to live upon bread and water; and, in all respects, to adhere to the severest regimen. In his travels through Switzerland, France, and Germany, commenced soon after his return, it was usual for him to stop some time in the villages, assuming the appearance of an artisan, or of a labourer, that he might with more facility be enabled to study the characters of men, and the nature of their wants. Once he was solicited by a young woman, to undertake the religious instruction of her uncle, who was deaf. M. Fellenberg, by means of gestures, succeeded in making himself understood; but his zeal produced no other effect than that of gaining his pupil's good-will, although he actually resided with him in solitude for a whole year, near the lake of Zurich. From that period, forming an intimacy with Pestalozzi, he devoted his time and attention to the education of youth. Submitting to the new order of things in Switzerland, in 1798, M. Fellenberg exerted his influence amongst the peasants with the happiest effect. However, as the government refused to perform what he had promised in their name, he withdrew his interference in public affairs.

Of an exceedingly speculative turn, M. Fellenberg now purchased the estate of Hofwyl, of which all the world has heard, two leagues northward from Berne; and there he formed,—*first*, a farm, which was intended to serve as a model to the neighbourhood, in all that might be useful in agriculture, cultivating it under his own care, and actually increasing its customary produce five-fold;—*secondly*, an experimental farm, for the instruction of pupils who resorted to it from various parts of Europe;—*thirdly*, a manufactory of agricultural implements, farming utensils, &c., with which was connected a school of industry for the

poor, who were taught the business of the various handicrafts;—*fourthly*, a boarding-school for young gentlemen;—and, *fifthly*, an institution for instruction in agriculture, theoretical and practical. He also established a school for the instruction of teachers belonging to the surrounding country; but that scheme was, after some years, abandoned.

Of M. Fellenberg's establishment at Hofwyl—the entire business of which was conducted by the founder, and thirteen assistants—full accounts have been published in the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, and other continental works. To enable him to examine every part of the institution, and to observe what was going forward, in even the remotest corners, M. Fellenberg constructed a lofty tower in the centre, from which, by means of a glass, and a speaking trumpet, he conducted the several operations. It must be admitted, however, that the establishment has not been productive of all the advantage that was anticipated.

Amongst the pupils who were sent to study at Hofwyl, were several young men of the first rank in Germany. The late Emperor Alexander of Russia employed a confidential person to examine, and report on the institution; and his Imperial Majesty was pleased to accompany the insignia of an order of knighthood to M. Fellenberg, with a handsome letter, in autograph. M. Fellenberg died early in the present year; having left a standing committee entrusted with the execution of his testamentary regulations, with regard to the schools for the poor.

COUNT GIRARDIN.

Count Stanislaus Girardin, who died early in March, was the son of the Count de Girardin, the friend and protector of Rousseau, and generally considered to have been the original of that author's *Emilius*. He was born in the year 1768; and his education was conducted upon the principles laid down by the Genevese philosopher. Early in life he entered the army. He was a member of the Legislative Assembly, and a strenuous supporter of the constitution of 1791. After the deposition of Louis XVI., he took no part in public affairs; yet, during the tyranny of Robespierre, he was subjected to imprisonment for a considerable period. After Buonaparte had been raised to the Consulship, he became a member of the Tribunate; in which office he had violent altercations with Benjamin Constant, relative to the project for the reduction of justices of the peace; and with Carion de Nisas, who made an attack upon the character of Rousseau. At the time that the army, raised for the invasion of England, was encamped at Boulogne, Count Girardin returned to his original profession, in the capacity of Captain in the 4th regiment of the line. He served in Italy—obtained there the rank of Colonel—was raised to be a Brigadier-general in 1808—and took a part in the first Spanish campaigns. In 1809, he was elected a member of the Legis-

lative Body, but retired from that Assembly in 1812, and was appointed Prefect of the Lower Seine. In 1814, he acted with the Royalists, in opposition to Buonaparte; and Louis XVIII. made him a Knight of the Order of St. Louis. It would not appear, however, that, as a public character, he ever possessed the confidence of the King. When Buonaparte returned from Elba, Girardin was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies. The King, when re-instated, restored to him the Prefecture of the Lower Seine, but soon afterwards dismissed him. In 1819, he was again employed for a short time in the Côte d'Or, and again dismissed. He has since distinguished himself in the Chamber of Deputies, as a strenuous supporter of the rights of the people.

THE MARQUIS DE LA PLACE.

France has experienced a serious loss in the death of the Marquis de la Place, a mathematician and astronomer of the first rank. This distinguished ornament of science was the son of a husbandman, resident at Beaumont-en Auge, near Pont L'évêque. He was born in the year 1749. For some time he taught the mathematics at the school in his native town; but he was induced to regard Paris as the only proper sphere for his talents. There, by his skill in analysis, and in the higher geometry, he soon acquired reputation. At the expense, and under the immediate patronage of the president, De Saron, he published his first work: this, we believe, was his *Theory of the Motion and Elliptical Figure of the Planets*. M. La Place was the successor of Bezout, as examiner of the Royal Corps of Artillery; and he became, successively, member of the Academy of Sciences, of the National Institute, and of the Board of Longitude. In the year 1796, he dedicated, to the counsel of five hundred, his work, entitled *The Exposition of the System of the World*. In the same year, he appeared before the bar of that Assembly, at the head of a deputation, to present the annual report of the proceedings of the National Institute; and, in an appropriate address, devoted to the memory of men of talents and learning, he paid an affecting tribute to the worth of his generous benefactor, De Saron. Some time afterwards, he was, under the Consular government, appointed Minister of the Interior; from which office he was, in December, 1799, transferred to the Conservative Senate, to make room for Lucien Buonaparte. In July, 1803, he was elected President of the Conservative Senate; and, in September, he became Chancellor of that body, with the title of Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. In September, 1805, he made a report to the Senate, on the necessity of resuming the Gregorian calendar, and discarding that of the revolution—a piece of mummery which, with all its absurdities, had been stolen from the Dutch colonists, at the Cape of Good Hope. M. La Place was, in 1811, named counsellor to the Maternal

society; and, in 1813, Grand Cordon of the Re-union. In April, 1814, he voted for a provisional government, and the dethronement of Buonaparte; services for which Louis XVIII. rewarded him with the dignity of a peer. He was nominated a member of the French Academy, in 1816, and President of the Commission for the Re-organization of the Polytechnic School.

Besides numerous articles in the collections of the National Institute, the Academy of Sciences, and the Polytechnic School, the principal works of La Place were as follow:—*Theory of the Motion and Elliptical Figure of the Planets*, 1784;—*Theory of the Attractions of Spheroids, and the Figure of the Planets*, 1785;—*Exposition of the System of the World*, 2 vols. 1796;—*Treatise on Celestial Mechanism*, 4 vols. 1799, 1803, 1805;—*Analytical Theory of Probabilities*, 1812;—*Philosophical Essay on Probabilities*, 1814.

The Marquis de la Place was, if we mistake not, the first who analytically proved the existence and extent of the lunar atmosphere, and verified its secular equation. He also determined the reciprocal perturbations of all the principal planets; and he forwarded, by important discoveries, a similar work on the Satellites of Jupiter, commenced by Lagrange, and completed by Delambre.

This nobleman's studies, however, were not confined to the mathematics, geometry, and astronomy: he devoted himself, with considerable ardour, to chemistry; in conjunction with Lavoisier, he invented the calorimeter; and he repeated the experiments of Monge and Cavendish, on the decomposition of water.

The Marquis died, much regretted, on the 5th of March, in the present year.

DR. EVANS.

The Rev. John Evans, LL.D. was born at Usk, in Monmouthshire, in the year 1767. He was educated at the Dissenting Academy, Bristol, whence he removed, in 1787, to King's College, Aberdeen. In 1791, he settled in London; and has ever since officiated, with great credit to himself, and satisfaction to his congregation, at the Baptist Meeting-house in Worship Street.

Dr. Evans had an establishment for youth at Islington; his political principles were remarkable for soundness and loyalty; he was the author and editor of numerous religious, moral, and literary publications; and, without the remotest pretension to genius, or high talent, he was a very useful man in his day.

Dr. Evans's best known work is his *Brief Sketch of the Denominations into which the Christian World is Divided*; the first edition of which was published in 1793, and it has since gone through many large editions. Its plan, and the liberality of its tone, are its chief recommendations. A work of the same nature, but infinitely superior, might, and ought to be produced.

Amongst Dr. Evans's other productions, are—An Address to Promote a Revival among the General Baptists—*Juvenile Pieces*, designed for Youth—a Sermon on the Deaths of Drs. Kippis, Stewart, and Harris—An Apology for Human Nature, by the late Charles Bulkeley—An Attempt to Account for the Infidelity of Gibbon—Moral Reflections, suggested by a View of London from the Monument—an Epitome of Geography—*The Juvenile Tourist*—Picture of Worthing—Tour to Brighton, &c. Sermons, &c.—Dr. Evans was also, for some time, the editor of a periodical work, entitled the *Monthly Visitor*.—He died at Islington on the 25th of January.

COUNT LANJUNAIS.

M. le Comte Lanjuinais was born at Rennes, in 1753. He became an Advocate and Professor of Common Law in the University there, as well as Counsellor to the States of Brittany, which were elected by the three orders before the convocation of the States General, in which he represented his native town. The revolution had begun in that province previously to the meeting of the States General at Versailles. Lanjuinais was at the head of the popular party. Unlike the generality of the revolutionists, however, he was a man of piety, sobriety of manners, and of the utmost probity in his general conduct. In the famous Breton Committee at Versailles, he opposed giving the title of Prince to the members of the Royal Family; and he objected to the external decorations of those personages, and wished to deprive the King and the Dauphin of the *Cordon Bleu*. He attacked the usurpations of the See of Rome, and defended the liberties of the Gallican Church. Mirabeau's attempt to procure admission for the Ministers of State into the Representative Assembly was defeated by the spirited opposition of Lanjuinais. However, after the insurrection in the Champ de Mars, he united with the constitutional party, and endeavoured to check the excesses of the revolution. In September, 1792, he was elected to the National Convention, by the department of Ile and Vilaine. There he was assailed by Marat, who reproached him for wishing to have a guard collected from all the departments for the security of the Convention. On the 5th of November, he united with Louvet in his accusations against Robespierre. During the trial of Louis XVI. he most energetically opposed the unfair and illegal mode of proceeding adopted towards the fallen monarch; and he voted for his confinement and banishment after a peace, without recognizing the right to try or to judge him. On the 8th of February, he supported the decree for bringing to justice the author of the massacres of September, but was interrupted by the enraged Mountaineers, not only with menaces but with poinards. As one of the moderate, and, therefore, equivocal party, he was pro-

scribed at the head of a list of seventy-one deputies. Having been ordered under arrest he escaped, and lay concealed for eighteen months in a hay loft at his house at Rennes. Saved by the vigilance of his wife, and of a female domestic, he was reinstated in the Convention in March 1795; and when that body was renewed by the election of the two-thirds, his name was put up by 73 Departments, and generally at the head of the list. As a member of the Council of Ancients, he endeavoured to steer a moderate course, and to deviate as much as possible from the rigours of the revolutionary system.

On the return of Buonaparte from Egypt, M. Lanjuinais was nominated to the Legislative Body; and, in March 1800, he was removed to the Conservative Senate. He opposed Buonaparte's nomination to the Consulate for life; and he is said to have exclaimed in the Senate on that occasion, "You are choosing a master from that island whence the Romans disdained to take their slaves." On the assumption of the title of Emperor by Buonaparte, M. Lanjuinais was silent; and he was named, at that period, Commandant of the Legion of Honour. In April, 1814, he voted for a Provisional Government, and the dethronement of Buonaparte; and, on the 4th of June following, Louis XVIII. created him a Peer of France. In 1815, he was nominated Deputy to the Chamber of Representatives during Buonaparte's renewed sway, and was elected President of that body by a large majority. Louis XVIII. however did not resent this proceeding; and Lanjuinais retained his place in the Chamber of Peers. His warm and independent spirit excited the animosity of the Ultra Royalists; and on his nomination to the Presidentship of the Electoral College of Ile and Vilaine, he was accused of republicanism, and 172 electors petitioned the King against his appointment.

Making due allowance for the extraordinary character of the times, M. Lanjuinais carried himself through the revolution as a man of honour, humanity, and spirit. His scholastic attainments, which were considerable, procured him admission into the National Institute. The Royal Ordonnance of July, 1816, placed him in the Academy of Inscriptions. Amongst his writings, are two elaborate treatises, one on Tithes, the other on the Constitution of France. He was also the author of various eloquent papers on literary, historical, and political subjects in the *Revue Encyclopédique*.

For some time previously to his decease, which occurred on the 20th of January last, the Count Lanjuinais enjoyed the *otium cum dignitate* in a splendid mansion near Paris, in the bosom of an interesting family. Deputations from the Chamber of Peers, and the Academy of Inscriptions, attended his funeral, which was honoured with a military *cortège* of about 200 horse, and followed by a vast assemblage of the populace. Three discourses were delivered at the grave.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

In many of the preceding Reports attempts have been made to connect the occurrence of diseases in the human body with certain conditions of the atmosphere; and it is but reasonable to presume, that when any particular disorder manifests itself very abundantly, it has for its cause some agent not less extensively diffused. It will not, however, be supposed, that, while supporting this doctrine, the Reporter has been insensible to the operation of a variety of other causes in the production of human maladies. He would enumerate, amongst the most important of these, our food, drink, exercise, and clothing; the influence of time in impairing the structure of our frame, which is, in one word, *age*; a mind overstretched, or over-anxious; a constitution originally feeble and delicate, which is, translated into pathological language, *scrofula*; and, lastly, the condition of the soil upon which we tread. But, besides these obvious and cognizable causes of disease, there are a variety of changes which take place in the functions of the body, which the physician would in vain attempt to explain on these or any other of the more acknowledged principles of diseased action. There is, indeed, something about the *origin* of disease which is exceedingly puzzling; and the Reporter is strongly inclined to think that the blame is often laid, both by the world generally, and by physicians themselves, to causes which are, in truth, perfectly innocent of the imputed mischief. These reflections have been called forth by the circumstance of the last month having been remarkably free from severe atmospheric and epidemic malady, and having exhibited, in the Reporter's practice, a rather unusual share of those complaints which, whether justly or unjustly, medical men are in the habit of imputing to some one or other of the causes above enumerated.

The reign of coughs and colds is not, indeed, yet at an end. The mild and soft weather, however, which has chiefly prevailed during the last month, has greatly broken their force; and, though late in shewing themselves, they may perhaps, in strictness, be all laid to the charge of the preceding frost. Several cases of erysipelas have lately occurred—a disease which has given occasion to much controversy. Many of the disputed doctrines in our science have descended to us from the fathers of physic; but the discussions concerning the nature, seat, and treatment of erysipelas are altogether of modern origin, and have evidently sprung out of our improved notions concerning the primary structures of which the human body is composed. It is certainly a curious circumstance that the same disease should at one time occur idiopathically, and exhibit all the symptoms of a genuine *exanthema*; and, at another, present itself under the form of a common inflammation—the obvious consequence of some external injury. Such is the fact: but the Reporter cannot agree with a late writer (Mr. Arnot), that the circumstance is sufficient to constitute any real distinction between the two affections. A remark of the same author is deserving of more consideration; *viz.* the connexion of erysipelas of the face with inflammation of the fauces. In fact, he believes the one to be only a continuation of the other. The observation is certainly borne out by the phenomena of a case now under the Reporter's care. This case is, perhaps, more curious on another account, as illustrating the hereditary tendency to erysipelas. The father had the disease very severely six years ago; the daughter, now only ten years of age, has it in a degree hardly less violent. The sort of dogged determination of some practitioners to treat all cases of erysipelas upon the same plan—*viz.* bark and tonics—would have caused great astonishment in former times; nor can the Reporter consider it justified by any principle in pathology. In his own practice he finds the necessity of accommodating the plan of treatment to the character of the accompanying symptoms. Clearing the bowels, by castor oil and rhubarb, is of undisputed value; and, when a check has once been given to the spread of heat and swelling, the decoction of bark is eminently serviceable. The violence of constitutional excitement (or, in the less pretending language of the old school, the ebullition of the blood and humours) is seldom so high as to call for the evacuation of blood; but the Reporter would no more fear it in erysipelas than he would in small-pox or measles. Cooling spirituous lotions to the affected part are infinitely preferable to the use of dry powders, so much in vogue in Scotland, but which increase the heat of the surface; and thus aggravate one of the greatest sources of uneasiness to the unfortunate sufferer.

During the last twelvemonth it has fallen to the Reporter's lot to witness a variety of cases of ulcerated tongue. The ulcers are usually situate upon the tip and sides of the tongue: they are seldom deep, and the inconvenience they occasion is scarcely sufficient to induce the patient to swallow nauseous medicine; but they give evidence of considerable constitutional disturbance. In one case they proved very obstinate, but ultimately yielded during the cure of a severe fit of jaundice, by which the patient was attacked. In another case, they accompanied a generally cachectic state of body, which terminated in a fatal consumption. A case of the kind, now in progress of cure, has been much benefited by the Abernethian system, which, as we need hardly tell our readers, consists in the exhibition of blue-pill at night, with a bitter aperient, carrying with it some carbonate of soda, the following morning.

An interesting case of aneurism of the aorta, in an elderly person—shewing the effects of time in deranging the *structure* of the body—has terminated during the last month. Examination of the body after death shewed the beautiful provision of Nature for preventing the

sudden effusion of blood. The sac of the aneurism was thick and strong; and, but for pressure on the windpipe, the patient might have long survived. An occasional patient of the Reporter's has for many years had an enormous aneurismal tumour of the same kind; in spite of which he follows his employment as a carpenter, and uses the hammer freely and without fear.

The only other case, which the Reporter will now mention is one which is interesting, as shewing the occasional inefficiency of the most scientific investigations into the origin of disease. A woman, of about thirty-six years of age, had, for a very long time, complained of weakness and indigestion. She had consulted many doctors, had taken mustard-seed, blue-pill, and almost every drug, from the cedar of Lebanon to the byssop that groweth on the wall. Inflammation of the bowels at length carried her off; and it was discovered, upon subsequent examination, that the cause of her complicated sufferings was the growth of various masses of *hydatids* in the abdominal cavity. It is perhaps worthy of note, as evidence of the instruction to be derived from close attention to the feelings of the patient, that this person frequently expressed to those around her, her belief that she had something alive within her.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square,
March 22, 1827.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

A RENEWAL of the frost for upwards of a week, and variable weather, again put a stop to getting-in the spring crops, for which the lands universally were in a forward state, working remarkably well, from the effects of a dry summer and a sufficiency of frost, though late in the winter. The farmers, in course, were under the necessity of a temporary suspension of the field culture, and of a return to their usual occupations, in such case, of carting manure, threshing, or any object of immediate interest in the various business of the homestead. Notwithstanding the heavy rains, the field culture has since recommenced; and, on the best soils, sowing the spring crops is, in general, in a considerable state of forwardness, and the seed well got in. On the other hand, in low-lands subject to be flooded, and in those northern districts where the late high winds and snow-storms have proved so injurious, field business has been much retarded, and its conclusion will necessarily be somewhat late. The great desideratum at present is a good cover of March dust, to absorb the superfluous moisture of the late rains, which, however, have been scarcely even yet in quantity sufficient to replenish and renew the springs in those counties where they were completely exhausted by the summer's drought. If the wheats on the ground have really received any damage from the severity of the weather, it will most probably be experienced in Scotland, and in the northernmost and most exposed parts of the country. Taking the crop generally, it may be pronounced thus far safe and of good promise; for, standing thick upon the ground, as for the most part it did, thinning of it, in a slight degree, may prove rather beneficial than otherwise. The clovers and various seed crops are said not to have escaped considerable damage. One very unfortunate effect of the above impediments from the weather, has been the withholding employment from that mass of wretched and starving labourers, which has long burthened so many parts of the country, and for which no remedy seems even in prospect. The lambing of the Dorset ewes, the most forward breed, has, on the whole, been successful, notwithstanding the difficulties of the season and the shortness of provision. From the South-downs, likewise, the accounts are favourable—more so, indeed, than can be expected from less favoured districts, where the ewes have suffered greatly from exposure and want of due nourishment, and where yet a long interval of want and almost starvation must be gone through. Root crops have been long since exhausted, where most wanted; and all-mighty custom has likewise, too long since, forbidden the storing of them, as a winter and early spring resource. Hay is quoted in Derbyshire, and various other distant counties, at from 6*l.* to 14*l.* per ton; straw as high as 6*l.* 6*s.*, and to be obtained with difficulty even at those unheard-of prices. The almost insuperable difficulty of supporting live stock must naturally reduce the price of lean stores: yet cattle, in good condition, and particularly good milch cows, maintain a considerable price: but sheep and lambs are not equally saleable. Fat stock is every where in request, and dear, and must continue so; bacon, butter, and cheese advancing in price. The horse-market much the same as it has been throughout the winter; ordinary horses not easily saleable, but the young and of high qualification not to be obtained but at a high price. The import of cart-horses has again commenced on the coasts of Kent and Sussex; 100 two and three years' olds have been lately landed. The wool market remains in *statu quo*, and must so remain, until manufactures and commerce regain the *status quo ante*, or that flourishing state in which they were before bedlamite speculations brooded and hatched the late crisis, which the delinquent, in the vain hope of shielding itself from due shame and reproach, has vainly endeavoured to lay at the door of currency, the need of an *equitable adjustment*, and other profundities! The seed market, in advance for every article: seed oats, peas, and beans have obtained great prices. Government, after the most painful and long-continued efforts to come at a right understanding of the great question

at issue, and the apparently real intention of holding the balance even between the two great interests, has, according to the usual course of human affairs, pleased neither, but left the majority of both dissatisfied. The Corn Bill, however, when known, was supposed so much in favour of the landed interest, that it actually put speculation on the alert, and occasioned an immediate rise of two or three shillings per quarter in the price of wheat. Second thoughts have occasioned a relapse; and, in fact, all speculation on the subject, for the present, must be a mere blank, unless it be probable to expect that the continental holders of wheat will be glad to avail themselves of an opportunity of which they have been so long deprived—the open ports of this country. In such case, they may possibly overload our market in the first instance, which, nevertheless, under their present extent of culture, they cannot do permanently—at least for many years to come. The old stocks of malt, fortunately large, are moving and clearing-off at a high price. Complaints of distress and apprehension, general among the tenantry: yet all the operations of husbandry are carrying on with considerable effect, and no discouraging news afloat of quitting farms. The imperial measure seems to have been better relished in Scotland than in the south, where, after all, the objections to it are probably not grounded in a thorough consideration of the nature of the case. Spring is cheerfully putting on one of its finest suits of green in our capricious yet fortunate climate.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. to 5s. 4d.—Veal, 5s. 4d. to 6s.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 8d.—Lamb, 6s. 9d.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 6s.—Wilts Bacon, 5s. to 5s. 4d.—Irish, 4s. to 4s. 8d.—Raw fat, at 2s. 6d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 44s. to 68s.—Barley, 36s. to 44s.—Oats, 24s. to 42s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4lb. loaf.—Hay, 80s. to 130s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 140s.—Straw, 32s. to 45s.

Coals in the Pool, 36s.—40s.

Middlesex, March 22, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Cotton.—Prices are still nominal, and in little demand. Orleans, 6d. to 7d.; Barbadoes, 7d. to 7½d.; Demerara, 8½d. to 10d.; Brazil, 7d. to 11d.; Sea Island, 7d. to 10d.; West-India, 6½d. to 10d.

Coffee.—In no demand for exportation, and dull for home consumption. A few purchases have been made by the grocers at our last quotations.

Sugar.—The market continues brisk, and good bright qualities are saleable at an advance of 1s. per cwt. Pieces, 50s. to 66s. per cwt., as in quality.

Rum.—Continues from 1s. 8d. to 3s. 3d. per imperial gallon, as in strength and flavour. —Leward Island in little demand.

Brandy and Hollands.—Brandy keeps up its price; and Hollands in little demand, and flat in the market.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—Continue steady, without any alteration.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 7.—Paris, 25. 85.—Bordeaux, 25. 85.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 154½.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 24.—Madrid, 34½.—Cadiz, 34½.—Bilboa, 33.—Barcelona, 33.—Seville, 33.—Gibraltar, 34.—Leghorn, 47½.—Genoa, 43½.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38½.—Palermo, 114½.—Lisbon, 58½.—Oporto, 48½.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in bars, standard 4s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 268*l.*—Coventry, 1150*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 99*l.* 10s.—Grand Junction, 290*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 25*l.* 15s.—Leeds and Liverpool, 385*l.*—Oxford, 680*l.*—Regent's, 35*l.*—Trent and Mersey, 1,850*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 268*l.*—London Docks, 83*l.*—West-India, 198*l.* 10s.—East London WATER WORKS, 120*l.*—Grand Junction, 66*l.* 10s.—West Middlesex, 67*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—1 *dis.*—Globe, 144*l.*—Guardian, 18*l.* 15s.—Hope, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 91*l.*—GAS-LIGHT, Westminster Chartered Company, 56*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 0*l.*—British, 13½ *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st of February and the 21st of March 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

BARKER, D. Bath, draper
Harris, J. Plymouth, joiner
Taylor, G. Meltham, Yorkshire, clothier
Miles, W. Hereford, mercer
Musgrave, J. Bromley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer
Bird, W. Cheltenham, plasterer
Wood, B. Pichecombe Mill, Gloucestershire
Nelson, M. Preston, Lancashire, innkeeper
Haskins, S. Bristol, grocer
John Longman Shepherd and Henry Fricker, Southampton, linen-draper
Peter Smith, Liverpool, hatter

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 134.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

ATTFIELD, J. Richmond, Surrey, carpenter. [Sheffield, and Co., Great Prescott-street, Goodman's fields]
Abbot, J. Bristol, saddler. [Saunders, Bristol; Jones, Crosby-square]
Avery, S. T. Prospect-place, Chelsea, ironmonger. [Sergeant, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane]
Ashcroft, H. and J. Manchester, slaters. [Perkins and Frampton, Gray's-inn; Thomson, Manchester]
Burchell, W. Ensham, Oxon, ironmonger. [Helder, Clement's-inn]
Beaumont, W. Kennington, victualler. [Wilks, Finsbury-place]
Broad, T. Penzance, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane]
Barnes, J. Ledbury, Herefordshire, innkeeper. [Elgie, Poultrey; Elgie, Ledbury]
Barter, J. Manchester, clogger. [Hewitt, Manchester; Bun and Co., King-street, Cheapside]
Barker, E. Drummond-crescent, Somers-town, soda-water manufacturer. [Ford, Great Queen-street, Westminster]
Butler, R. Nottingham, joiner. [Knowles, New-inn; Hurst, Nottingham]
Burditt, J. Gillbatts, York, fancy cloth manufacturer. [Wiltshire and Fenton, Old Broad-street; Fenton, Huddersfield]
Browne, T. S. Wyomondham, Norfolk, tanner. [Wiltshire and Fenton, Old Broad-street]
Blackburn, C. P. Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, carpenter. [Pelham, Fenchurch-street]
Blounley, P. and Co. Heap, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Appley and Co., Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn; Woodcock and Co., Bury]
Brabham, W. H. and Co., Manchester, hatters. [Lever, Gray's-inn-square; Achus, Manchester]
Barwise, H. Great Newport-street, tailor. [Jackson, New-inn, Strand]
Bloxam, W. Abingdon-street, Westminster, merchant. [Stevens and Co., St. Thomas Apostle]
Badnall, R. jun. and Co., Leek, Staffordshire, silk manufacturers
Breary, G. W. Manchester, draper. [Crowder and Co., Lothbury]
Bush, W. Brightelmstone, dealer. [Grimaldi and Co., Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street]
Beatson, A. Huddersfield, shopkeeper. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn Fields; Allison, Huddersfield]
Beaumont, W. Steps Mill, Yorkshire, fulling, miller. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Allison, Huddersfield]
Bragg, N. Whitehaven, butcher. [Chisholme, Lincoln's-inn Fields; Fisher and Co., Cockermouth]
Booth, B. Runcorn, Cheshire, grocer. [Barker, Gray's-inn-lane; Dodd, Warrington]
Barker, J. Bath, woollen-draper. [Cary, Bristol; Poole and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
Bellamy, J. B. Shipston-upon-Stour, Worcester-shire. [Findon and Co., Shipston-upon-Stour; Gore and Co., Gray's-inn-lane]
Boorman, R. Broughton-Malherbe, Kent, grocer. [Clare and Dickenson, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry; Southgate and Powell, Lenham]
Bishop, J. Goswell-road, grocer. [Amery, and Coles, Throgmorton-street]
Cross, J. Belle Sauvage, Ludgate-hill, coach-master. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn]
Chappell, W. Strand, pork-butcher. [Tanner, Basinghall-street]
Cotsworth, T. Wells-street, Camberwell, builder. [Vallance, Earl-street, Blackfriars]
Curtis, W. Dockhead, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane]
Crane, J. Bristol, grocer. [Bourdillon and Co., Bread-street, Cheapside; Heyan and Co., Bristol]
Cope, H. Barnet, tailor. [Beafield, Chatham-place]
Carr, W. H. and G. Over-Darwen, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Winstanley and Cotterell, Preston]
Cooke, W. Rockfield, Mounmouth, mealman. [Robinson, Walbrook; Gough, Hereford]
Davy, W. Norwich, brassfounder. [Parkinson and Co., Norwich; Brooksbank and Co., Gray's-inn]
Davies, A. Llanllwennair, Montgomery, saunel-manufacturer. [Brandstrom, Newtown; Spence, Tavistock-street]
Dawson, E. Jermyn-street, victualler. [Vanderboom, Bush-lane, Cannon-street]
Drummond, J. Brown's-lane, Spitalfields, distiller. [Brutton, Broad-street]
Davall, G. Birmingham, gun barrel rubber. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Meredith, Birmingham]
Drake, J. Southgate, victualler. [Fitch, Union-street, Southwark]
Dimond, A. Alfred-mews, Tottenham-court-road, wheelwright. [Rhodes and Co., Chancery-lane]
Dixon, W. Horncastle, Lincolnshire, maltster. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Parker, Horncastle]
Day, W. Lime-street-passage, Lime-street, provision-dealer. [Ewington, Bond-court, Walbrook]
Ewbank, T. H. George-street, Oxford-street, brewer. [Clarkson, Essex-street, Strand]
Evans, W. Rotherhithe, ship builder. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane]
Edmonson, W. Outhwaite, Lancashire, grocer. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Pearson, Kirby-Lonsdale]
Fleming, J. Pendleton, Lancashire, plumber. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Foulkes and Co., Manchester]
Fox, T. and Co. Vauxhall, confectioners. [Beverley, Temple; Phillips, Ledbury]
Ffolds, J. Hertford, dealer. [Grover and Stuart, Bedford-row]
Fulham, T. Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, braid-manufacturer. [Jones, Crosby-square]
Franks, A. Manchester, innkeeper. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
Garbett, E. W. Lambeth, zinc-manufacturer. [Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house]
Giblett, R. Frome Selwood, Somerset, currier. [Hartley, New Bridge-street]
Gorle, J. Hales Owen, Salop, victualler. [Biggs, Southampton-buildings]
Goodrich, R. Cheltenham, whitesmith. [Dax and Co., Gray's-inn; Stone and Co., Tetbury]
Garman, H. N. Tredegar-place, Bow-road, surgeon. [Ashley and Co., Tokenhouse-yard]
Gough, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Brewster, Nottingham; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
Hopkins, E. G. Fenchurch-street, indigo-broker. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane]
Henige, W. Brighton, draper. [Platts, Jewin-crescent, Jewin-street]
Hodson, J. Manchester, merchant. [Higson, and Co., Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
Harrison, T. Gilbert's-buildings, Westminster-road, boarding-house-keeper. [Rippen, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road]
Hart, A. Mount-row, Lambeth-street, jeweller. [Spyers, Broad-street-buildings]

- Hall, P. Ashton, Lancashire, shop-keeper. [Morris, Wigton; Ellis, and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Heyward, J. N. Totness, Devonshire, grocer. [Blake, Essex-street, Strand; Taunton, Totness]
- Hogle, J. and Co., Bacul, Lancashire, maltsters. [Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Thorley, Manchester]
- Hill, S. Kidderminster, tailor. [Coates, Pump-court, Temple; Brinton, Kidderminster]
- Hudson, J. Ramsgate, coach-master. [Redaway, Clement's-inn, Strand; Wells, Ramsgate]
- Holland, J. Louth, Lincolnshire, miller. [Laing, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn; Phillips, Louth]
- Hodgson, W. Pickering, Yorkshire, cornfactor. [Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Walker, Malton]
- Harrison, W. and Co. Chorley, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Hurd and Co., Temple]
- Heffer, J. Wickham - market, Suffolk, drover. [Bromleys, Gray's-inn; Wood and Son, Wood-bridge]
- Holker, W. Leeds, innkeeper. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Hargreaves, Leeds]
- Harris, J. Modbury, Devonshire, linen-draper. [Shaw, Ely-place; Terrell and Tucker, Exeter]
- Jordan, W. Leeds, joiner. [Smithson and Co., New-inn; Dunning, Leeds]
- Jacobs, J. Phoenix-street, Crown - str et, Soho, glass-manufacturer. [Isaacs, Bury-street, St. Mary Axe]
- Knott, J. C. Ashford, Kent, ironmonger. [Street and Co., Brabant-court, Philpot-lane]
- Lucas, T. Brampton, Derby, ironfounder. [Vickery, New Boswell-court; Gillet, Chesterfield]
- Lea, C. L. Leeds, stuff-manufacturer. [Stocker and Co., Boswell-court; Scott and Co., Leeds]
- Lane, T. jun. Upton-upon-Severn, corn-dealer. [Becke, Devonshire - street, Queen - square; France, Worcester]
- Lawton, W. Hey, Cheshire, woollen-manufacturer. [Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn; Thompson and Co., Halifax]
- Levy, L. Sherborne - lane, general - merchant. [Smyth, Red Lion-square]
- Litchfield, T. Elizabeth-terrace, Islington - road, carpenter. [Edwards, Temple-chambers]
- Loder, A. Bath, music-seller. [Turner, Bath; Price, New-square, Lincoln's-inn]
- Moody, W. A. Aldersgate-street, coach-master. [Williams, Barnard's-inn]
- Monat, M. Weymouth and Melcombe-Regis, Dorset, victualler. Bower, Chancery-lane
- Macelean, H. Cambridge, tea-dealer. [Chester, Staple-inn]
- Masters, S. B. Hastings, cabinet-maker, [Smith, Basinghall-street]
- McKinnon, T. High-street, Wapping, oilman. [Thompson, George-street, Minorities]
- Nash, T. St. Mary Axe, tea-dealer. [Bathe, America-square]
- Negus, T. A. and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, stock-brokers. [Rankin and Co., Basinghall-street]
- Owen, C. Whitley, Shropshire, spade-plater. [Olaney and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Okey, J. Granthester, Cambridgeshire, sheep-salesman. [Church, Great James-street, Bedford-row; Nash and Co., Royston, Hertfordshire]
- Ogier, P. and Co., Bishopsgate - street, Without, linen-draper. [Sole, Aldermanbury]
- Potter, R. East Teignmouth, Devonshire, ship-builder. [Hore, Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn Fields; Bartlett, West Teignmouth, Devonshire]
- Pearson, Z. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. [Shaw, Ely-place, Holborn; Thorney, Hull]
- Pepper, J. Chipping-Barnett, Hertfordshire, inn-keeper. [Addington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Pattinson, T. and Co., Leeds, wine-merchants. Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
- Pearson, J. Walworth, Surrey, linen - draper. [Jones, Size-lane]
- Pollard, J. Burnley, Lancashire, mercer. [Alcock and Co., Burley; Beverley, Temple]
- Pope, J. Exeter, saddler and harness-maker. [Pring, Crediton; Walton and Co., Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street]
- Palmer, G. Cranborne-passage, Leicester-square, victualler. [Bean, Friars-street, Blackfriars-road]
- Robertson, T. Oxford, money-scrivener. [Looker, Oxford]
- Robinson, T. Briky, York, woolstapler. [Wilson, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury; Coupland and Co., Leeds]
- Rees, T. Shoreditch, linen-draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]
- Stone, J. Watford, Hertfordshire, carpenter. [Ashley and Co., Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury]
- Spiking, A. Tottford, Lincolnshire, grocer. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Parker, Horncastle]
- Smith, H. Mold, Flintshire, draper. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Haddfield and Co., Manchester]
- Stronst, G. Gloucester, coal-merchant. [White, Lincoln's-inn Fields; Bonner, Gloucester]
- Snowball, A. Brook-street, Ratcliffe. [Williams, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street]
- Smith, C. Minorities, grocer. [Vandereom and Co., Bush-lane, Cannon-street]
- Stanley, T. Stockport, hat-manufacturer. [Tyler, Temple]
- Schorfields, J. Southowram, Yorkshire, card-maker. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn Fields]
- Smith, J. Matlock, nurseryman. [Smithson and Co., New-inn]
- Shepherd, J. L. and H. Fricker, Southampton, linen-draper. [Green and Co., Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]
- Smith, J. Newcastle-under-Lyme, Stafford, grocer. [Barber, Fetter-lane; Fenton, Newcastle-under-Lyme]
- Tipple, C. Mitcham, surgeon. [Walton and Co., Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street]
- Taylor, G. Thickholms-in-Meltham, Yorkshire, woollen cloth-manufacturer. [Jaques and Co., Coleman-street]
- Thomson, W. Stockwell Park, Surrey, and Shadwell, biscuit-baker. [Ewington, Bond-court, Cornhill]
- Willis, J. B. Swan-place, Old Kent-road, corn-dealer. [Davie, Throgmorton-street]
- Willmot, T. Manchester, wine-merchant. [Hind and Co., King's Bench-walk, Temple; Lawles, Manchester]
- Watts, W. Oldbury-on-the-Hill, Gloucestershire, saddler. [Long and Co. Gray's-inn; Letall and Co., Tetbury]
- Walbancke, G. Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, goldsmith. [Thompson, George-street, Minorities]
- Wilkinson, B. Kirkheaton, Yorkshire, fancy-manufacturer. [Evans and Co., Hatton-garden; Carr, Gomersal]
- Williams, H. Cirencester, ironmonger. [Slade and Co., John-street, Bedford-row]
- Warren, D. Wellington, money-scrivener. [Norton and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Webb, T. B. Ledbury, Herefordshire, cider-merchant. [Arnold and Co., Birmingham; Long, and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Walker, J. Radstock, Somerset, innkeeper. [Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn]
- Waller, W. and G. Lowe, Sheffield, carpet-manufacturers. [Preston, Tokenhouse-yard; Brookfield, Sheffield]
- Watkins, S. Portland-town, Regent's Park, brick-maker. [Carlow, High-street, Mary-le-bone]
- Woodley, F. Andover, victualler. [Garrard, Suffolk-street; Coles and Earle, Andover]
- Watson, C. and Anne, Shrewsbury, milliners. [Jones, Farnival's-inn]

At Kelsey Park, 60, John Smith, esq., paymaster
of the 1st Dragoon Regiment, 71, Thomas Dick-
son, esq., 71, Twickenham. — At

MARRIAGES.

THE RIGHT REV. the Lord Bishop of Chichester.
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DEATHS.

At his house in Warren-street, Dr. Kitchiner.—Philip Rundell, esq., 81, of the firm of Rundell and Bridge, Ludgate-street.—At Paddington, Elizabeth, Countess Ferrers.—At Clandon Park, Surrey, 73, Lord Onslow.—In Connaught-square, Lieut.-Colonel Radcliffe; he had served in all the campaigns of the late war, beginning with the Duke of York's, in 1793, and ending with the battle of Waterloo.—Colonel A. Brown, lieut.-governor of Charles Fort, Ireland.—In Grosvenor-place, 74, John Masters, esq., of Colwick Hall, Lincolnshire.—In Bedford-square, 71, Joseph Ward, esq.—At Richmond, Lady Dundas, widow of the late Sir D. Dundas, bart.—At his sister's, Lady Sykes, St. James's-place, T. W. Tatton, esq., of Withenshead Hall, Chester.—At the Portuguese Ambassador's, South Audley-street, the Marquis d'Abrantes.—

At Kelsey Park, 60, John Smith, esq., paymaster of the navy.—In Baker-street, 71, Thomas Dickson, esq., of Fulwell Lodge, Twickenham.—At Banstead, Lieut.-General Sir E. Howarth, royal horse artillery, K. C. B., and G. C. B.—At Woodhouse Grove, at the Methodist Seminary, Mr. S. Parker, 95; more than 70 of which he was a member of the Methodist Society, and travelled in the four quarters of the globe.—At Wandsworth, 80, G. Harrison; he was one of the Society of Friends, and the early associate of Thomas Clarkson, in the cause of the slave trade abolition.—At Hythe, Lieut.-General W. Johnson, colonel commandant of royal engineers.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

In Jersey, Rev. C. Smith, prebendary of Howth, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin.—At Milan, E. Morgan, jun., esq. of Golden Grove, Flint., to Charlotte, daughter of Gwyllim Lloyd Wardle, esq., Hartsheath Park, Flint.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Rome, R. Cruttwell, esq., eldest son of R. Cruttwell, esq., of Bath.—At Madeira, the Rev. C. M. Deighton, vicar of Longhope, Gloucester.—At Charleston, North America, Miss Anne Borlebrog, the oldest actress that ever appeared on any stage; she made her *debut* fifteen years (say the American papers) before Garrick, in *Queen Catherine* (Henry VIII); she continued to represent the youngest class of matrons until she was 78, and she was 66 before she gave up playing the misses in their teens.—At Brugg, in Switzerland, 82, the celebrated teacher Pestalozzi.—At Rome, Miss de Montmorency, daughter of Colonel de Montmorency, royal York hussars.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A general meeting of the subscribers of the projected rail-road between Newcastle and Carlisle was recently held, at the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, when a splendid plan of the undertaking was laid on the table, and various resolutions entered into for the purpose of carrying it into effect.

At the Durham assizes, Mr. Justice Bailey called the attention of the grand jury particularly to the calamities that had lately happened in the mines. "It is," said his Lordship, "the bounden duty of the owners of mines to take every possible care to prevent their recurrence. If the want of such precaution should at any time be fixed upon any particular individual, he will be liable to be prosecuted for Manslaughter." Three prisoners were condemned to death at the above assizes.

Died. At Newcastle, W. Laslie, esq.—At Eachwick Hall, 75, Mrs. Spearman.—At Lancaster, T. Todd, esq., late of the General Post Office.—At Middleton in Teesdale, 77, the Rev. Wm. Mark, perpetual curate of Eggleston; and who for a period of nearly fifty years held the curacy of Middleton, which he resigned in 1823. This venerable minister of the Church spent his whole professional career on the same curacy, outliving three rectors of his parish, and as many bishops of the diocese; and from his correspon-

dence with the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, and other papers which he has left behind him, there is every reason to believe he originated the well-known "Curate's Act," and gave that much lamented prime minister the outline of that popular measure.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The Vice-Chancellor has given an important decision in the case of the parish of Lowther charity school. It appeared, that a former Lord Lonsdale had granted certain lands for the support of a school, "and for such other purposes as my executors shall think most conducive to the good of the county of Westmoreland, and especially of the parish of Lowther." The Vice-Chancellor ruled, that the trust for the school having failed, the Court was bound to make such a disposition of the property as would best fulfil the testator's purpose. He therefore decreed, that "the matter be referred to the Master, to say what the property thus devised consisted of, what were now the rents and full value of it, and in whom the legal estate was now vested; that the defendant be ordered to account for the rents and profits of the same, from a period of six years preceding the time when this information was filed; and that the Master settle some scheme for some charitable purposes most conducive to the welfare of the

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At St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, W. R. Dugdale, esq., only son of Dugdale Stratford Dugdale, esq., M.P. for Warwickshire, to Harriet Ellis, sister to Edward Berkeley Portman, esq., M.P. for Dorsetshire.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. H. Gunning, second son of the late Sir G. Gunning, bart., of Horton, Northamptonshire, to Mary Catherine, daughter of W. R. Cartwright, esq., M.P. for Northamptonshire.—At Mary-le-bone Church, W. W. Yeates, esq., deputy-assistant commissary-general to his Majesty's forces, to Miss Knight, of Upper Harley-street.—R. W. Croker, esq., of Chatham, to Miss C. Devonshire, of West Malling.—John Hesketh, eldest son of T. B. Lethbridge, bart., M.P., of Sandhill Park, Somerset, to Julia, daughter of H. H. Hoare, esq., of Wavendon-house, Bucks.

DEATHS.

At his house in Warren-street, Dr. Kitchiner.—Philip Rundell, esq., 81, of the firm of Rundell and Bridge, Ludgate-street.—At Paddington, Elizabeth, Countess Ferrers.—At Clandon Park, Surrey, 73, Lord Onslow.—In Connaught-square, Lieut.-Colonel Radcliffe; he had served in all the campaigns of the late war, beginning with the Duke of York's, in 1793, and ending with the battle of Waterloo.—Colonel A. Brown, lieut.-governor of Charles Fort, Ireland.—In Grosvenor-place, 74, John Masters, esq., of Colwick Hall, Lincolnshire.—In Bedford-square, 71, Joseph Ward, esq.—At Richmond, Lady Dundas, widow of the late Sir D. Dundas, bart.—At his sister's, Lady Sykes, St. James's-place, T. W. Tatton, esq., of Withenshead Hall, Chester.—At the Portuguese Ambassador's, South Audley-street, the Marquis d'Abrantes.—

At Kelsey Park, 60, John Smith, esq., paymaster of the navy.—In Baker-street, 71, Thomas Dickson, esq., of Fulwell Lodge, Twickenham.—At Banstead, Lieut. General Sir E. Howarth, royal horse artillery, K.C.B. and G.C.B.—At Woodhouse Grove, at the Methodist Seminary, Mr. S. Parker, 95; more than 70 of which he was a member of the Methodist Society, and travelled in the four quarters of the globe.—At Wandsworth, 80, G. Harrison; he was one of the Society of Friends, and the early associate of Thomas Clarkson, in the cause of the slave trade abolition.—At Hythe, Lieut.-General W. Johnson, colonel commandant of royal engineers.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

In Jersey, Rev. C. Smith, prebendary of Howth, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin.—At Milan, E. Morgan, jun., esq., of Golden Grove, Flint., to Charlotte, daughter of Gwyllim Lloyd Wardle, esq., Hartsheath Park, Flint.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Rome, R. Cruttwell, esq., eldest son of R. Cruttwell, esq., of Bath.—At Madeira, the Rev. C. M. Deighton, vicar of Longhope, Gloucester.—At Charleston, North America, Miss Anne Borlebrog, the oldest actress that ever appeared on any stage; she made her *debut* fifteen years (say the American papers) before Garrick, in *Queen Catherine* (Henry VIII); she continued to represent the youngest class of matrons until she was 78, and she was 66 before she gave up playing the misses in their teens.—At Brugg, in Switzerland, 82, the celebrated teacher Pestalozzi.—At Rome, Miss de Montmorency, daughter of Colonel de Montmorency, royal York hussars.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A general meeting of the subscribers of the projected rail-road between Newcastle and Carlisle was recently held, at the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, when a splendid plan of the undertaking was laid on the table, and various resolutions entered into for the purpose of carrying it into effect.

At the Durham assizes, Mr. Justice Bailey called the attention of the grand jury particularly to the calamities that had lately happened in the mines. "It is," said his Lordship, "the bounden duty of the owners of mines to take every possible care to prevent their recurrence. If the want of such precaution should at any time be fixed upon any particular individual, he will be liable to be prosecuted for Manslaughter." Three prisoners were condemned to death at the above assizes.

Died. At Newcastle, W. Laslie, esq.—At Eachwick Hall, 75, Mrs. Spearman.—At Lancaster, T. Todd, esq., late of the General Post Office.—At Middleton in Teesdale, 77, the Rev. Wm. Mark, perpetual curate of Eggleston; and who for a period of nearly fifty years held the curacy of Middleton, which he resigned in 1823. This venerable minister of the Church spent his whole professional career on the same curacy, outliving three rectors of his parish, and as many bishops of the diocese; and from his correspon-

dence with the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, and other papers which he has left behind him, there is every reason to believe he originated the well-known "Curate's Act," and gave that much lamented prime minister the outline of that popular measure.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The Vice-Chancellor has given an important decision in the case of the parish of Lowther charity school. It appeared, that a former Lord Lonsdale had granted certain lands for the support of a school, "and for such other purposes as my executors shall think most conducive to the good of the county of Westmoreland, and especially of the parish of Lowther." The Vice-Chancellor ruled, that the trust for the school having failed, the Court was bound to make such a disposition of the property as would best fulfil the testator's purpose. He therefore decreed, that "the matter be referred to the Master, to say what the property thus devised consisted of, what were now the rents and full value of it, and in whom the legal estate was now vested; that the defendant be ordered to account for the rents and profits of the same, from a period of six years preceding the time when this information was filed; and that the Master settle some scheme for some charitable purposes most conducive to the welfare of the

county, and that he pay the costs; that the sum, when so taxed, be paid by the defendant, the Earl of Lonsdale; that further directions be reserved till the Master has made his report." It was observed, that Lord Lonsdale had sold part of these estates for £4,000, upon which his Honour said that his Lordship must account for the principal, and also the interest of this sum, from six years before the commencement of this information.

YORKSHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

A society for the encouragement of the fine arts has been formed at Hull; where, at a public meeting, it was resolved to erect a suit of rooms, at an expense of £10,000, to be raised in shares of £25 each; £5,200 have already been subscribed. There is to be an annual exhibition.

Died.] At Thirsk, 83, Mrs. Anne Ainsley; and the next day, 81, Mrs. Elizabeth Ainsley, two maiden sisters, who always lived in the same house, and are buried in the same grave.—At Harden Grange, 82, General Twiss, colonel commandant of the royal engineers.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

Died.] At Lichfield, 82, Mrs. Madan, relict of Spencer Madan, Bishop of Peterborough.

LANCASHIRE.

Trade again is on the decline at Manchester, in almost every branch; and, to every appearance, without any prospect of revival. The markets are exceedingly dull, and money very scarce. The working people begin to despair of obtaining an advance of wages, and they look forward with great apprehension to the time when the spring demand for goods shall cease. There is little hope that the condition of the calico-weavers about Blackburn will improve. They are fast approaching to the state of the Irish; and it is not a very unusual thing for a great many of them to gather together at night, when their fifteen hours' labour is over, merely for the sake of the animal heat, when they are closely packed in one room. It is very common for two or three families to club together, to raise the means of procuring one fire, to be used in common for the cooking of their cheerless meals.

The new power-loom factory of Messrs. Cockshott, at Warrington, was destroyed by fire, and property consumed to the value of £10,000, all of which was insured. It is suspected that this was the work of incendiaries.

A meeting has been held at Manchester, of the operatives, to the number of 1,500, to consider of the propriety of petitioning Parliament against the grant of £9,000 to the Duke of Clarence, in addition to his present income; when, after a debate, the petition to both houses was resolved on, and three cheers given for their success.

Died.] At Manchester, 74, Mr. J. H. Reichard; he was a native of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and during forty-eight years a resident of Manchester.

NOTTINGHAM AND LINCOLN.

The commitment to Southwell House of Correction, for three months, of Mary Marshall, by two of the county magistrates, for taking some partridge eggs, has excited considerable attention; and, perhaps, a more glaring instance of the odious operation of the Game Laws was never witnessed in this free country. The victim in this case was a girl not 19 years of age, the daughter of a labourer at Cotgrave, who, being employed in

weeding, last spring, met with the nest and took it, *not knowing*, as she positively declares, "what sort of eggs they were." After a month's detention, the unfortunate girl has found friends, and has been liberated, on paying 12s. costs, for fees! Well may our legislators be convinced of the necessity of altering the criminal and game laws!!!

At Lincoln assizes, the Postmaster of Grantham was tried for overcharging the postage of letters, found guilty, and sentenced to be transported for seven years.

Lately, as the excavators were employed by the river Ancholme, near Brigg, at the depth of ten feet from the surface of the ground, and about a foot and a half lower than the bed of the river, the skeleton of a red deer was found, the skull and horns of which are in the highest state of preservation, and measure about three feet in length, and nearly the same in width. The whole is of a beautiful black, except the tips of the horns, which are of a brownish colour. It is evident from the great depth at which this skeleton was found, that it must have been imbedded prior to the cutting of the river, no doubt many hundreds of years ago. It was purchased for Lord Yarborough.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

At the assizes at Rutland, Mr. Justice Holroyd, in his charge to the Grand Jury, congratulated them on there being so small a calendar, as there was only one prisoner for trial—a case of house-breaking, concerning which, as there were no circumstances very remarkable, it was not necessary to detain them.

Died.] At Great Glen, G. Bury, esq., solicitor, of Manchester, and secretary to the Royal Institution. He was in the mail on his way to London, and when the coach passed Leicester about two miles, the horses took fright, and the coachman lost all control over them, when at length the coach was overturned, and Mr. Bury was found in the agonies of death, and before medical assistance came he had breathed his last.

WARWICK.

Died.] At Pyke Hayes, H. W. Legge, esq., son of the Hon. and Rev. A. G. Legge.—At Pailton Hall, 71, Mrs. Grundy.—At Dunchurch, Mary, relict of the Rev. H. Bromfield, late vicar there.—At Warwick, 73, W. Russell, esq.

NORTHAMPTON AND HUNTINGDON.

A committee has been appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the payment of sums of money on electioneering purposes, by the Corporation of Northampton, at the last election. His Majesty's Attorney-General said, "if the Corporation had misapplied its funds in the manner alleged, the Court of Chancery could take cognizance of the offence;" to which Mr. Spring Rice rejoined, "as for an application to the Chancery, did any man now living expect that a suit of this kind would be brought to an issue during his existence?"

At the Northampton Lent assizes, sentence of death was recorded against 7 prisoners, transportation against 5, and imprisonment, 11.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

At Worcester assizes, 2 prisoners were condemned to death; 13 were transported; 12 were sentenced to imprisonment for various periods; besides sentence being deferred on several others.

Married.] At Broadway, W. N. Clarke, esq., to Catherine, daughter of Lieut.-General Molyneux.

Died.] At Bromsgrove, 74, Mr. Oliver Williams.—At Hagley, 102, the widow Potter.—At Hereford, 100, Mrs. Esther Williams.—At Llaninabo, 84, the Rev. J. Hoskins.—At Ledbury, 62, Mrs. Bendloe.—Near Worcester, 70, H. Savigny, esq.—At Shrawley, 77, J. Squire, esq.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

A tessellated pavement has been recently discovered in an arable field, at Leigh, near the turnpike road leading from Gloucester to Tewkesbury. It is about 2 feet below the surface of the ground, 60 feet long, and 8 feet wide.

On the night of the 19th Feb., a fire broke out in the upper part of the premises on St. Augustine's Back, near the Drawbridge, Bristol, the New Exchange, which speedily spread itself downward, destroying the whole of the various apartments and shops with their contents. Among the property consumed is the great Orrery made by Mr. Williams. Owing to the intense coldness of the weather, long icicles were seen hanging the next morning over the still burning embers.

Married.] At Charlton Kings, J. S. Graves, esq., to Miss M. Molyneux.

Died.] At Iberton, 103, David Plumb; falling as a farmer, he had been the last 40 years a shepherd near the Malvern Hills; two years ago he walked to London and back again. His brother died at Oddington in 1818, aged 105.—At the Farnace, near Newent, 80, Mr. W. Deykes; he had been agent for the Foley family more than half a century.—At the Box, 80, Mr. T. Partridge.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Dr. Buckland, the reader in mineralogy and geology, has recently received a letter from Rome, announcing that the writer, Stephen Jarret, esq. gentleman commoner of Magdalen College, has purchased a very valuable collection of marbles &c. in that city, for the purpose of presenting them to this University. This collection has been formed by an advocate of Rome—Signor Corsi, during a residence there of many years, and consists of one thousand polished pieces, all exactly of the same size, of every variety of granite, sienite, porphyry, serpentine, and jasper marble, alabaster, &c. that is known to exist. The size of each piece, being that of a small octavo volume, is sufficient to shew the effect *en masse* of each substance it contains.

A meeting was held at the Town Hall, Oxford, March 14, for the formation of an "Auxiliary Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews," the High Sheriff of the county in the chair, when about £90 were subscribed for that purpose.

A most extraordinary circumstance lately occurred at Bampton, in this county, for the truth of which we have the authority of a near relative of the party, who resides in this city. The wife of William Cooper, of the above village, when far advanced in pregnancy, paid a visit to some relatives who reside near Copenhagen House, in London, who in their garden kept a live tortoise. Mrs. Cooper, on seeing it, was much terrified. Some time after her return, and about five weeks since, she was delivered of a female child, which actually has on its head a substance exactly resembling a well-formed tortoise, the shell projecting from the head, and striped like the real one. The child is still alive and in health, and the tortoise continues on the head. The head of the tortoise has the

strongest resemblance to that of the real animal; and it actually projects from the end of the shell, in a substance about the size of the top of a person's finger.—*Oxford Herald*.

At Oxford assizes, 16 prisoners were condemned to death, 4 transported, and 9 imprisoned.

Died.] At Charbury, 82, the Rev. Dr. John Cobb; he had been for many years a magistrate for this county.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

The undermentioned game was shot by a party of noblemen and gentlemen, friends of his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, on part of the noble Duke's estates in Buckinghamshire, from Jan. 15, to Feb. 1st (inclusive). The Marquis of Chandos and Lord Temple were the principal shots on the occasion. John Corden, gamekeeper:—1,006 pheasants, 722 hares, 10 partridges, 48 widgheons 1,028 rabbits—Total, 2,904 head. A moment's reflection upon this extraordinary feat will at once evince the necessity of altering the game laws; how many poor farmers must have suffered in feeding such a quantity of animals, for the sole pleasure of a fortnight's aristocratic shooting!

At Reading assizes, sentence of death was recorded against 18 prisoners; 3 were transported, and 9 imprisoned for various periods.

Died.] At Aylesbury, 82, the Rev. W. Stockins; he was for more than half a century master of the Latin School there, and for some time curate of the parish.

BEDFORD.

The Rev. Archdeacon Bonner has, with great good taste, placed a simple monument over the Poet Bloomfield's grave, in Campton church-yard, with the following chaste and appropriate inscription:—

Here lie the Remains of Robert Bloomfield: he was born at Honnington, in Suffolk, December 3d, 1761, and died at Sheffield, Aug. 19, 1823, "Let his wild native wood-notes tell the rest."

HERTS AND CAMBRIDGE.

Died.] At St. Alban's, 73, the Rev. James Carpenter Gape.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

It has been resolved to establish in Norwich an asylum for females, who having deviated from the path of virtue, may be desirous of being restored to their station in society; it is to be denominated "The Norfolk and Norwich Magdalen," and upwards of £500 have been already subscribed.

The subscriptions for the widow and ten children of the late Rev. W. Drew, of North Runcton, have closed; and the sum produced by the honourable exertions of individuals, amounts to £3,434 15s. 6d.

At a numerous meeting of the operative manufacturers of Norwich, March 12, it was unanimously resolved to petition Parliament for an act to protect the price of labour.

Married.] Captain Blois, son of Sir C. Bart, of Cockfield Hall, to Miss E. K. Barrett.

Died.] At Bury, 81, J. Maulkin, esq.—At Costessey, at Lord Stafford's, the Rev. L. Strongtharm, pastor of the Roman Catholic chapel, at St. John's, Maddermarket.—At Acle House of Industry, 94, Sarah Myhill; known for nearly half a century by the appellation of "Old Kate."—At Wymondham, 69, T. Troughton, esq.—At Yarmouth, 101, Mr. N. Fenn.—Mrs. E. Eggleton, midwife, Norwich, who in 12 years practice assisted at the birth of 3,895 children!!!

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

A portion of the cliff at Hastings has fallen down by the operation of the frost.

The *Diamond*, one of the finest frigates in his Majesty's service, was lately burnt to the water's edge, in Portsmouth harbour. She had lately returned from South America, under the command of Lord Napier, had gone through a thorough repair, and was placed in ordinary, fit for immediate service. Fortunately, no lives were lost.

Portsmouth, March 3.—Considerable curiosity having been excited by an account of the landing at this port of the skeleton of a "real mermaid," I was induced to examine the subject in question. I have no doubt that it is the bony fabric of an animal called the Dugong, a native of the Indian sea, and regarded by many of the natives of the different islands as a Royal fish; the peculiar form of the head, more especially the lower jaw, being at once a characteristic mark—and also the form, situation, and number of the teeth. There are many other peculiarities, more especially the mode by which the ribs are articulated to the breast bone, and the form of the breast bone itself, which are highly interesting to the comparative anatomist, and which serve to identify the animal. The place of anterior extremities is supplied by fins, and although, in the skeleton, the bones are found complete, even to the last phalanges of the fingers, in the recent fish the organs are fleshy, and incapable, from their shape, size, or form, of assisting the animal out of the water. It feeds on submarine plants, browsing like a cow. It is seldom caught above eight feet long, though it is said to grow to a very large size. The animal, in its full growth, is furnished with two short tusks, projecting from the upper jaw, but in the younger ones these defensive weapons are wanting. There are several specimens of this animal in the magnificent collection of the late Sir Stamford Raffles.

HENRY SLIGHT, Surgeon.

Died.] At Exbury, near Southampton, 84, W. Mitford, esq., author of "The History of Greece," and brother to Lord Redesdale.—At Lyndhurst, 68, Harriet Elizabeth, Countess of Effingham.

DORSET AND WILTS.

At Trowbridge, 3,000, and at Melksham, 2,000 of their inhabitants still submit to the disgraceful humbug of receiving parish pay, not through inability to work, nor a principle of idleness, but to avoid that starvation which neither merit, strength, nor honesty can avert. But although those who are in fortunate circumstances can at present contribute to relieve such want and misery, can any one entertain the expectation that distress will not ultimately banish the comforts from their firesides also?

At the Lent assizes for Wilts, 25 culprits were recorded for death; 5 were transported, and 18 imprisoned for various periods. A young gentleman of Wootton-Basset, apparently about ten years of age, was placed at the bar, and arraigned for felony. His genteel address and childhood attracted the attention of the court. On examination of the witnesses for the prosecution, it appeared that he had taken a rabbit from his master's (with whom he went to school) rabbit-house, because another boy, also at school, had taken from him a ball of string, value 6d., and had killed the rabbit in revenge. When charged with it he denied the fact, and was taken before the magistrate,

who bound him over to the assizes for felony. The Judge said, "This is no felony; the boy ought to have been whipped by the master, but not to have been brought here. The magistrate ought not to have bound him over. Gentlemen of the jury, this is no felony, you must acquit him." Upon the expenses being applied for, the Judge said, "No! I shall not allow them in this case;—a mere schoolboy to be indicted for felony!!!"

Died.] At Sidmouth, Lady Maria Caulfield, eldest daughter of Earl Charlemont.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

We are sorry to hear, from Frome, that there are upwards of 400 houses at present unoccupied in that town; and in some instances the amount of the poor-rates almost equal that of the rents. This distress is generally attributed to the use of machinery; as it appears there is now as much cloth manufactured as at any former period, although there is scarcely half the usual number of hands in full employment! There has been a concert for the benefit of the poor there, which enabled its meritorious promoters to distribute 1,200 loaves amongst their distressed neighbours.

Pursuant to public notice, a meeting of the subscribers to the Glastonbury Canal has lately taken place, at the Town Hall; when the Mayor, having taken the chair, informed them that, in consequence of the conflicting opinions and interests having been at length reconciled, they should now go to Parliament for their bill without a single opponent. The estimate of the work was £18,000, only £4,000 of which remained to be subscribed. It had been ascertained, that the population within 10 miles of the line amounted to 50,000; and it was calculated that 70,000 persons would be benefited by the completion of this canal.

A public meeting, convened by the Mayor, has been held at Plymouth, for the purpose of memorializing the Lords of the Admiralty against the danger of working the quarries at Mount Batten, when the following facts transpired:—"That since the year 1812, the isthmus, or narrow neck of ground which joins Mount Batten to the main land, has decreased in width, by the washing of the sea, in some places 35 feet, at other places 28 feet, at another place 25, and at the least 20 feet. That 13,000 tons had been washed from the cliff on the S.W. side, and 2000 tons from the N.E. during the above period." It was further stated by the Mayor, that the base of most of the quarries now at work was level with the sea, and one of them was worked four feet under the level of the sea at high water.

His Majesty's commissioners for building churches have determined on erecting a chapel of ease at Stonehouse; it is to contain 1,000 sittings—300 to be free.

Died.] At Wells, Dr. King, Bishop of Rochester.—At Bath, Admiral Williams; and, 79, J. Norman, esq.—At Prior Park, 75, J. Thomas, esq.—At Exeter, 83, Admiral Dilkes; 85, Mrs. Burrows, aunt to the late Lord Gifford; Lucy, wife to the Hon. H. B. Arundell.—At Great Torrington, 75, the Rev. J. Palmer, prebendary of Lincoln.—At Dennington, 100, Mr. R. Wheaton.—At Staplegrove, C. Law, esq., formerly of the firm of "Law and Whittaker," booksellers, London.—At Bath, 81, Mrs. Hann, mother of the Right Hon. G. Canning.—94, Mrs. Charlotte Holt, the last branch of Lord Chief Justice Holt's family.—Near Bath, Mrs. H. MacLaine, daughter of

Dr. Macfarlane, the translator of *Moshielm*.—At her seat, near Torpoint, 80, Lady Graves, relict of the late Admiral Lord Graves.

WALES.

The corporation of Carmarthen has voted an exhibition to one of the pupils of the Free Grammar School in that town, during his stay at St. David's College, and has complimented the Bishop of St. David's with the nomination. May this liberal example be followed by the other corporations and counties of the patriotic principality.

The opening of St. David's College took place on St. David's Day; but in consequence of the unavoidable absence of the Bishop, it was not accompanied with any public ceremony. The solemnities are therefore to take place in the course of the summer; forty students sat down to dinner in the College hall, after having been examined by the Principal and Professor. A public dinner was also given at the Black Lion, upon the occasion, when, after the usual loyal toasts, the pious memory of St. David, &c., the healths of the Principal, Vice-Principal, and Professors of the College, were given, who returned thanks.

At the celebration of St. David's Day at Brecon, being the fourth anniversary of the *Cymreigyddion*, the Rev. T. Price entertained his fellow-subjects of the principality with the gratifying information, that two or three years ago he had the honour of setting on foot among them a collection, for the purpose of translating the Scriptures into the Armorican language. At that time there were many who doubted the practicability of the object, and asked where a translator could be found, &c. But while such persons were doubting and hesitating, the work was commenced and actually accomplished; and in the course of the last month the translation of the New Testament was concluded in the language of Armorica, and was in progress through the press; and, as an assurance of this fact, he had now in his possession the first sheets of the work, which had been forwarded to him for the purpose of examining the translation, and he was then occupied in collating it with the original Greek.

The inhabitants of Carnarvon are obtaining an act, for improving and lighting that town, and for supplying it with water.

[*Died.*] At her seat, near Conway, Mrs. F. Mostyn, sister of the late Sir Roger Mostyn, M.P. for Flint, and aunt to Lady Champneys.—At Kinner-ton Lodge, Flint, Mrs. Richards, sister of the late Lord Chief Baron.—At Swansea, 74, J. Hadwin, esq. At Monmouth, 84, Mrs. E. Phillpotts.

SCOTLAND.

A change so unexpected has occurred in the weather, that in a measure supersedes every other topic here (Edinburgh). At a period when we were looking daily for the genial showers of spring, winter has returned with a severity unexampled since the memorable storm of 1823. On Friday last, a strong piercing gale from the north, bringing along with it showers of sleet, gave pre-sage of the impending change. Early on Saturday, snow began to fall, at first in minute flakes, but gradually thickening till it assumed the appearance of what our farmers call "a feeding storm." The wind, which had subsided during the preceding night, again began to blow from the north-east, and, before evening, the streets were so choked with snow, as to be almost impassable. Carriages

of almost every description gave over plying—the few hackney-coaches seen in the streets required four horses to draw them, and no bribe was sufficient to tempt the owners to venture beyond the limits of the town. The snow continued to fall, without intermission, till Sunday noon, when the clouds cleared away. At this period, the snow wreaths, in several of the streets, were drifted nearly as high as the balustrades of the areas. The churches were comparatively deserted, and few people were visible out of doors through the day; indeed, the avalanches momentarily falling from the roofs of the houses, rendered it perilous to venture abroad. To increase the monotonous aspect of the city, all the public clocks had stopped during the night, the snow which drifted on their dials having arrested the pointers.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

The storm seems to have extended very generally over Scotland, but its severity appears to have been greatest in the southern lowland districts. South of a line drawn from Alnwick to Gretna Green there seems to be no snow worth mentioning; but North of this line, and to the westward, as far as the shores of the Irish Channel, the quantity fallen has been exceedingly great. Nothing like it has occurred in Ayrshire during the last thirty years. The accounts from the western coast are very distressing, and we fear that we shall hear of much loss of sheep in the Highlands, both in the north and in the south of Scotland. On the Cowal coast, we hear that several sheep farmers have met with severe losses. One farmer dug out 150 dead sheep in one place.

At the first annual dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, recently held, Sir Walter Scott was in the chair; Lord Meadowbank, in proposing the health of Sir Walter Scott, made some very intelligible allusions to him as the author of the *Waverley Novels*. Sir Walter, in returning thanks, said that "the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. Except quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading."

IRELAND.

Great damage, with extensive loss of life, has been sustained during the late gales among the shipping along the eastern coast of Ireland: out of ten vessels gone down, the crews of three only were saved.

As a specimen of the feeling of this country with regard to the failure in the House of Commons of the motion for the Emancipation of the Catholics, we annex one of the resolutions entered into with enthusiasm by a most numerous, influential, and powerful meeting, that has just been held in the county of Clare—"Resolved, that we owe to ourselves, our country, and our religion, to declare that, unsubdued by disappointment, and unchecked by unmerited defeat, we will persevere in petitioning the Legislature, until we obtain complete, unconditional, and unqualified emancipation."—It was likewise resolved to petition His Majesty, praying, "that he would graciously recommend to his Parliament to grant the Catholics of Ireland their just and inalienable rights, to prevent the probable effects of civil and religious discord in this unhappy country."

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of February to the 25th of March 1827.

Feb.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. Ct. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India, Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	207 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	—	89 1/2	97 1/2	10 1/2 11-16	245 1/2	52 54p	33 35p	82 1/2 83
27	206	83 1/2	82 1/2	90	89 1/2	97 1/2	19 9-16 11-16	245	54p	33 36p	82 1/2
28	Holiday	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ma.											
1	206 207 1/2	—	82 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	97 1/2	19 1/2	—	55p	35 36p	81 1/2 82 1/2
2	—	—	82 1/2	89 1/2	—	97 1/2	—	—	—	35 37p	82 1/2
3	—	—	81 1/2	82 1/2	—	96 1/2	19 9-16	243 1/2 244	55 57p	34 38p	81 1/2 82 1/2
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	—	81 1/2	82 1/2	—	97 1/2	—	—	52 54p	32 36p	81 1/2 82 1/2
6	—	—	81 1/2	82 1/2	—	97 1/2	—	—	55p	34 35p	81 1/2 82 1/2
7	—	—	82 1/2	90	—	97 1/2	—	—	55 56p	35 37p	82 1/2
8	—	—	82 1/2	90	—	97 1/2	—	—	56p	35 37p	82 1/2
9	—	—	82 1/2	—	—	97 1/2	—	—	56 57p	35 37p	82 1/2
10	—	—	82 1/2	—	—	97 1/2	—	—	57	34 36p	82 1/2
11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	—	—	81 1/2	82 1/2	—	96 1/2	—	—	53 55p	34 36p	81 1/2 82 1/2
13	—	—	81 1/2	82 1/2	—	96 1/2	—	—	54 56p	34 36p	81 1/2 82 1/2
14	—	—	81 1/2	82 1/2	—	97 1/2	—	—	54 55p	34 36p	81 1/2 82 1/2
15	—	—	81 1/2	82 1/2	—	96 1/2	—	—	56p	34 36p	81 1/2 82 1/2
16	—	—	81 1/2	82 1/2	—	96 1/2	—	—	54 56p	34 36p	81 1/2 82 1/2
17	—	—	82 1/2	—	—	97 1/2	—	—	55 56p	34 35p	82 1/2
18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	—	—	82 1/2	—	—	97 1/2	—	—	55 56p	35 36p	82 1/2
20	—	—	82 1/2	—	—	97 1/2	—	—	—	35 37p	82 1/2 83
21	—	—	82 1/2	—	—	97 1/2	—	—	—	36 37p	82 1/2 83
22	—	—	82 1/2	—	—	97 1/2	—	—	57 58p	36 38p	82 1/2 83
23	—	—	82 1/2	—	—	97 1/2	—	—	57 58p	36 38p	82 1/2 83
24	—	—	83 1/2	—	—	97 1/2	—	—	58 59p	39 40p	82 1/2
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. EVTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From Feb. 20th to 19th March inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

February.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			28	32	32	29 56	29 54	82	80	ENE	NE	Fine	Fair	Clo.]
21			54	39	32	29 53	29 61	89	87	NE	ENE	Clo.	—	Fair
22			35	39	25	29 75	29 87	84	78	N	NNW	Fair	—	Clo.
23			32	38	29	29 93	29 89	74	72	W	SW	—	—	Foggy
24		●	35	40	26	29 84	29 92	75	76	NE	ESE	Foggy	—	—
25			34	40	34	30 04	29 95	79	77	SE	SSK	—	Fine	—
26			38	50	47	29 73	29 65	92	85	S	WSW	Rain	Fair	Clo.
27			50	54	36	29 39	29 57	94	92	WSW	W	Clo.	Rain	—
28			37	49	49	29 56	29 31	98	98	ESE	SW	Rain	—	Rain
Mar.														
1			50	44	41	29 23	29 34	82	97	SW	SW	Clo.	—	—
2	16		47	48	39	29 17	29 42	97	87	SSW	SSW	Rain	—	Fair
3			45	48	43	29 35	29 03	90	92	SW	ESE	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
4		○	46	49	33	28 71	29 20	92	83	SSW	SW	—	—	—
5			35	45	44	29 62	29 21	83	92	WSW	SW	Fair	—	—
6	21		49	51	39	29 37	29 98	91	81	SW	N to S	Rain	Rain	Rain
7			40	51	43	29 43	29 94	87	95	SW	S	Overc.	Clo.	—
8			46	51	43	29 79	29 10	84	78	SW	WNW	—	—	—
9			37	41	32	29 30	29 35	80	83	NW	ENE	Fair	Fair	Clo.
10			41	45	37	29 63	29 69	78	78	ESE	SSE	—	—	—
11			50	56	47	29 44	29 40	87	95	SW	SW	Clo.	—	—
12		○	49	55	46	29 56	29 81	88	87	W	SW	Fair	Fine	—
13	8		50	56	44	29 74	29 62	88	95	NW	WSW	—	Fair	Rain
14			48	51	43	29 65	29 84	77	82	NW	W	—	—	Clo.
15			45	48	35	29 50	29 71	87	78	W	WNW	S. Rain	—	Fine
16			40	48	43	30 01	29 76	80	92	W	SW	Rain	—	Rain
17			47	47	34	29 25	29 65	85	83	WNW	WNW	—	—	Fair
18			40	44	32	29 92	30 12	75	77	NW	NNE	—	—	—
19			40	45	43	30 23	30 19	77	84	W	SW	—	—	Clo.